Nov 19/38

Bigger, Finer PLYMOUTH!

PRICED LOWER FOR 1939!

...AND LOOK AT THESE GREAT NEW ENGINEERING ADVANCEMENTS:

Never Before Has a Low-Priced Car Offered So Much Value!

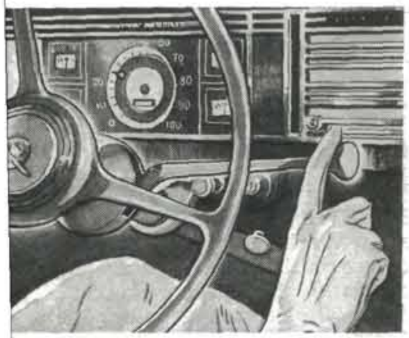
1. Greater Size—114-in. Wheelbase
2. New High-Torque Engine Performance with New Economy
3. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting
4. New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission
5. New Coil Springs of special Amola Steel
6. New "Safety Signal" Speedometer
7. New Streamlined Safety Headlamps
8. Time-proven, Double-Action Hydraulic Brakes
9. Patented Floating Power Engine Mountings

LONGER WHEELBASE, bigger value, new lower prices—and this 1939 Plymouth is so beautiful you won't believe it's a low-priced car!

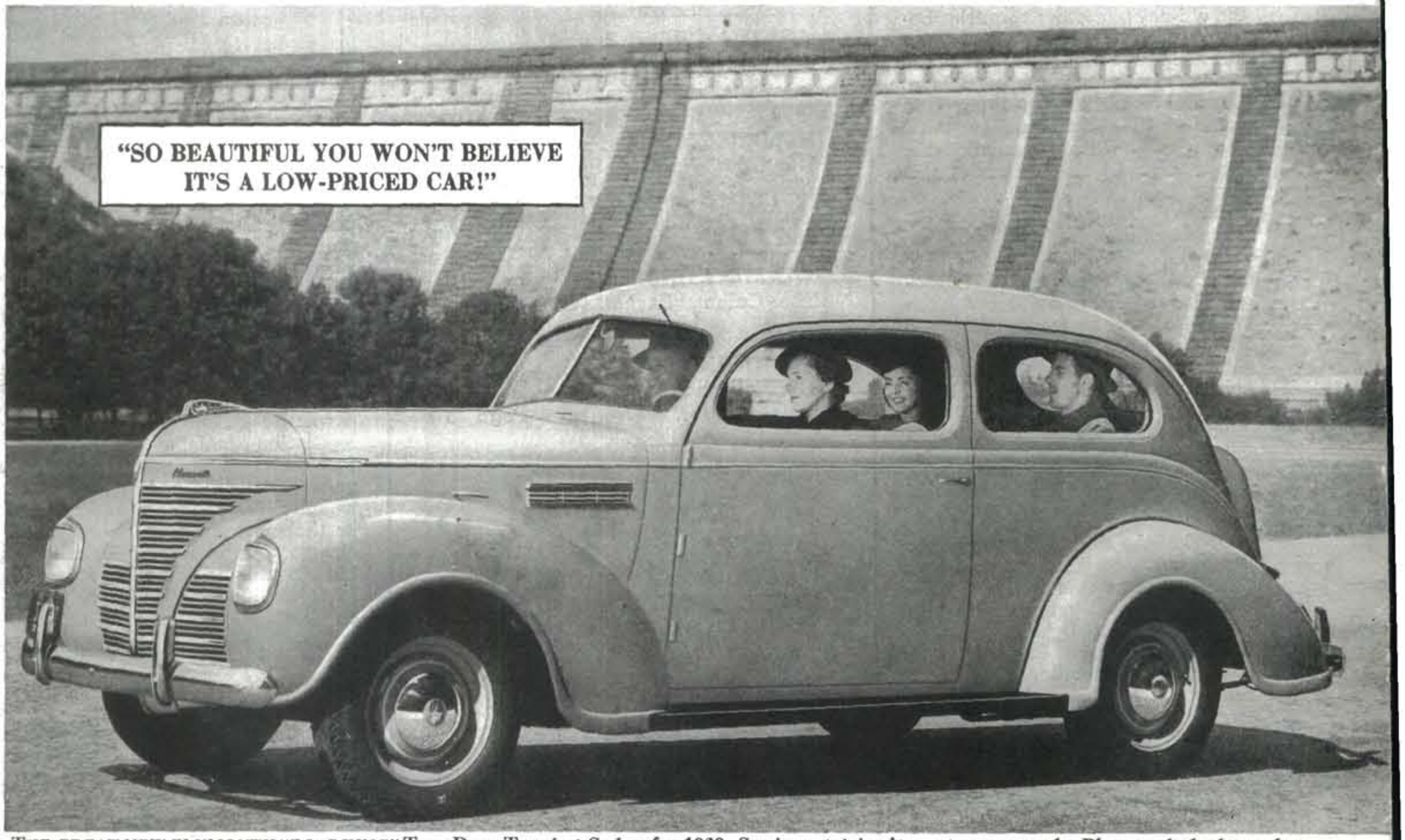
Plymouth brings you smart new "unity" styling, new luxury, sensational new High-Torque engine performance with new economy!

You'll be delighted with the wonderful riding smoothness of Plymouth's new Amola Steel coil springs. And you get new safety and handling ease with Plymouth's time-proven hydraulic brakes...new True-Steady steering. It's the car of the year!

Remarkably easy to own...your resent car will probably represent large proportion of Plymouth's low elivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. LYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER ORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



PERFECTED Remote Control Shifting with new Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on DeLuxe models. Marvelous shifting ease...nothing new to learn.



"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE GREAT NEW PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" Two-Door Touring Sedan for 1939. See it and drive it...at your nearby Plymouth dealer today.

EASY TO BUY

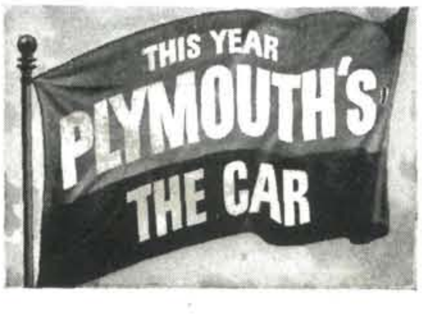
CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models are slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DELUXE"



ov. 19, 1938

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Collier's

November 19, 1938

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AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
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W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
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Associate Edito

Next Week

THERE was something Prudence Bradcliff wanted to say to Owen Shawn that day on the dock at New Bedford when the barque Xantho cast off and spread her canvas. Prudence couldn't find the words; she said she would write. She would send a letter to the barque Xantho, fighting her way around Cape Horn for the Southern Ocean whaling grounds, putting in at the Sandwiches, the purple islands on the Line, battling the howling westerlies and the booming monsoon of India. What chance had a letter?

Jacland Marmur writes a magnificent story about the men who scooped their fortune and their destiny out of the wilderness of waters and about the message sent to Owen Shawn "Via All Oceans."

ITALY'S decrees against the Jews are in an old tradition. They follow the lead of Germany, of Russia in the old days, of other countries before. It has become a habit of dictatorship at times of unrest to concentrate hatred upon the Jews. But anti-Semitism appears even in peaceful times and in democratic countries. Collier's persuaded the most famous living victim of this persecution, Dr. Albert Einstein, to answer the question: "Why Do They Hate the Jews?"

GEORGE FEATHERSTONE began his career as an aviator with the conviction that there was nothing to flying. He regarded the appalling things that happened to him and his ship as entertaining eccentricities of behavior. In "Uncertain Wings," Alan LeMay vividly describes a wild night when other lives besides George's hung upon his precarious control.

NONE of the stories about the late Jesse James suggests in any way that Jesse was ever troubled by a conscience. And yet you find him now, as a celluloid ghost, returning to pay an old debt. Frank Condon takes you to Pineville, Missouri, to see how lavishly he did it.

AS THOUGH it weren't enough to be sent out into the maelstrom of a flood to save a man's life, in order that the state might hang him, Sergeant Regan had to face the killer's wife when he got back. Karen, her name was, and Michael Regan had known her since childhood. "Speak No Evil," by Cleve F. Adams, tells what happened.

OTHER stories and articles come from Leslie T. White, Ralph Furey, Humphrey Cobb, Agatha Christie, Kyle Crichton, Rose and Bob Brown, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILLIAM FAY
Uptown Boy. The love story of a very good football player. Page 9

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR
Eyes of Blue. The girl who overplayed her hand. Page 16

ROARK BRADFORD
Four-Eyed Luck. Jett meets a seer. Page 25

DANIEL FUCHS
Life Sentence. Risk for a brother. Page 57

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
Sweet Poison. Disillusioned gear-jammer. Page 89

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
A Change of Weapons, by Georges Surdez. Page 92

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder for Christmas. The second of ten parts. Back comes the prodigal. Page 20

HUMPHREY COBB
None But the Brave. The fourth of six parts. The big raid. Page 44

ARTICLES

WINSTON CHURCHILL
The Colony Racket. Hitler's next move. Page 11

KATHARINE ROBERTS
The Plow and the Star. Claude Rains, acting farmer. Page 13

1939 ON WHEELS
What the new cars look like. Page 14

AIMEE LARKIN
First Look of Winter. Get out of the house! Page 18

PEGGY MARSHALL
Can Do. Orientals, very much at your service. Page 36

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
Gridiron G-Man. Detective on the scent of the gravy train. Page 74

J. D. RATCLIFF
Purity on the Range. And safety in the butcher shop. Page 82

●

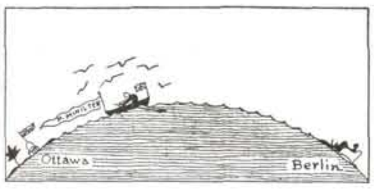
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Tidbits for omniscience. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Thanksgiving Proclamation. Page 106

COVER C. C. BEALL

Any Week

WE'VE been invited by Mr. Malcolm D. Phersen of Manchester, England, to be among the first to "release a suggestion" that Great Britain move its seat of government to Canada. We have, as you see, accepted. He asks us to ignore light-minded critics who say that the change from London to Ottawa is impractical because "the distance is too great for British prime ministers in a hurry to get to Berlin." Mr. Phersen realizes that a certain coyness might be expected from Canada but "on the whole, we British would not be unaware of the security which would be ours since Mr. Roosevelt has guaranteed the integrity of Canada. Anyway," concludes Mr. Phersen, "we should like to know how the United States would feel about it."



IN WASHINGTON we almost signed a paper offered by a Mrs. Colliflower. But we've been pretty cowardly about such activities ever since we signed something in St. Louis, only to find that we'd agreed to pay a fellow fifty dollars he'd lent to somebody else. But even so we're far from unfriendly to Mrs. Colliflower's project. She wants a Legislative Censorship Board, "nonpartisan, nonpolitical and self-perpetuating, to which all proposed legislation shall be submitted before being introduced into Congress." It would operate, she tells us, much like the old Blue Sky laws or the present Securities and Exchange Commission. "No wildcat bills could be introduced," says Mrs. Colliflower, "with particular emphasis on the present Administration."

WHAT was really colliflowering our heart at the moment was news from Mr. Jad Torrest of Spartanburg, South Carolina. Mr. Torrest had notified us that Major James D. Doyle had died at the lofty age of seventy. The major was a midget, a professional midget three feet five inches from heel to pate. He was the only midget we'd ever met. Many years ago when we were a tallish, spindling child we were presented to the major at a county fair. It cost only ten cents to meet him. He was very encouraging. He said that we were a fine boy and that if we'd be a good one too, and obey our parents, we might grow up to be a midget.

BESIDES, we were pretty busy looking for some sort of significance in what one of Mr. Roosevelt's most energetic advisers had just told us. He began by warning us to pay no attention to the "idle gossip you'll hear about the possibility of Mr. Secretary Hull being nominated for President." There was, said he, absolutely nothing to it. Not one word about Mr. Hull had been spoken in any of the inner councils where possible nominees have been discussed. "Besides," said he, "we have never had a President who was more than seventy when he took office." We showed a proper interest in this bit of information. Was he sure of that? "Oh, yes," he said. "We carefully looked it up."

WE WERE taking a ride with a friend of ours who runs an elevator. At the twelfth floor a gentleman with a fine full-throated Southern accent left the car talking earnestly and loudly to a friend. "He's from Virginia," said our friend. Then, at the twentieth floor: "He's got a good job." Silence again until the thirty-second floor. "Don't seem right," said our friend, "while Americans can't find work nowhere."

THEN we received this one from Mr. Junius Sarbear of Dayton, Ohio. "You might," writes Mr. Sarbear, "ask some of these Washington Hot Dogs the difference between that California Scrip Tease and what is going on financially in Washington. Then give us the answer when your head has stopped aching."

MR. EDWIN G. MENENGER of Seattle, Washington, was taken to a lecture on the status of mankind, particularly European mankind, and is now glad he was. After the lecturer told his audience what was going on in Europe and what we might expect in the future, the meeting was thrown open. Noble and complex questions were asked and were answered in heroic generalities. And all went well until a lady asked, after many false starts: "What has become of Portugal?" Whereupon the lecturer, announcing that he was not accustomed to silly questions, indignantly strode off the platform.

BUT what has? W. D.

Vol. 102, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1938, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.
Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.
Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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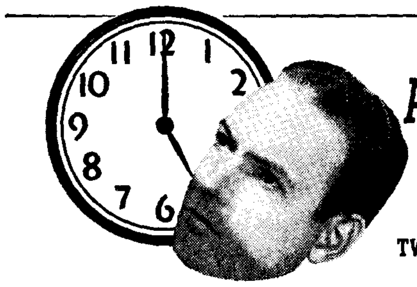

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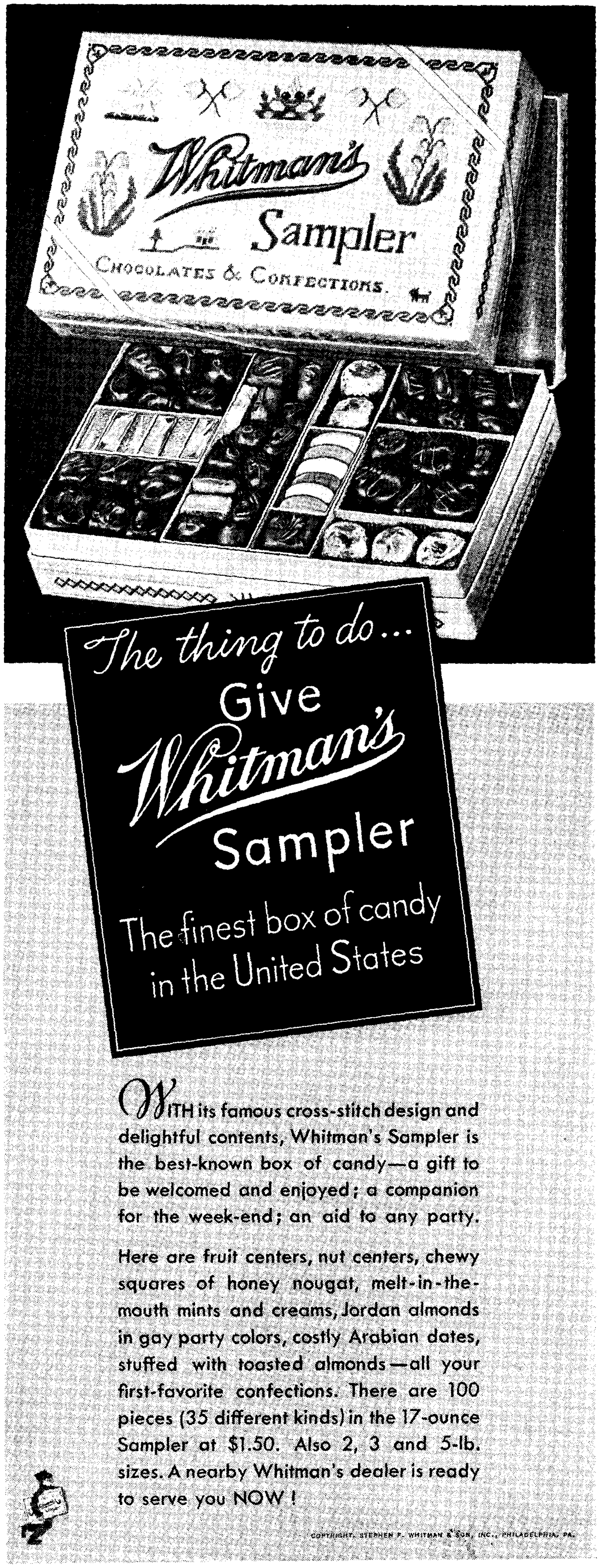

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Sampler
The finest box of candy in the United States

WITH its famous cross-stitch design and delightful contents, Whitman's Sampler is the best-known box of candy—a gift to be welcomed and enjoyed; a companion for the week-end; an aid to any party.

Here are fruit centers, nut centers, chewy squares of honey nougat, melt-in-the-mouth mints and creams, Jordan almonds in gay party colors, costly Arabian dates, stuffed with toasted almonds—all your first-favorite confections. There are 100 pieces (35 different kinds) in the 17-ounce Sampler at $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. sizes. A nearby Whitman's dealer is ready to serve you NOW!

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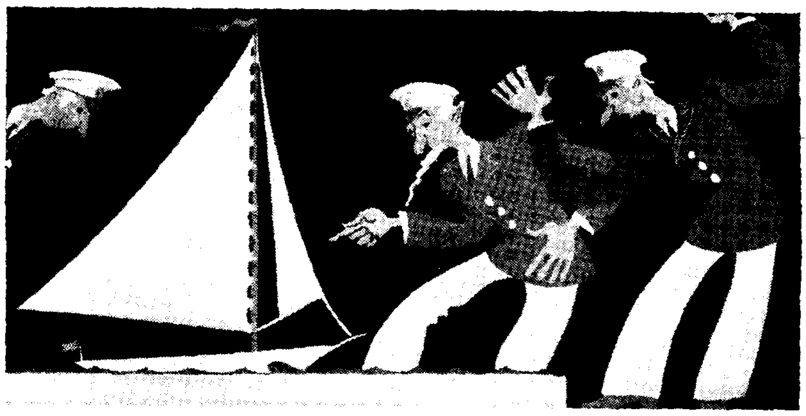


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Those who race model yachts that average about three feet in length not only have city clubs and a national association, but also an international union whose annual races determine the world's champion boat. This sport has its own magazine, each club its own burgee and many yachts their own special designers, builders and skippers.—*By Arthur R. Brown, Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.*

Among the living pretenders to either the nonexistent or surviving thrones of many countries, the most optimistic gentleman is Grand Duke Vladimir, son of the late Grand Duke Cyril, who hopes one day to become the czar of all the Russias, while the hardest worker of the group is Anthony Henry Hall who, in his efforts to become King Anthony I of England, addresses an average of five meetings a day.

The pumpkin has been known to develop roots whose total length reached 82,000 feet, or more than fifteen miles.—*By Roy F. Coleman, New York City.*

The world is still without vital statistics—name, age, sex, marital condition and occupation—concerning one third of the human race.

The Fountain of Tears in Bakhchisarai in the Crimea, constructed by a Tatar ruler to perpetuate the memory of his Polish princess, has a figure that has shed a tear—a single drop of water—once every minute for over three hundred years.—*By Jamie Adger, Vivian, Louisiana.*

No state has a law, so far as is known, that compels a store to sell an article at the price printed on its tag or in an advertisement. The publication of a price merely indicates, fundamentally, that the merchandise is for sale.

A nonrecallable American railroad bond issue of 1885, due to mature in 2361, will hold the record for the amount of interest paid on a single security. When these bonds mature, the interest, during these 476 years, if paid, will have totaled $950,000,000, or nineteen times the principal of $50,000,000.

Although the United States has a tornado on an average of every 67 hours, the Weather Bureau in Washington does not issue "tornado warnings" because these storms are so capricious that their paths cannot be predicted with any reasonable degree of accuracy.—*By J. M. Smith, Jr., Selmer, Tennessee.*

The American public addresses its Christmas cards so carelessly every year that more than 3,500,000 of them cannot be delivered and, therefore, are sent to the dead letter office. The cost of these cards, including postage, represents a loss of well over $300,000.—*By William Fred Benage, Delaware, Oklahoma.*

In many European countries, it is the custom in some large households for all the men and women servants to greet the master and mistress each morning by kissing their hands.—*By Charlotte Walters, Paris, France.*

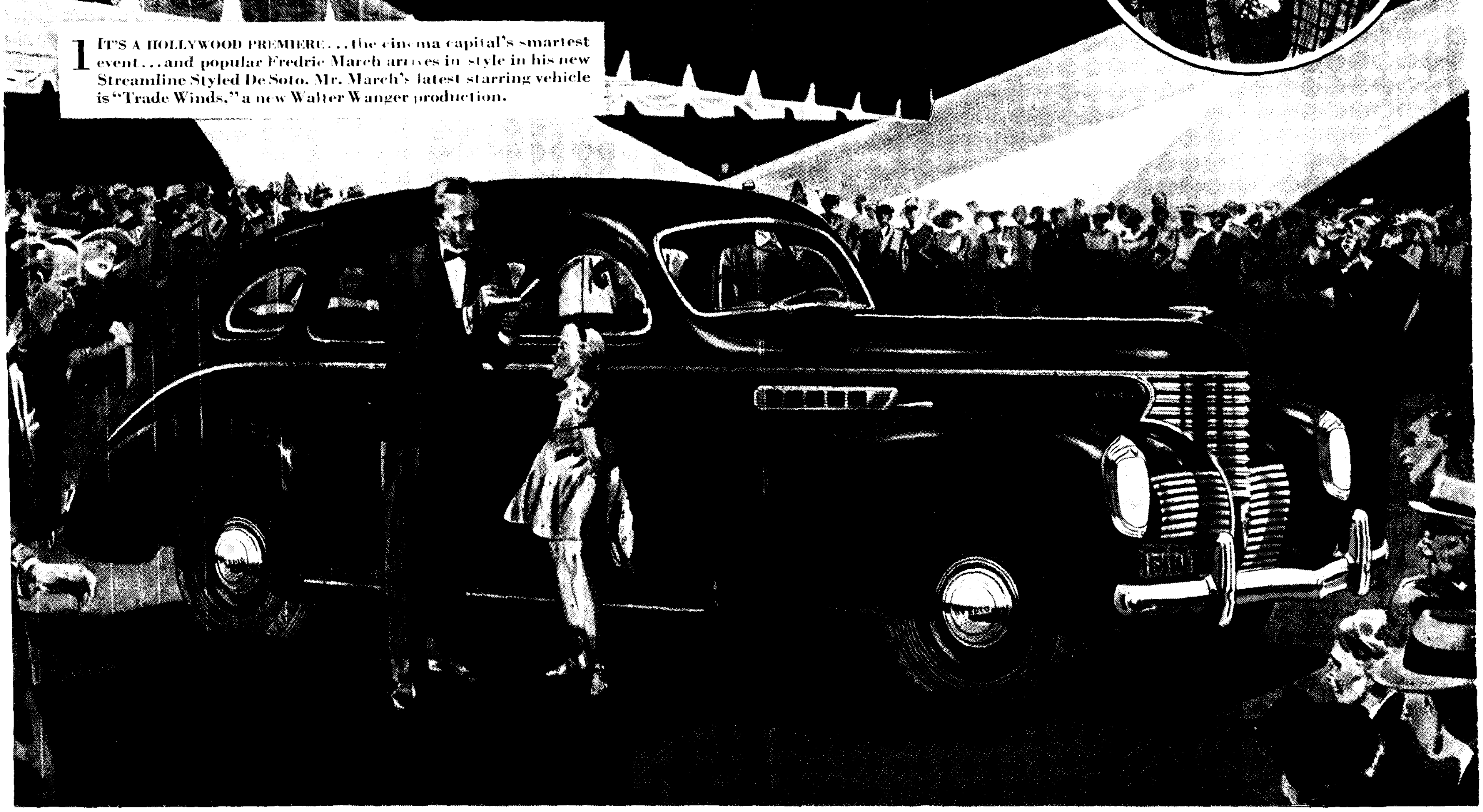
Noon sunlight is better suited for color discrimination purposes than north-sky light. Light from the north sky not only varies in intensity from hour to hour, but it has a slight bluish tinge, which tends to exaggerate blues and minimize reds and yellows.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

10¢
G. de Zayas

FREDRIC MARCH

CALLS HIS DE SOTO A STAR PERFORMER!

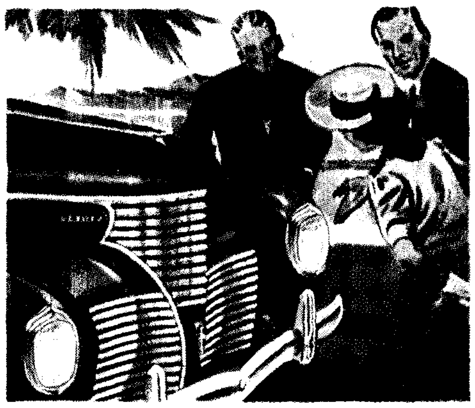


1 IT'S A HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE...the cinema capital's smartest event...and popular Fredric March arrives in style in his new Streamline Styled De Soto. Mr. March's latest starring vehicle is "Trade Winds," a new Walter Wanger production.

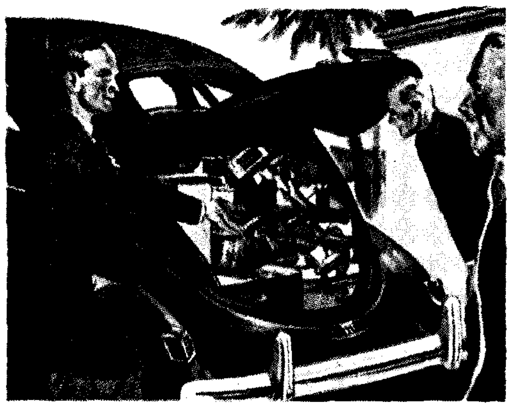
IT'S TRUE

"–this New De Soto is the Sweetest-handling Car I've Ever Driven... It's got Everything!"

Fredric March

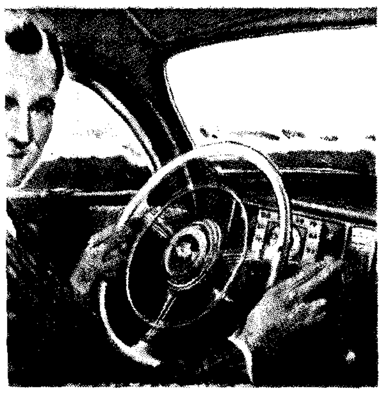


2 "THERE'S REAL SAFETY in Streamline Styling. I feel much safer driving at night with those Wide-Range Safety Headlights. They identify the car's full width!"

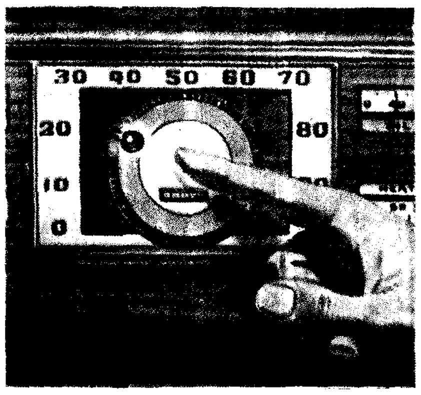


3 "NEVER SAW so much luggage space before! Believe me, I've carried bags, tackle, all sorts of equipment—and still have had room to spare. And there's no trunk 'bustle'."

4 "REAL ROOM FOR SIX big people. And look at that Full-View Windshield! It's much higher and wider —a splendid safety feature."



5 "DE SOTO'S HANDY-SHIFT is the easiest gear-shift I've ever used. And with the old floor-lever gone, there's loads more room."



6 "THE SAFETY-SIGNAL Speedometer shows green, amber, and then red, as your driving speed increases. This De Soto's got everything!"

Now Priced just above the Lowest

7 RIGHT! DE SOTO *is* packed with extra-value features...but still priced just above the lowest! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

SEE YOUR

DE SOTO DEALER

FOR A GREAT CAR...FINE SERVICE & A SQUARE DEAL

UNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

THE VOICE WITH A *Smile*

NORTH
SOUTH
EAST
WEST

IT MAY carry the salty twang of New England or the soft accents of the South.

It may be swift and crisp in the New York manner or full of the pleasant rolling r's of the West.

But wherever you hear it, it will be friendly, courteous, and efficient.

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Collier's The National Weekly for November 19, 1938

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Uptown Boy

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

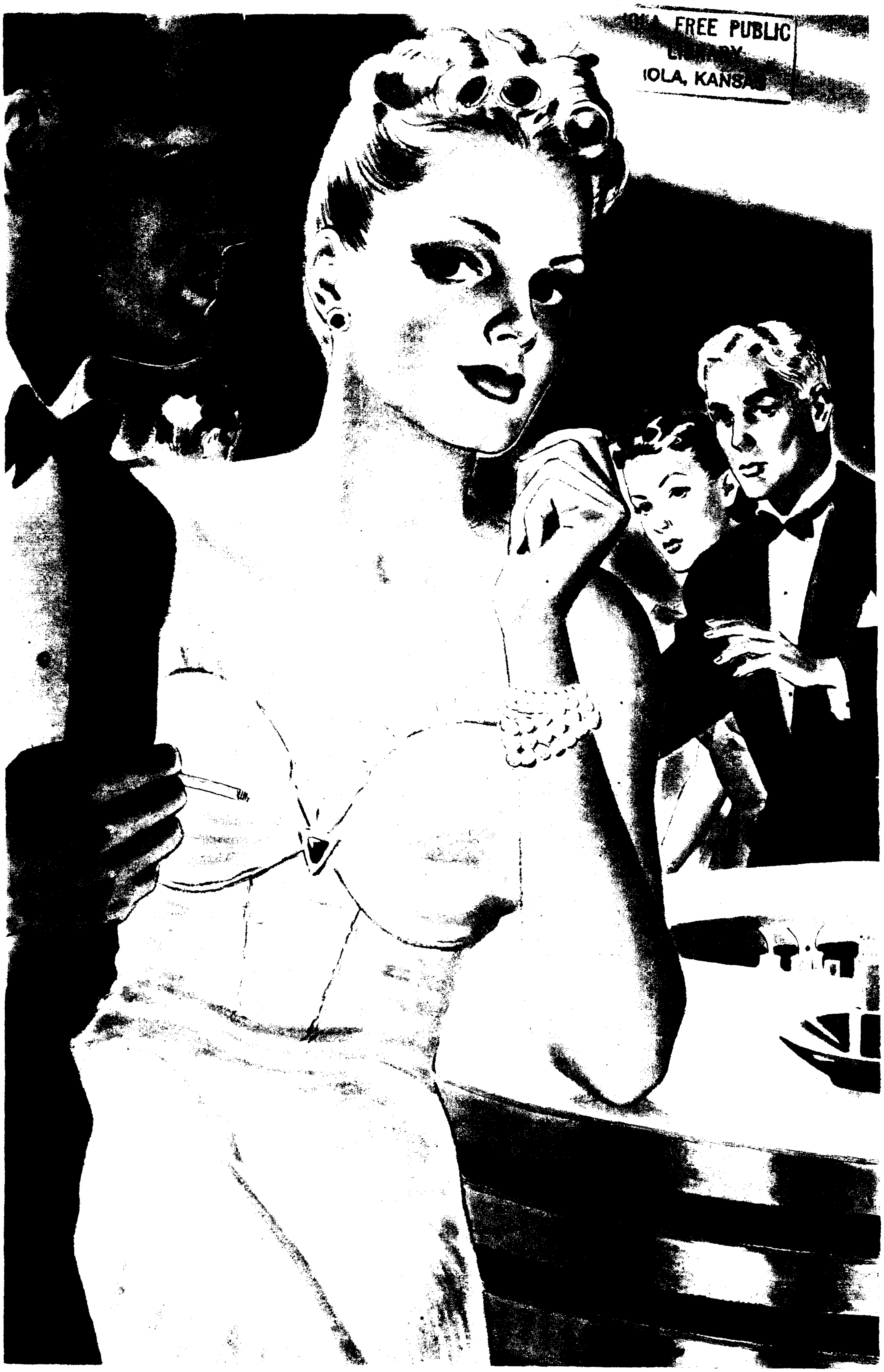
THE forty thousand people were tensely silent in the Polo Grounds and only the November wind spoke in its lonely way. The placement kick was for the ball game, so that these few seconds were special and different from ordinary time. As for Patsy, he almost didn't care. He was tired and he ached like one big punch in the nose.

Across the line Barry Edwards scratched a foot against the hard earth and squinted between the goal posts in behalf of the New York football Giants. Patsy knew that Edwards wouldn't miss. Give Edwards a football and he'd kick it between your eyes. Over on Patsy's share of the grass Toots Grossman said, "This can be expensive, Patsy. This can cost you five thousand bucks," and then Patsy began to care again. Toots was sensible, a practical man. "You and me, Toots; we fix," said Patsy. "Edwards can miss; the guy can miss. Everybody misses once in a while."

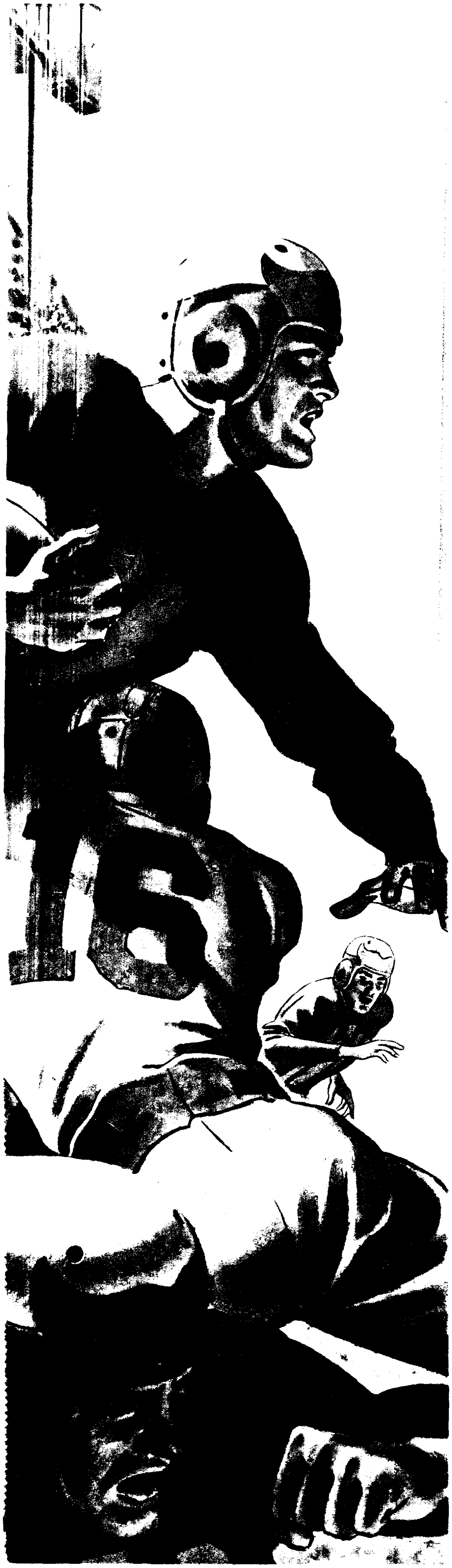
Now Barry Edwards was talking numbers to the Giants, and very nicely, with an almost lovely authority, as he'd talked to the Harvards just a year ago. There was the football going back and the tangle of arms and legs with Patsy and Toots attempting to hurdle the line and adding to their bruises. But Barry was just as pretty as you please, and the football was impersonal, independent of the strong-arm confusion. It went through the middle for the extra point and gave the ball game to Barry and the Giants, the happy Giants.

Patsy had been a Giant just a short year ago, but now he was a Detroit Lion, and without many claws, he was sure. The stands were full of noise again and the crazy customers were pulling down the goal posts as though the Giants were a college, and bumping into Patsy, who was aiming for the showers, the gentle showers.

For a long time he stood and suffered in the showers and suffered very well indeed. Then he came out and sat naked on a wooden bench and fussed with his socks, not hearing what his miserable comrades were saying but understand-



There was indignity in trailing but he took a few steps anyway, beginning, "Georgie, I would like you to know—"



Patsy began to pack the ball for the stubborn yards, with Toots and Danny Zarro clearing the way. They got a first down and then another

ing them, nevertheless. The league title was not in the bag as they had hoped, and they would have to play the Giants all over again, the Giants who were very tough and currently as hot as a five-alarm fire. Patsy stood up and his shoulder hurt. He dressed painfully and thought about Barry Edwards, the gay young punk, and of Georgie Brown, who was a lady.

HIS thoughts of Georgie were as persistent as the pain in his body. He thought of Georgie and delicate flowers of hothouse bloom. He thought of Georgie and of Smith College at once, and of the high-class Sky Top Café, downtown, where Georgie played at a career. Georgie belonged at the top of the world and Patsy was almost too tired to climb the steep and social stairs that led to her. Not Barry Edwards, though, because Barry belonged in that gay little world, and Barry was a man who had a way. Barry was Harvard and Phi Beta Kappa, which very likely means Pee Bee Kay in Greek, a very mysterious business.

When Patsy was dressed he went out through the clubhouse door to Eighth Avenue where it was already dark and lighted only by the elevated railroad that ran overhead. The crowd had dissolved and the pavements were littered with discarded papers and programs and brightly colored feathers that had cost a quarter. "My trouble is that I'm crazy," Patsy decided. "If I'd only opened my mouth."

But he hadn't opened his mouth. There they were that morning, the three of them, Patsy and Barry and Georgie, riding in on the train from Detroit, each of them going to work. He could have said, "I'll be down to the opening, Georgie-Pie," just as Barry had said it, except that when Barry spoke, with his broad and wonderful "A's," it froze up Patsy's mouth. He had simply sat there, numb with awkwardness, while Barry made a specific and limited date, a date for two, when an opening at the Sky Top Café should be as wide as the Polo Grounds.

And yet he couldn't hate Barry and still respect himself, because their sins were duplicate; they were warm on the trail of Georgie. He had seen it coming in these past few months around the circuit; he had seen Barry greasing the slides for him, so artfully, so completely, without intending offense.

Barry was with the Giants for several understandable reasons. Barry was hot in a football sense, as Albie Booth and Larry Kelly were hot, riding the headlines through so many exciting Saturdays that their names could make the turnstiles go around. More than that, Barry was actually good, and he would have been an asset had he never gone to school. The Giants had really produced the dough for Barry, who was fresh out of Harvard and very expensive. So prodigal they were that there was no money left for Patsy, who was promptly traded to Detroit. And then one thing kept following another, like the building of a good Western sandwich.

Georgie Brown had an act, a very clever and hilarious sort of monologue that a lot of people said was downright genius. Georgie had been spreading it around the country with a ripe and ravishing success, and the act had gone around the circuit with the football business and was returning now to New York.

A CAB made a half circle in the street and rolled to a stop, but there was one car along the curb out of which a girl stuck her head and called, "Patsy!" She was an attractive girl, with blue eyes bright through the shadows. She had a white smile that was warm in the cold evening and she threw the door of the small coupé open for Patsy to get in.

He said, "Katherine!" and he was rightfully surprised. He took her two hands and shook them warmly. "Katie, this is marvelous; this is a break. You going home?"

"That's exactly the idea," Katherine said and released the hand brake. She was full of business taking the little car under the "L" pillars and away from the grim heap of the deserted ball park.

While he was studying Katherine he asked, "Is my mother home, Kath? How is she?" She looked straight ahead and a bit of her black hair, soft and shiny, protruded from beneath a felt hat that was attractively like a man's hat jammed down over her ears. Her features were straight and her skin was clean and full of health. She ran her tongue between lips that were red and damp.

"Your mother went up to your sister's for a week. Elsie's had trouble with the baby."

Patsy said, "Oh," as though he understood that if he were not so full of himself and Georgie and warm romance he would have wired his mother or called long distance. He might have spent eighty cents.

"That shoulder's pretty bad, isn't it?" Katherine asked after a while, and he wondered with amazement how she knew that. "You were breaking your stride to hit with your right shoulder and save your left," she said. "I could tell."

She was an astounding girl, this Katherine, for not many people knew of his troubled shoulder, for he had always managed to keep it harnessed up like a horse's. "You should take better care of yourself," she told him almost impersonally. "You shouldn't be such a dope, Patsy; that shoulder's been bad for four years now," which was also correct. The shoulder had ended his career as a wrestling champion, a very high-priced champion, too, on the grunt-and-endure-it circuit. "You weren't much good as a wrestler, anyhow," she told him. "Football is your game, Patsy. It always was."

You couldn't fool Katherine. Champion or no champion, wrestling was a phony and laughable enterprise, and he had been a phony champ. "I couldn't wrestle my way out of the subway," he admitted, "but don't rub it in. I've got trouble enough."

"You make your own trouble," she said. "Sometimes you are very foolish."

HE SAID nothing and she stopped the car in front of the house. It was a house in Washington Heights, which is uptown and paralleled by the Bronx. It was just an apartment house, rather old, that was fairly respectable and always clean. A candy store, a tailor and a vegetable man tenanted the first floor, and Katherine's and Patsy's families had lived in this house for as long as they could remember. He was weary going up the stairs and she was patiently slow beside him. He turned the key in the lock of his mother's apartment and the girl said, "Go in and get some sleep."

"I can't sleep," he said. "I have to go out."

"Then I'll bring you some food," she told him. "Mom has some soup and we have bandages. You'll need them. You look like a wreck."

He felt like one. He went in and sat in the living room and kicked the shoes off his swollen and suffering feet and wondered if the evening clothes in the bedroom closet would be pressed. Very likely they would be, because his mother never forgot. He thought of Georgie Brown and it hurt like a kick in the stomach, because Georgie was already with Barry Edwards, and Patsy was as jealous as a peacock suffering from baldness. And it also hurt to shave the thin bone of his punished pride and do the thing he knew he would do—go chase after Georgie at the Sky Top Café, where doubtless she was quite pleasantly occupied. And yet he knew he couldn't help himself, because he was currently burdened with a bright idea.

Katherine returned with her mother, who was bearing the soup as well as some sandwiches and every fine evidence of the interfamily affection that had long existed. Everything had been fine in California, he told her, but he didn't get that part as Tarzan in the movies because he couldn't swing so well on a tree, and the football was fine and you would be surprised how profitable, Mrs. Dowd. Katherine's mother was a good woman and sorry for his pains and soon she left.

Patsy sought to smile brightly when he asked, "How would you like to try the Sky Top Café tonight, Katie?" but felt, nevertheless, like a rat with two tails. "I could have given you more time," he apologized and felt clammy under his shirt.

"I've never been so monumentally insulted before, Tarzan," she said. "But I'll go. I want to see Georgie, of course. I'm very interested, and I'll be ready in half an hour."

Patsy spent the half-hour grimly inserting himself into his dress clothes and wondering how Katherine could know about Georgie. But why shouldn't she know, when it had been in the papers, and Katherine could read, could she not? She was a schoolteacher, wasn't she—a teacher at Municipal College? Nothing like Smith College, of course, but extremely educational in every sense of the word. At least they learned how to read.

The Sky Top Café was mighty pretty in a severe sort of way, full of white leather and chromium, plus black diagonal stripes on modern chairs that looked well with women in them. There was a merry-go-round bar that went around slowly with the customers on high stools, and this locomotion was conservative, so as not to bring distress with the drinks that cost a dollar apiece.

Georgie Brown sat upon one of the stools and her full skirt lay white and lovely *(Continued on page 94)*

Market day in Kuemba, in the Cameroons, the former German colony in West Africa now under British and French protectorates

The Colony Racket

By Winston Churchill

What's behind Hitler's thunderous squeal for colonies? The need for raw materials? Go heil yourself. German colonies have served and can serve only one purpose, says Mr. Churchill—to annoy Great Britain

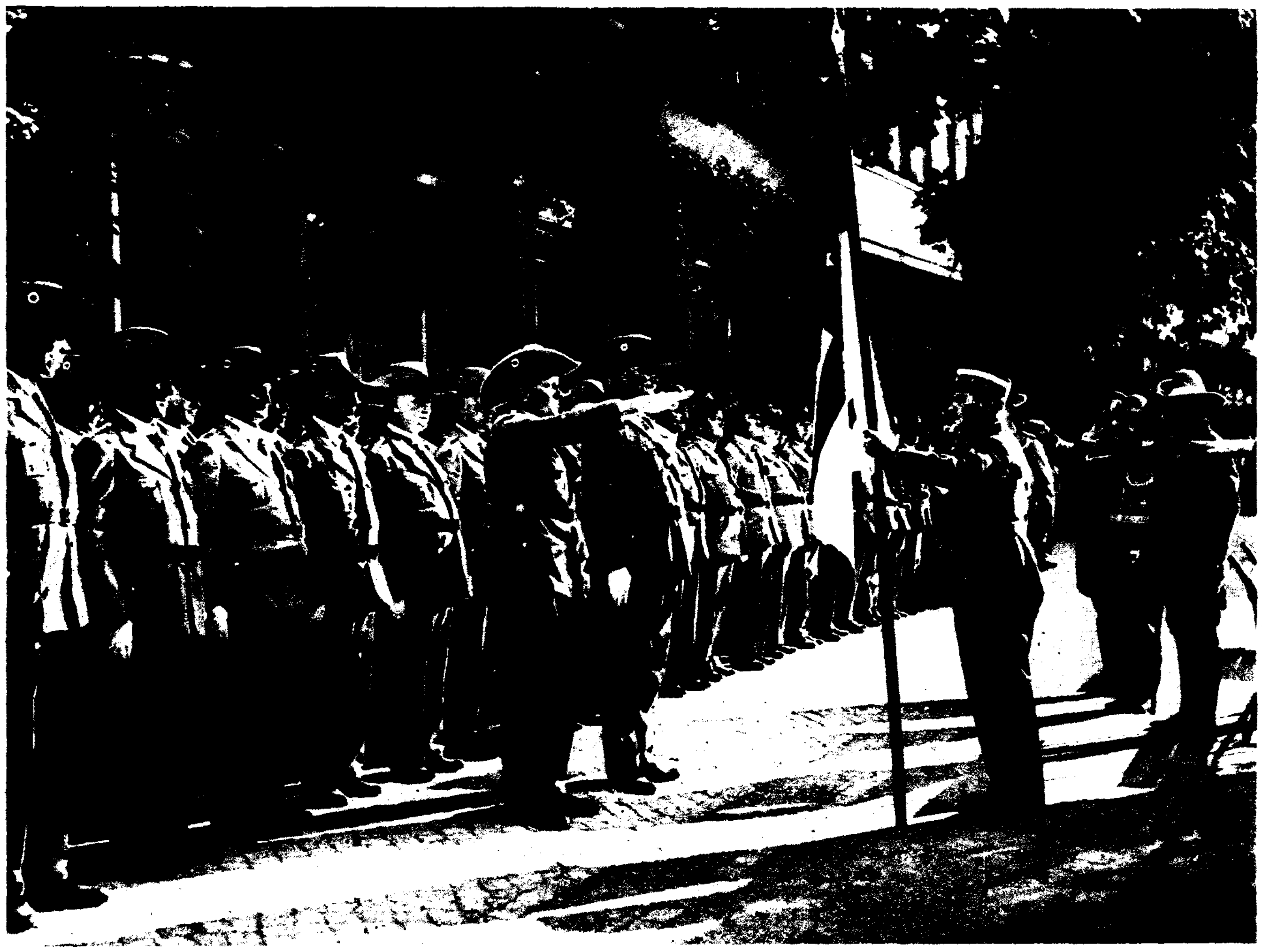
AMERICAN opinion would naturally be cool upon the question of the return of the colonies conquered from Germany in the late war. The United States took no territorial gains. Their only souvenir is the League of Nations, which President Wilson started and his countrymen abandoned, and the war debts, which have not been paid. In these circumstances I should hardly expect any very vigorous resentment being felt in America at the German desire for the return of her former colonies, especially when this request is made to an empire like that of Britain, which includes an enormous mass of tropical possessions scattered about the world, a large portion of which are in a comparatively undeveloped state.

In England itself opinion is divided upon the subject. The bulk of the Tory party is strongly against any retrocession. "What we have, we hold," and so on. The Liberal and Labor parties are violently opposed to any return of colonies to Nazi Germany, but toy with the idea of some system under which all tropical colonies will be handed over to the League of Nations, and be administered, or maladministered, for the benefit of all countries by an international committee. The Prime Minister, the government and their immediate following would be willing to return the German colonies if they felt that the concession was part of a definite and lasting settlement of Europe. All these sections of opinion would agree in refusing to hand back even the smallest and least valuable colony merely as a sop to the present regime in Germany, or, as I put it in the House of Commons, "just to make a Nazi kettle boil."

It is not surprising in these circumstances that the rulers of Germany should press their claims. They see doubt and hesitancy in British circles. They have a strong desire to regain their old possessions. They feel that the British government is sensitive and amenable to pressure and clamor, and that if they go on barking and baying away long enough, their demands will be granted. A widespread organization has been formed in Germany, under the retired General von Epp. Public opinion is being mobilized by all the resources of propaganda, and from time to time Dictator Hitler and his lieutenant, Goering, repeat in strident tones that they will never rest till the colonies are restored. There is much talk of the need of raw material; but nothing in these facts explains why this claim should be urged so vehemently. The value of colonies in this respect is largely illusory. Ninety-seven per cent of the world's raw materials comes from the territories of sovereign states and only three per cent from colonial possessions. The Germans know that. They know, also, that before the war only two thirds of one per cent of the raw material imports of their country came from her colonial empire. Now, it is true, thanks to development financed by British capital, the proportion might be a little higher; but it is difficult to believe that the vanadium of Southwest Africa, the sisal of Tanganyika, and the phosphates of Nauru can make any substantial difference to the economics of the Third Reich. These things, in any case, may be bought freely by Germany today. They would have to be paid for just the same if the swastika flag flew over the lands that produced them.

War, of course, closes markets that are open in peacetime; but it may do so irrespective of allegiances. Overseas sources of supply are of little value unless the ocean routes can be maintained. If sea power is lacking, they fail just when they are most wanted.

Neither can the pressure of an expanding population account for the emphasis now placed on the colonial question. When the Germans had colonies in the early years of the century, the population was growing faster than now. But in those days, of a total white population of 28,000 in the overseas pos-



A review of the German Society of Colonial War Veterans, one of the units of the widespread organization formed in Germany under retired General von Epp to press for return of colonies

sessions of the Kaiser, only 18,000 were of German blood. More Germans got their living in Paris than in all the German colonies put together. There has been more emigration from Germany during recent years; but for the most part the emigrants have not been pioneers, eager to break new land in the wilderness and build a Little Germany of their own across the seas. Rather have they been refugees fleeing from a tyranny that had become intolerable. If anywhere Nazi dominion follows them, they must resume their journeyings—if they can.

Is it, then, a matter of prestige? The demand for "a place in the sun" has been given that color. It is urged that without colonies Germany cannot feel herself on terms of true equality with other powers. This view finds expression outside Germany. "A great people such as the German people," declared Signor Mussolini a year ago, "must regain the place which is due it and which it used to have beneath the sun of Africa." It is easy to understand why, even apart from the mutual obligations of the Rome-Berlin axis, the Italian dictator supports German colonial demands; better Herr Hitler's eyes should be turned to any distant quarter than toward the Italian Tyrol—the land for which Hofer fought and died, with its predominantly German population and history dear to the German heart.

But the power of the German Empire, and before it of Prussia, never rested on colonial possessions. These were only *acquired* as an afterthought, or rather as a by-product, of Bismarckian policy in Europe. There is, indeed, a formidable Germanic tradition that is hostile to colonial ideas. "All distant possessions," declared Frederick the Great, "are a burden to the state." And Bismarck spoke his true mind when he said roundly: "I want no colonies." In his view, they led to "manifold and undesirable disputes" and were "only good for providing jobs." There was a time when Herr Hitler was of the same opinion. "The sole hope of success for a territorial policy nowadays is to confine it to Europe, and not to confine it to places such as the Cameroons," he wrote in Mein Kampf. And he referred contemptuously to Germany's "foolish colonial policy" of the prewar years and her "weak aspiration to cover the whole world." Does Hitler present the claim for the return of the former German colonies merely to enable General Goering, that mighty hunter, to enlarge his collection of sporting trophies, or Dr. Goebbels to make new experiments in propaganda?

The new German attitude cannot be explained by mere caprice. We must look for deeper causes. We may recall that Bismarck ate his words and reversed his policy in a very similar way over this same question. It was he who, having for years despised colonies, ultimately established Germany's former colonial empire. Let us bring the lamp of history to illuminate the fogs and uncertainties of the present, and find in Bismarck's right-about turn a clue to Hitler's.

The Bismarck Diplomacy

A certain Mr. Taylor has recently published a very interesting account of the motives and processes by which Bismarck acquired the German colonial possessions. Bismarck's great preoccupation was France. He had founded the German Empire. He had defeated successively Denmark, Austria and France. He had wrested—to some extent against his better judgment—Alsace and Lorraine from the old antagonist. As France recovered from the terrible injuries of 1870 and 1871, Bismarck watched her anxiously. He meditated long upon a preventive war in 1878—to strike her down again before she could get on her feet; but the attitude of England was forbidding, and that of France submissive and discreet. The opportunity for fastening a quarrel upon her did not readily present itself. The Iron Chancellor then changed his policy. He hoped to divert the thoughts of France from revenge by the consolation of colonial adventure. In this he saw the means alike of placating the smoldering French and at the same time of embroiling France in the colonial sphere with Italy and with England. He encouraged the French to annex Tunis, which also antagonized Italy. He was delighted when rivalry between France and England over Egypt led to irritation between the two countries. Presently he thought he saw his way to a Franco-German understanding, based in the main on German support of French colonial aspirations, and especially against England. He would take care, of course, that the dispute was not allowed to develop too dangerously, but it could, perhaps, be carried far enough to dim the memories of defeat and supersede French dreams of reconquering Alsace-Lorraine.

The conception was bold and artful. But France would scarcely be convinced of German good faith unless Germany, too, had causes of dispute with England. It was with this motive that the German chancellor now began to look afield. There were still, in Africa and elsewhere, certain territories that had not been annexed by any European power. They were neither fertile nor salubrious. They promised little in commerce or colonization. But some of these lands adjoined British possessions; others lay near strategic routes of vital importance to the British Empire. England would be unwilling to see them pass under another flag. If Germany laid claim to them, even Mr. Gladstone's administration would, at least, hesitate before it agreed to the demand. The British colonies immediately concerned might protest. At the same time, there was no real risk of war: no one was going to fight for these barren wastes and impenetrable jungles. Carefully handled, therefore, the acquisition of a German colonial empire should be productive of the desired degree of friction with the minimum of risk: an atmosphere of Anglo-German tension would be created that must surely convince the French.

Bismarck launched his new policy by asking Whitehall to give facilities to Dr. Nachtigal for an inquiry into trading conditions in West Africa. These were granted. For some time before this the native chiefs had been requesting Great Britain to annex the Cameroons. These petitions were refused or ignored. But now, at long last, the government decided to act. Mr. Hewett, a British consul, was sent out to bring the territory under the British flag. He arrived in the third week of July, 1884—five days too late. Dr. Nachtigal had already negotiated a treaty with the chiefs, who had accepted the overlordship of Germany.

Colonial Quarrels End

Meanwhile, Bismarck had put forward a claim to Southwest Africa in terms that encouraged the British Foreign Office to believe that the answer he wanted was no. The negotiations dragged on, with Bismarck always finding new grievances and making new demands, while the English diplomats toiled painfully behind, trying vainly to discover what all the bother was about. The end came with the surrender of all British claims on the disputed territory, which became German Southwest Africa. But England had been made aware of German hostility, and France had been satisfied that Bismarck did, in fact, mean business.

So it went on. The Australians had asked that a British protectorate should be established over the unoccupied portion of New Guinea. It was decided that this should be done, but the Foreign Office insisted that Germany be consulted. Bismarck's reply was to hoist the German flag on various parts of the New Guinea coast. Australia was furious. The British ministers were annoyed. Joseph Chamberlain, a warm advocate of Anglo-German friendship, wrote to Dilke: "I don't care about New Guinea and I am not afraid of German colonization, but I don't like to be checked by Bismarck or anyone else." Finally, a compromise was reached. Northeast New Guinea became German; the rest of the unoccupied portion of the island passed to Britain.

But European events were on the march. Anti-German feeling had again flared up in France. There was trouble in the Balkans. Before the end of 1885 Bismarck had realized that a Franco-German *entente* was impossible. And he now needed English friendship. So while he remained chancellor there were no more colonial quarrels. But there were left on his hands a number of unwanted colonies to which, as time went on, his successors attached an exaggerated importance.

It is in the light of this curious chapter of diplomatic history that we must examine the German claims of today. Should we return to Germany colonies that were deliberately chosen, in the first place, because they might be a nuisance or even a danger to the British Empire and its sea communications?

It may well be that the German dictator has raised this issue, as Bismarck did over half a century ago, for a definite purpose. Whatever our decision upon it may be, it strengthens his hand in Europe. The keynote of German foreign policy today is aggression—but aggression, if possible, without war. The threat of force is more profitable than

(Continued on page 41)

The Plow and the Star

By Katharine Roberts

Presenting Claude Rains, who commutes from his farm in Pennsylvania to Broadway and Hollywood between dramatic crops

THE blow had fallen. Mr. Claude Rains felt pretty sorry for himself—very low. He was done with acting—or, rather, he thought that acting was done with him. He'd been with the Theatre Guild for five years, playing leads, and they told him they hadn't anything for him for the next season.

With good thespian emotion, he dramatized himself to himself as being all washed up in the theater. He had three thousand dollars in the bank and no future—no future at all. Very terrible. So he made a down payment on a few acres in Jersey and figured that, if he got no further chances at acting—and, of course, he wouldn't—he could get a job as soda clerk in the village drugstore and pay off the mortgage from his earnings by the time he was eighty.

Then the Guild had a change of mind and offered him a part in the summer tryout of "Peace Palace," but no one thought it would go far and everyone was right about that. Yes, he was done all right. Rains retired to the farm where he was to live out his days, and tried to put it in order. You couldn't call it pretentious. The house had no electricity, no central heating and no plumbing. According to his own report, he was up atop the little sentry box down near the barn putting a new roof on it when a message came from Harold Freedman, his agent, who thought Rains' retirement somewhat premature.

"You're going into pictures," said Freedman when Rains got to a phone. "A star part—oh, yes. And it's perfect for you. You'll be invisible. No one will see you at all. Perfect for you!"

A fine thing to tell an actor he won't be seen! Rains forgot he was a farmer and reacted accordingly—not that he'd ever been vain about his appearance. He had always wanted to add a few inches to his height and, if you gave him a chance, he might redesign his features a bit, but, at that, it seemed that Freedman was going a little far. Anyhow, how was he to appear in a part in which he didn't appear.

When it was all cleared up, the facts were that he had been picked for a role that depended wholly on voice. He was to be "The Invisible Man." It sounded like an interesting experiment, so he went to Hollywood and made the film. On the proceeds, he came back to Jersey and put plumbing in the house. Some time after that, the house burned down. A little later, after being best man at a country wedding in Pennsylvania, he bought a new farm down there.

Before he did Anthony Adverse, he spent a long time learning to fence, with the result that, when the cameras were grinding, he nearly ruined Louis Hayward's manly beauty. According to rehearsal, Rains made an overhead lunge, which Hayward parried. Then Hayward slipped and fell properly—or so it seemed—and Rains made the planned thrust at his middle. The first thing he knew, to his horror, his rapier had gone through Hayward's trousers and it came out the other side. Suddenly the blood started pouring down Hayward's face, which seemed an odd reaction.

Investigation proved that, on the overhead stroke, the tip of the flexible vibrating blade had nipped through Hayward's wig and sliced his scalp. Hence the blood. But by a miracle the jab through the trousers had just missed giving Hayward a bad slash and had only scratched his leg a bit.

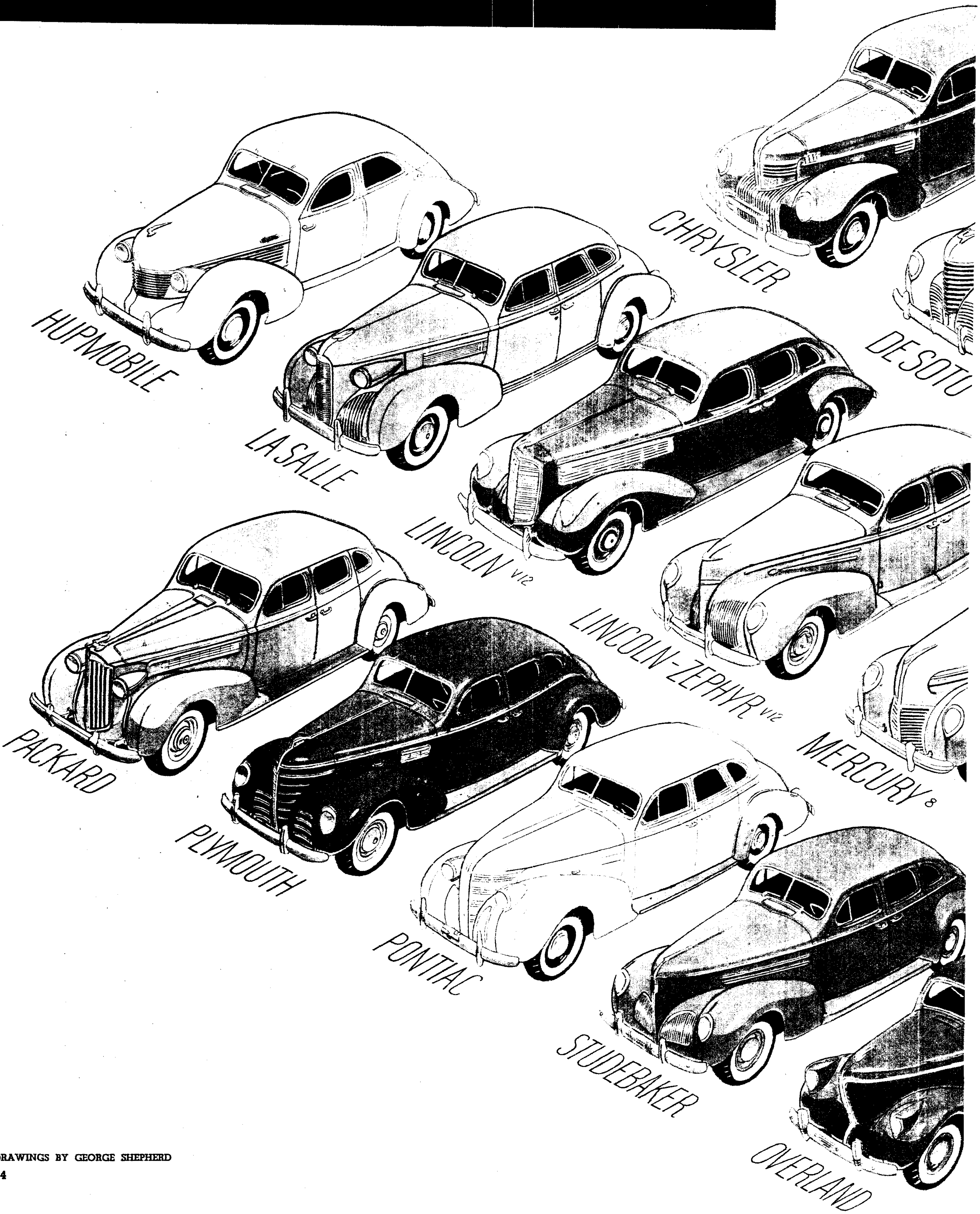
By the time Rains got to the crafty Prince John in Robin Hood, he had his sword pretty well in hand.

Farmer Rains was born in London. The family didn't have much and he went to a cheap school. When he was nine years old, *(Continued on page 52)*

IFOR THOMAS

Claude Rains, of the stage and the cinema, with Mrs. Rains, an actress in her own right. This photograph was taken at their Pennsylvania farm to which they retire between roles

1939 ON WHEELS


CHRYSLER
HUPMOBILE
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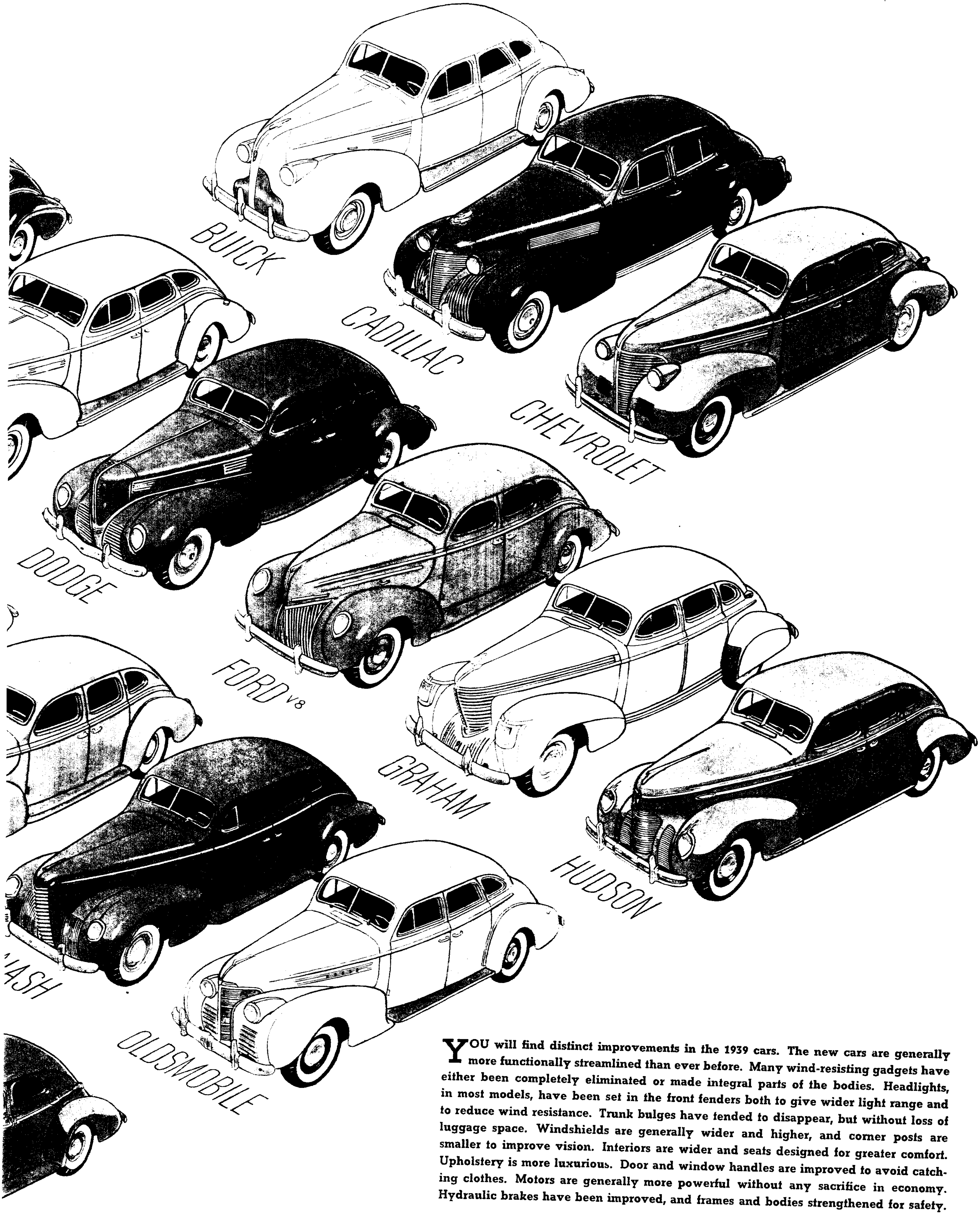
MERCURY 8
PLYMOUTH
PONTIAC
STUDEBAKER
OVERLAND

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE SHEPHERD



YOU will find distinct improvements in the 1939 cars. The new cars are generally more functionally streamlined than ever before. Many wind-resisting gadgets have either been completely eliminated or made integral parts of the bodies. Headlights, in most models, have been set in the front fenders both to give wider light range and to reduce wind resistance. Trunk bulges have tended to disappear, but without loss of luggage space. Windshields are generally wider and higher, and corner posts are smaller to improve vision. Interiors are wider and seats designed for greater comfort. Upholstery is more luxurious. Door and window handles are improved to avoid catching clothes. Motors are generally more powerful without any sacrifice in economy. Hydraulic brakes have been improved, and frames and bodies strengthened for safety.

Eyes of Blue

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

You may know girls like Francy Day. Only one man really understood her

FRANCY DAY would venture onto dangerous ground when her position was impregnable—such as now, riding up Broadway in a taxi, and she let Lloyd Grover hold her ardently and kiss her.

If she closed her eyes, it was to hide her thoughts. Lloyd's worship of her naturally had lost some of its first excitement. There was the enlivening possibility that one day he would become a wealthy physician, but Francy suppressed a small sigh. He was still an intern with only a meager income. . . . The taxi tonight was a necessity because a torrential rain was falling on Manhattan when they had come out of the movies.

Francy's mind dwelt on the telephone call for which she had been waiting the last three days!

"Tell me you love me."

"Of course I do," she murmured. But she wished that he would not be so insistent. He would want to come up to her apartment for a few minutes when they got back and she must forestall that. If the telephone call had come at last she would not want him to be there and she began to think of some plausible excuse.

"Cairnsy went to bed with a sick headache. You had better not stop tonight. I'm sorry." She made her voice regretful.

"I see you so little."

"Twice a week—sometimes oftener—"

"Hardly ever. Is that enough?" Suddenly he was holding her so tightly that she was frightened.

"Lloyd—stop!" she whispered.

The taxi was rolling in to the curb. She ran in under the portico of the skyscraper apartment while he paid off the driver. He would walk in the rain to the subway. The light from the foyer shone on his dark face. She must not let him see that his tired, intent expression and her thought of herself as a doctor's wife were losing some of their novelty.

"I'll have next Friday off."

"All right, Lloyd."

"I'll see you before that." He would come down from the uptown hospital every chance he got, telephone her every day.

"Of course—good night."

SHE hurried inside and across the foyer, feeling free of a certain compulsion. She stepped into the elevator, standing close to Charlie, the night operator, and smiling up at him.

Charlie pressed the button. He wished Miss Frances Day lived on the twenty-fifth floor instead of the fifth. He had time for only a few cracks about the weather, and wistfully said good night while she minced across the hall to her apartment.

Impatiently Francy rang her bell, then fumbled in her bag for the key and found it just as Cairnsy opened the door.

"Oh, were you in bed?" Francy asked.

"Yes; I hadn't gone to sleep."

"I'm awfully sorry." Francy removed her hat, her eyes taking in a pile of silk underclothes on a chair and a frilly white blouse dangling from a bridge lamp, and instead of asking the question she was eager to ask, she exclaimed: "You ironed *all* my things!"

"You said you wanted the blouse tomorrow, and as long as I was doing it—"

"I was going to do them when I got back," Francy said reproachfully.

"Wouldn't Lloyd come up?"

"No; he had to get right back." Very casually she asked: "Anyone been here, any telephone calls?"

"A man called you up—a Paul Farr."

For three days she had been waiting, but she mustn't show her excitement. "What did he say?"

"He just left his number."

"I suppose he wants me to call him." Francy glanced at the desk pad where Cairnsy had written his name and number in her sprawling hand. Obviously, he wanted her to call. It was only eleven o'clock. With an air of being imposed upon, Francy sat down at the telephone and spun the dial.

IT WAS the drawling, Southern voice she remembered so well that answered. "Well, at last—I've been trying two days to get you."

She knew he must have been. He could have called her at the office, but he wouldn't want to do that. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Farr."

"When am I going to see you again?"

She was glad that Cairnsy had gone back to bed. She would be coy. "Do you want to?"

"Of course I want to—soon."

"Well—?" Francy's laughter trilled.

"What about tomorrow night?"

"Perhaps."

"That is 'yes,' isn't it?"

She whispered, "Yes."

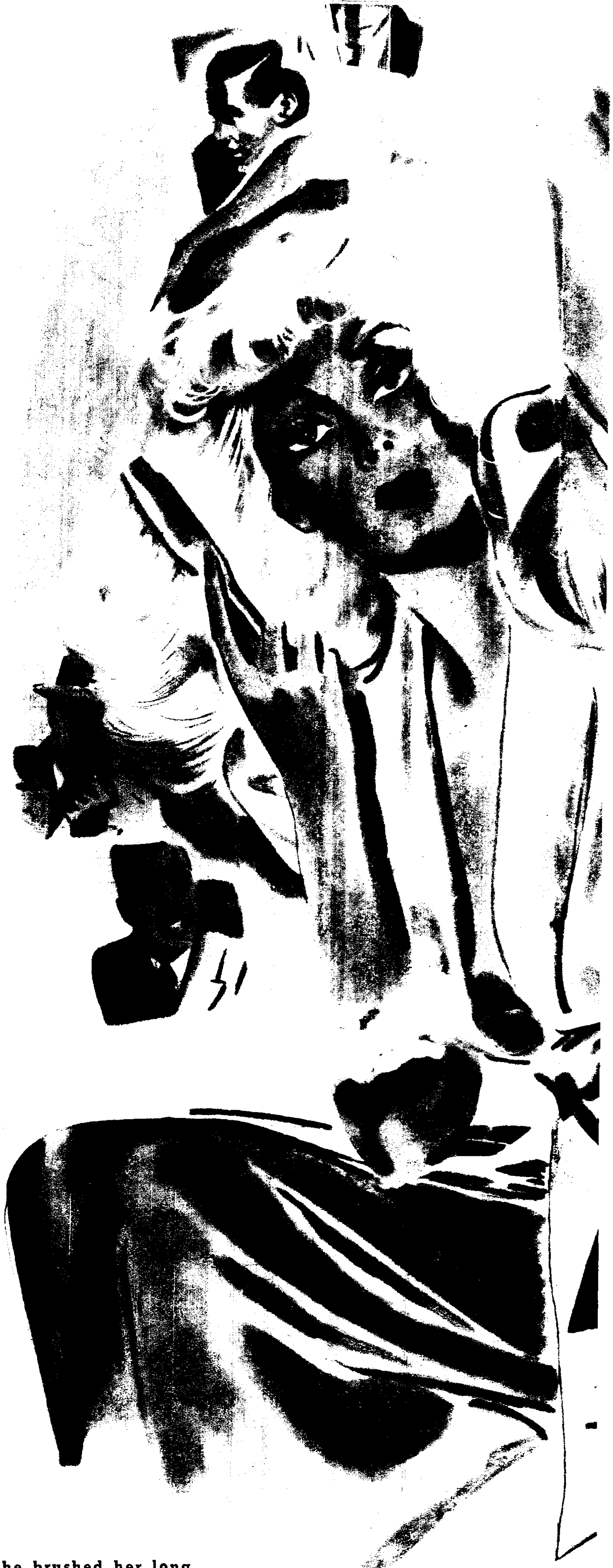
"Can you be ready about seven-thirty? On such a special occasion we ought to go to dinner. Do you like to dance?"

"I love it," Francy cried. . . .

When she had hung up she ran into Cairnsy's room. She must tell her everything.

The instant the door of Lindeman & Grady opened and Paul Farr stood there, she related, sitting on Cairnsy's bed, she knew that this was someone she had been destined to meet. He was dressed in a dark suit, wore a low, stiff collar and a black knitted tie and carried a raincoat over his arm. He took off his derby, nodding formally. "Mr. Farr, from Brown & Sturtevant—Mr. Lindeman is expecting me," and he gave her his card.

Mr. Lindeman was busy at the moment and he sat down facing her desk. Mr. Grady came in and said, "Good morning, Miss Day," and when she looked up Mr. Farr was gazing at her.



She brushed her long blond hair while half a dozen photographs of men gazed consecratedly on her

"I'm sorry you have to wait."

"I don't mind," he smiled. Almost everyone who came into Lindeman & Grady's tried to flirt, but Mr. Farr was different. He was definitely a gentleman. Mr. Lindeman phoned just then to send him in, and when he had gone she looked at his card. Evidently Mr. Farr had a good job. She did a mad thing. She wrote, "Call—" and her telephone number on the back of the card. Of course she had no intention of giving it to him. But she put it on the edge of her desk, thinking to herself, "What if he should accidentally brush it off as he went past, pick it up, and seeing that it was his own card put it back in his pocket?"

And at that moment he emerged, and, hesitating as he passed her desk, knocked the card off with his raincoat. She stopped breathing. He bent over, and the card must have fallen with her penciled number upward, because as he straightened up he was looking at it, and then at her.

"Is this something you wanted?" Speechless, she held out her hand, but he drawled, "It's my card."

"I wrote a number on it I wanted to remember," she managed.

"Oh! May I borrow the directory, Miss Day?" And before she could stop him he had lifted the Manhattan directory from her desk and was leafing through it. He had wavy dark hair brushed back thickly over his small ears, and long, artistic fingers. He looked at her number again, and closed the book. "What would happen if I called you up?"

"I don't know—" What could she say? She was so embarrassed.

"Then I reckon I may try it," he declared, pocketed the card, and walked out.

Francy hugged her knees, wide-eyed and earnest. Would he have the wrong impression? Was she doing wrong in going out with him, knowing so little about him? Didn't Cairnsy agree that you could tell instinctively whether a man was all right? What did Cairnsy think?

Cairnsy was noncommittal. "How will Lloyd like it?"

Francy's eyes showed her astonishment. Lloyd had nothing to do with it.

SHE said good night to Cairnsy and went to her own room, thinking of Lloyd with faint resentment. She undressed, put on her dressing gown and brushed her long blond hair while half a dozen photographs of men gazed consecratedly upon her.

Cairnsy, resting her dark head back on her pillows, smiled ruefully. All women yearned for adulation but most of them, lacking Francy's genius, had to be content with love. Francy was a cult. Men worshiped, and lived for promises, which she supposed were easy to make. Francy, if she didn't tire of a man before affairs reached a critical point, had her moral code to protect her in the end. Cairnsy lighted a cigarette with the quizzical reflection that Francy disapproved of women smoking.

It was the intelligent and serious men whom Francy attracted, Cairnsy mused —Francy seemed so helpless and, heaven forgive her, so sincere. A few months ago she had dedicated herself to becoming a doctor's wife. Poor Lloyd. She had pitied the others too—and yet here *she* was, Marion Cairns, after spending four years in boarding school waiting on Francy, still ironing her clothes for her and dancing attendance. She had even lied, connived, and helped her straighten out her tangled string of men. Why?—goodness knows! Except that Francy, so willful, so spoiled, in some ways so naïve, pretty as a rosebud, was part of her life, like a vice.

Francy, still anxious lest Mr. Farr have the wrong impression, was pleased at his formality when he arrived at exactly seven-thirty dressed in dinner clothes. A roadster of some fascinating foreign make stood at the curb, and he assisted her into it, made a U turn on the dead-end street and started across town, maintaining a casual, polite conversation. But she was suddenly disconcerted. It came to her that his performance was smooth from much practice, and he was bored, really.

They drew up presently at the Hotel Antibe. She would appear to be as bored as he, Francy decided. In a new flowered dinner dress she was prepared to be anything. He escorted her into the Orange Room, smartest and most expensive place in New York, and she put on an insouciant air, not even impressed when he discussed the menu with the waiter in French.

He turned to Francy and asked, "Will you have a cocktail?"

"*Merci, monsieur, mais non,*" she replied.

He elevated his eyebrows, but his handsome, somber face did not change expression. They danced, and he did dance divinely.

He gazed at Francy interestedly for the first time, as though he had just remembered something, and from that moment hardly took his eyes off her. She realized then that he must be a man of moods. He was suddenly animated. "Tell me about yourself," he demanded.

In spite of herself, his change of manner affected her, and she found herself confiding how she had convinced her parents that she should live independently in New York, and though she didn't have to work she wanted to because life was too important to waste, and the position with Mr. Lindeman's law firm was just a stopgap in some worth-while career (which she had not yet decided upon).

"Will you have some brandy with your coffee?" She shook her head.

"Don't you drink?"

"No."

He waved the waiter away. "And you don't smoke. What is your vice?"

"Do I need one to interest you?"

He said, "Not having one makes you more interesting than any woman I ever met."

SHE leaned her chin on her hands, looking at him with childlike candor in her blue eyes. "Have you any vice?"

He smiled cynically. "I'm the unregenerate son of an old Virginia family."

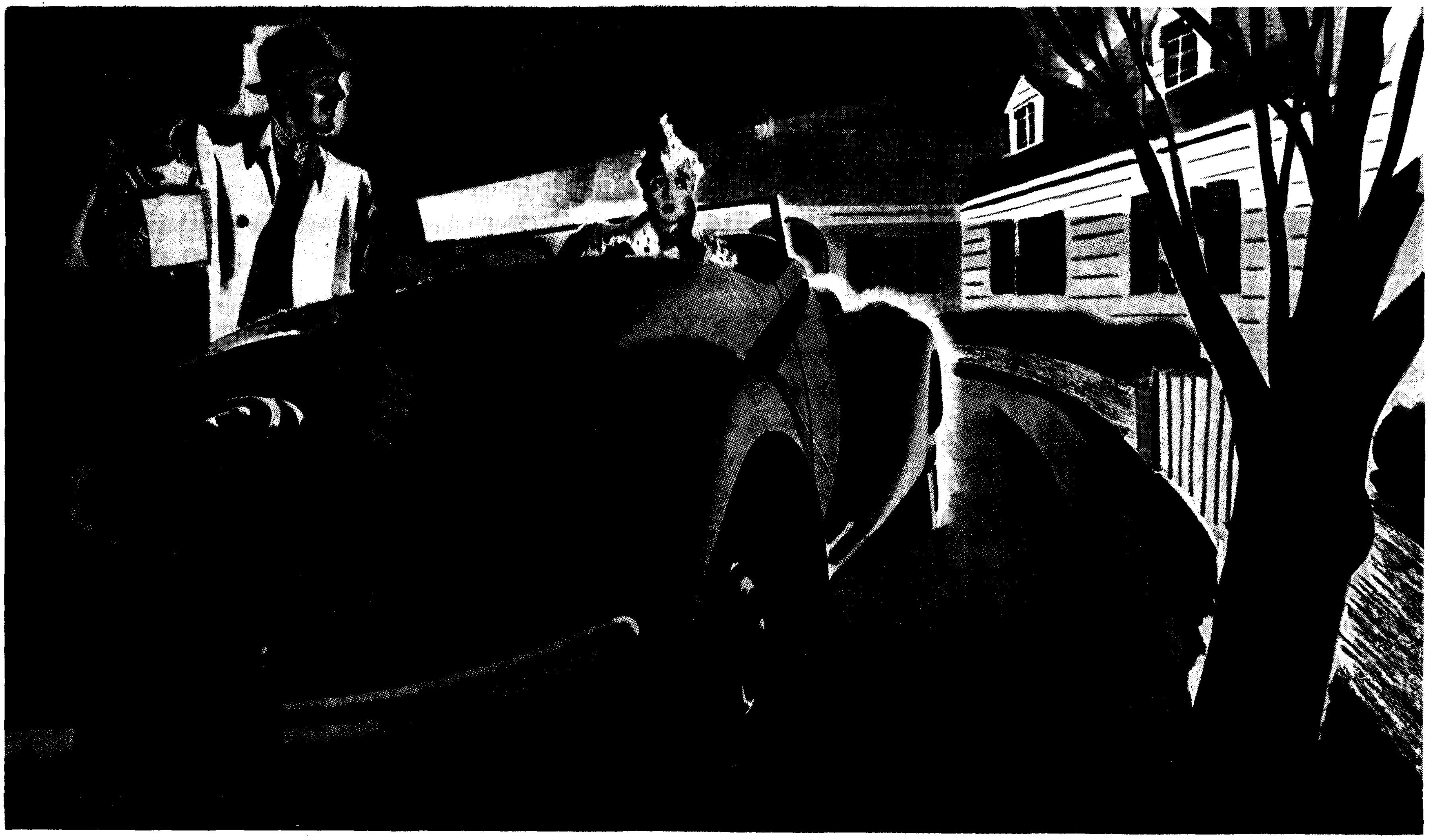
She felt a curious thrill. She had a vision of herself as his salvation, and of magnolia-shaded lanes and Paul Farr and herself cantering along them. An old Virginia family, an old Virginia plantation.

The orchestra was inviting. When they danced he held her close; she tilted her head back, and ever so slightly yielded. Afterward she remembered his watching her with an inscrutable expression. He had a cleft chin. His moodiness fascinated her. He was twenty-five at least. Was she the new-found interest in a life that was probably surfeited?

When he had taken her back to the silent canyon of her dead-end street, he stood at the apartment entrance, his handsome face pale under his black Homburg, and said solemnly, "I'm going to call you up again, Francy Day."

But two days went by and she did not hear from him. Three and four.

(Continued on page 98)



"Are they home?" she ventured. None of the windows showed a light

PARKAS BY ELEANORE SANBORN
SKATING COSTUMES BY VERA MAXWELL
SKIS COURTESY ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE HOTEL NEW YORKER
BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
COLOR BY WILLIAM SCHARKOPF

First Look of Winter

By Aimee Larkin

Before the earliest frost had nipped your nose, Collier's went into a huddle with designers who were still stitching seams in sports clothes, bent on making you something to look at this winter. Snatching from the workrooms the very newest and smartest of these costumes, we paused en route to the cameras only long enough to be assured by experts that the clothes were as practical as they were eye-catching. Here you have a preview of good reasons for not being a sissy by the fireside.

The old-time parka, which every Eskimo knows is the perfect windbreaker, has taken to color and hand-woven sleeves and furry hoods to keep you warm and beautiful. The skating skirt is making such a hit in street fashions that you'll want one anyway. But when you waltz out on the ice, tie your scarf over your head or pull a woolly baby bonnet out of your pocket.

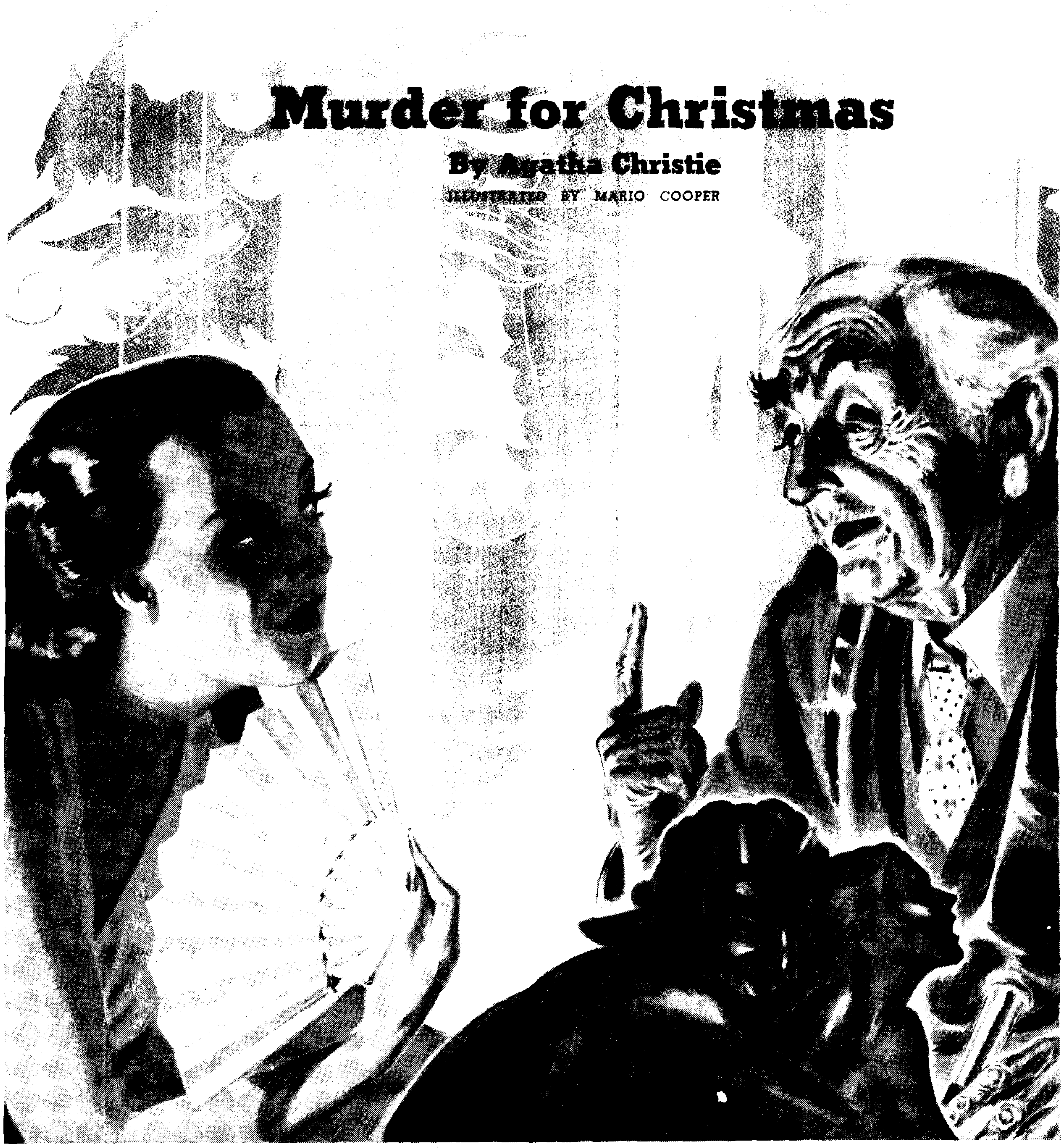
Maria Springer, ski expert, proudly shows you her ski-instructor trousers, so called because the professionals prefer them. You will, too; their slim, tapering line is so flattering. You can vary the picture with jackets and shirts like this soft gray sweat shirt, imported but to be copied in this country. Or with the flowered challis blouse with bright red slipover—yellow on the other side for a two-in-one.

Yours for snow and colder.

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"Yes," he said, "I've been a wicked man. What do you say to that, Pilar?"

The Story Thus Far:

IN ENGLAND, on what he seems to regard as a very important mission, Stephen Farr, of South Africa, meets a girl—*Pilar Estravados*—on a train. Pilar, obviously poor, informs Farr that she has come from Spain to visit relatives. When Farr learns (by inspecting the label on her suitcase) that her destination is Gorston Hall, in Addlesfield, he is much perturbed.

Meanwhile, the wealthy old Mr. Lee, tyrannical but decrepit head of the house at Gorston Hall, has decreed that his sons and their wives —Alfred and Lydia; David and Hilda; George and Magdalene—hold a Christmas *reunion* at Gorston Hall. The invitations have been dispatched by Alfred and Lydia, who live with the old gentleman; and Christmas is almost here.

David is an artist. Temperamentally incompatible with his father—to whose brutal treatment he attributes his mother's death—he does not care to return to his old home. Nevertheless, he accepts the invitation.

George also accepts. Before he does so, however, he and Magdalene have a long talk. What they say reveals: (1) That old Lee is a millionaire "twice over"; (2) That another son, Harry—a wandering spendthrift who may or may not still be living—will be disinherited when the old man dies; (3) That the bulk of the estate will go to Alfred and George—David being regarded by his father as a worthless weakling; (4) That Mr. Lee's only daughter, Jennifer, had run away with a Spanish artist and died, after giving birth to a daughter.

Magdalene dislikes her father-in-law. "But," she decides, after discussing the invitation with George, "we've got to go. It won't do to offend the old man."

Later, alone in her bedroom, she removes a pile of bills—all unpaid—from her desk and runs through them. Then, hopelessly: "What on earth am I to do?" she murmurs.

II

ON THE first floor of Gorston Hall a long passage led to a big room overlooking the front drive. It was a room furnished in the more flamboyant of old-fashioned styles. It had heavy brocaded wallpaper, rich leather armchairs, large vases embossed with dragons, sculptures in bronze. . . . Everything in it was magnificent, costly and solid.

In a big grandfather armchair, the biggest and most imposing of all the chairs, sat the thin shriveled figure of an old man. His long clawlike hands rested on the arms of the chair. A gold-mounted stick was by his side. He wore an old shabby blue dressing gown. On his feet were carpet slippers. His hair was white and the skin of his face was yellow.

A shabby insignificant figure, one might have thought. But the nose, aquiline and proud, and the eyes, dark and intensely alive, might cause an observer to alter his opinion. Here was fire and life and vigor. . . .

Old Simeon Lee cackled to himself, a sudden high cackle of amusement.

He said, "You gave my message to Mrs. Alfred, hey?"

Horbury was standing beside his chair. He replied in his soft deferential voice, "Yes, sir."

"Exactly in the words I told you? Exactly, mind?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't make a mistake, sir."

"No — you don't make mistakes. You'd better not make mistakes either —or you'll regret it! And what did she say, Horbury? What did Mr. Alfred say?"

Quietly, unemotionally, Horbury repeated what had passed.

The old man cackled again.

"Splendid. . . . First rate. . . . They'll have been thinking and wondering—all the afternoon! Splendid! I'll have 'em up now. Go and get them."

"Yes, sir."

Horbury walked noiselessly across the room and went out.

"And, Horbury—"

THE old man looked round, then cursed to himself.

"Fellow moves like a cat. Never know where he is."

He sat quite still in his chair, his fingers caressing his chin till there was a tap on the door and Alfred and Lydia came in.

"Ah, there you are, there you are. Sit here, Lydia, my dear, by me. What a nice color you've got."

"I've been out in the cold. It makes one's cheeks burn afterward."

Alfred said, "How are you, Father? Did you have a good rest this afternoon?"

"First rate — first rate. Dreamed about the old days! That was before I settled down and became a pillar of society."

He cackled with sudden laughter.

His daughter-in-law sat silently smiling with polite attention.

Alfred said, "What's this, Father, about two extra being expected for Christmas?"

"Ah! that. Yes, I must tell you about that. It's going to be a grand Christmas for me this year—a grand Christmas. Let me see, George is coming and Magdalene—"

Lydia said, "Yes, they are arriving tomorrow by the five-thirty."

Old Simeon said, "Poor stick, George! Nothing but a gas bag! Still, he *is* my son."

Alfred said, "His constituents like him."

Simeon cackled again.

"They probably think he's honest. Honest! There never was a Lee who was honest yet."

"Oh, come now, Father."

"I except you, my boy. I except you."

"And David?" asked Lydia.

"David now. I'm curious to see the boy *after all these years. He was* a namby-pamby youngster. Wonder what his wife is like? At any rate *he* hasn't married a girl twenty years younger than himself, like that fool George!"

"Hilda wrote a very nice letter," said Lydia. "I've just had a wire from her confirming it and saying they are definitely arriving tomorrow."

Her father-in-law looked at her, a keen penetrating glance.

He laughed.

"I never get my change out of Lydia," he said. "I'll say this for you, Lydia, you're a well-bred woman. Breeding tells. I know that well enough. A funny thing, though, heredity. There's only one of you that's taken after me—only one out of all the litter."

His eyes danced.

"Now guess who's coming for Christmas. I'll give you three guesses and I'll bet you a fiver you won't get the answer."

HE LOOKED from one face to the other. Alfred said, frowning, "Horbury said you expected a young lady."

"That intrigued you—yes, I dare say it did. Pilar will be arriving any minute now. I gave orders for the car to go and meet her."

Alfred said sharply, *"Pilar?"*

Simeon said, "Pilar Estravados. Jennifer's girl. My granddaughter. I wonder what she'll be like."

Alfred cried out, "Good heavens, Father, you never told me . . ."

The old man was grinning.

"No, I thought I'd keep it a secret! Got Charlton to write and fix things."

(Continued on page 46)

What is the TURKEY'S Magic Power?

INTERNATIONAL
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

What magic is it in the turkey that makes us all remember, late in November, to give thanks for the blessings that America provides? And why is it, as the royal bird comes in all golden-brown to the table, that appetites are so much lustier? Why are the eyes of the grown-ups and children all so much bigger than the stomachs?

There may be many answers to these questions, but the truth is that the magic is to be found *in ourselves.* One of our blessings is that we have within us the imagination and the happy will to recreate the harvest-time holiday, year by year.

On this day it is our privilege to be thankful for a *thousand other meals served each year to every man, woman, and child in the land.* Probably they are all just as important, lacking only the turkey's gift for drama.

One hundred and thirty BILLION meals a year for Americans! Think of the fabulous stores of food, the careful handling, the countless miles of hauling! Food is humanity's greatest need—our first thought on Thanksgiving Day. Let us be grateful for America's great system of food production and distribution. Let us extend a kind thought this year to our own local sources of supply—the grocer, the meat-market man, and the milk man, who day after day keep our larders stocked with food, garnished with the service we like!

* * *

From farm to factory, to the neighborhood store, to the family kitchen door—food travels *economically* in International Trucks. When you need a truck, try out an International. You will find your *exact* need here. Our Company-owned branches and dealers are always *at your service.*

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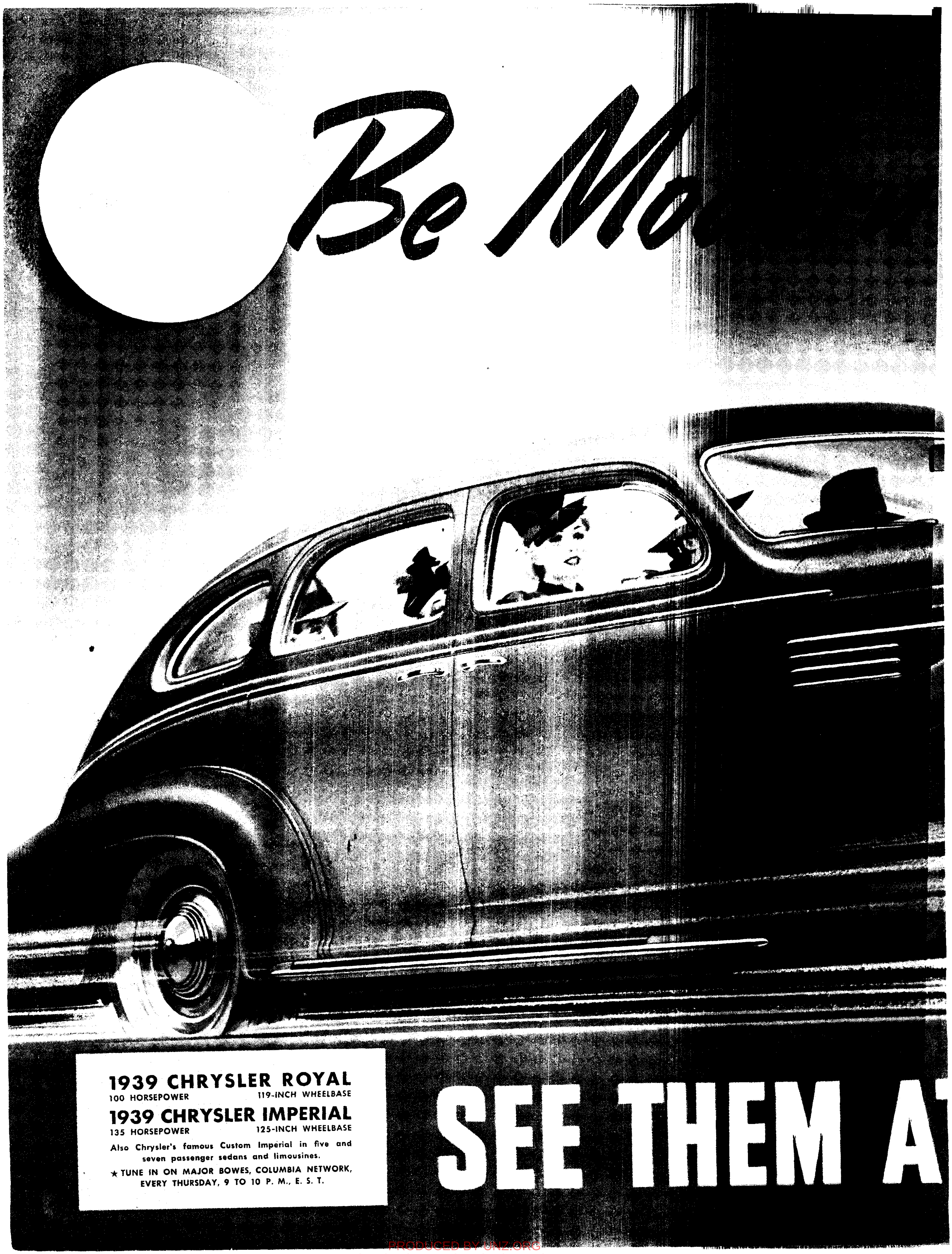

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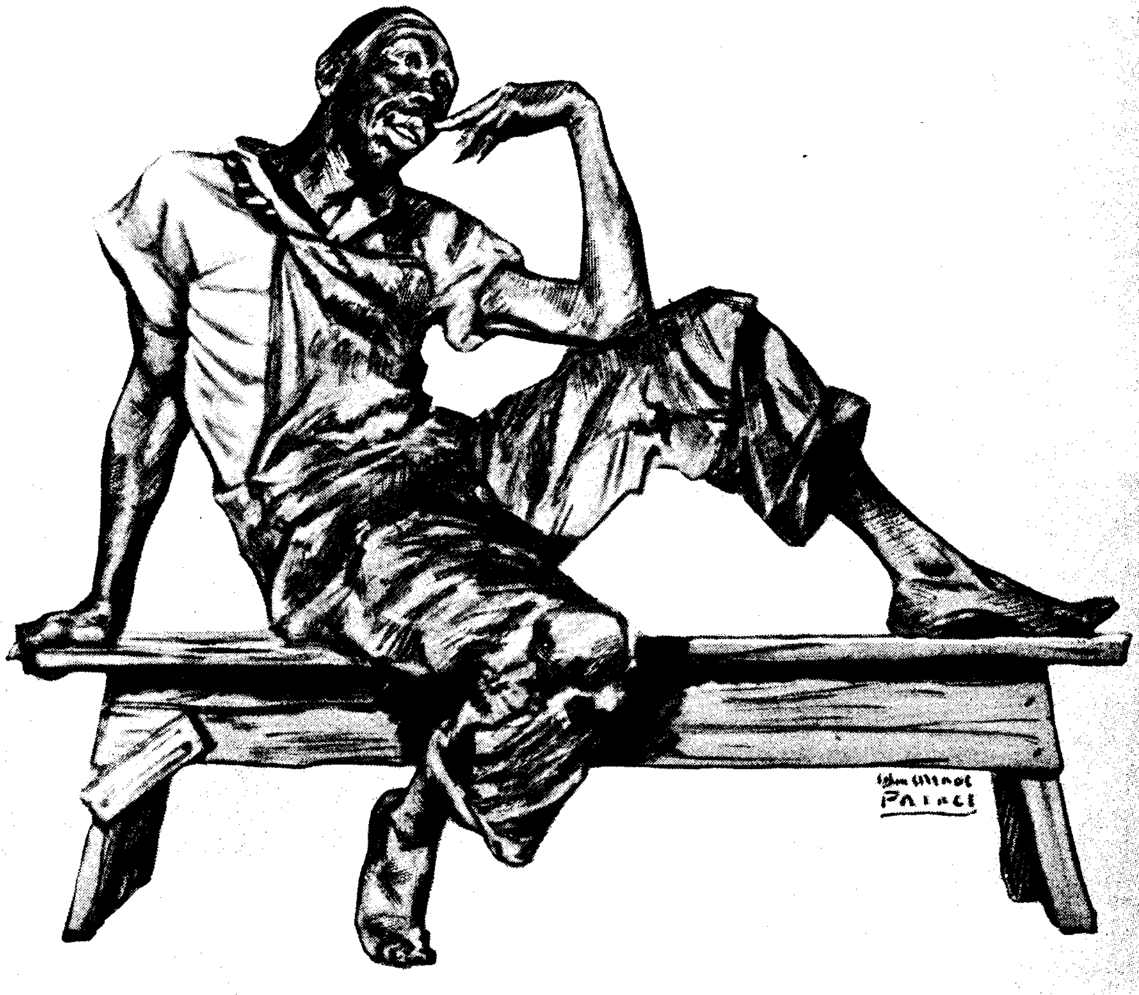
Acid-Free Quaker State Winter Oil
Makes Cars Run Better, Last Longer

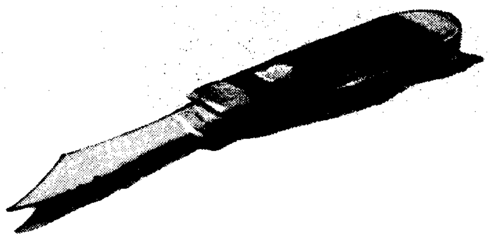
Four-Eyed Luck

By Roark Bradford

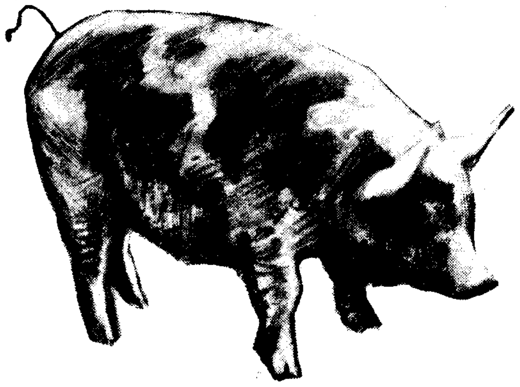
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

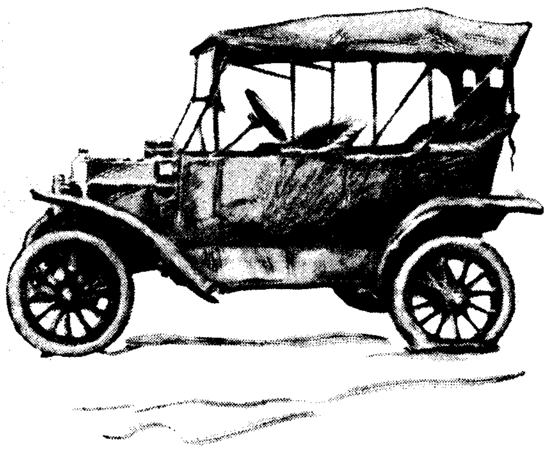
Jett buried a lucky dollar and dug up a startling prophecy





"I bet," Jett said at last, "dat fo'-eyed nigger didn't know what he was speakin' 'bout"





GILES rode up to the cotton field at full gallop. "You, Jett!" he roared.

Jett halted his cultivator team and turned to the foreman of Little Bee Bend.

"Suh?"

"I c'd see dem mules pantin' plum f'm de turnrow," Giles yelled. "Don't you know dis is in July, and dat cotton is belly-deep and loppin' in de middles? Don't you know hit's hot weather, and dat rank cotton cuts off all de breezes? Efn you kills dem mules, I'm gonter run you plum to It-ly!"

"Yassuh," said Jett.

"You dad-blamed, burr-haided, seckytary aggyculture!"

"Yassuh."

"I knows what you's up to," Giles continued. "You's rushin' dem mules so's you kin git yo' crop plowed over quick, and den git out and wawk de road. And jest 'cause you wants to wawk de road, you's fixin' to work dem mules to death. Now, you shade dem mules to dey cools out good. And don't you let 'em git hot no mo', understand?"

"Yassuh."

Jett, however, did not understand. Giles was always raising sand about something. In the spring and early summer, when Jett's big feet ailed him so bad he could hardly walk, Giles ever was yelling at him to "keep 'em turnin' and don't lemme see you stop. Efn I ketch you stoppin' dem mules one mo' time, I'm gonter run you plum to It-ly."

And now, when the weather was nice and hot, and the steamy soft earth was good on Jett's huge flat feet, so that he didn't mind walking all day long, Giles was angry because Jett worked too much.

Jett plowed to the end of the row and drove the team under a big cottonwood tree. Methodically, he dropped the traces and unsnapped the breast-chains. Then he grinned.

"Dat's a joke on Giles," he told the mules. "I had done already plowed over my crop, six rows back, and was plowin' in Joe Boody's fiel'. And Giles never knowed de diff'unce." He laughed with slow grunting chuckles. "Yassuh, he never knowed de diff'unce."

Leaving his team in the shade, Jett walked a quarter of a mile to a turnrow intersection, to a well. He primed the pitcher and pumped cool water over his feet for a long time. "Yassuh," he laughed to himself. "He never knowed de diff'unce," he repeated.

When his feet were thoroughly cooled, he cupped a hand against the pump lip and drank. "He thought I was fixin' to wawk de road," Jett mused, "and wawkin' de road never crossed my mind."

He rehitched the team, drove to the lot and unharnessed the mules. By the time that was done, the whole sequence of events had permeated Jett's brain.

"Giles thought I was rushin' de team so's I c'd git plowed over, and den go wawk de road. But I had done plowed over my crop, and was six rows in Joe Boody's. And wawkin' de road never crossed my mind."

Having put the whole episode into words, it became a thing accomplished, and therefore was dismissed completely from his mind. Then, entirely independent of anything that had gone before, Jett had an inspiration. He decided to walk the road.

THERE was no reason for his walking the road. He was not going anywhere, nor did he expect to meet up with anybody. But a man never had to have a reason to walk the road. He just got out and walked.

Sometimes, when a man walked the road, things happened. One time a boy named Floyd was walking the road when an automobile hit him and broke his leg. Floyd spent a whole month over in Shreveport, in the hospital, with folks bringing him things to eat and waiting on him while he just lay back in bed and enjoyed life. That would have been good luck except that it happened in crop time, and Giles had to have Floyd's crop worked by wage hands, so that when the crop was finally picked and sold all the money went to pay the wage hands, and Floyd had bad luck instead of good. If Floyd's leg had been broken in the wintertime, he would have had his month in Shreveport and then got his crop worked, too. That would have been good luck. Like the time Iler helped a man fix his big truck, and the man gave Iler a ride on away from there for his trouble. That was the last definite news anybody had heard of Iler, but the rumors were that he was away over in Texas, doing real well.

Nothing, either good luck or bad luck, happened to most people when they walked the road. They

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LifeGuard is a two-ply reserve tire within a tube, on which your car rides should a blowout occur, because LifeGuard *remains inflated* long enough to bring you to a smooth, safe stop. No weave, no lurch, no wheel-fight.

A brand new tire may be instantly punctured, cut or bruised enough to cause sudden tire failure. Or it may be injured or weakened so as to cause a blowout weeks or months later. And the older tires become, the greater grows the need for LifeGuard.

Goodyear LifeGuard was developed to make any tire *absolutely safe,* against blowout dangers, under *all* condi-

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LIFEGUARDS

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tions and at *all* speeds. Don't confuse it with so-called puncture-proof tubes, *which offer no protection in case of blowout.*

Fit Any Make Of Tire . . . New Or Old—

LifeGuards also save you money. They enable you to get as much as 25% more *safe* mileage. They will outwear several sets of casings. You can transfer them to the tires of a new car . . . they fit *any* make of tire, new or old.

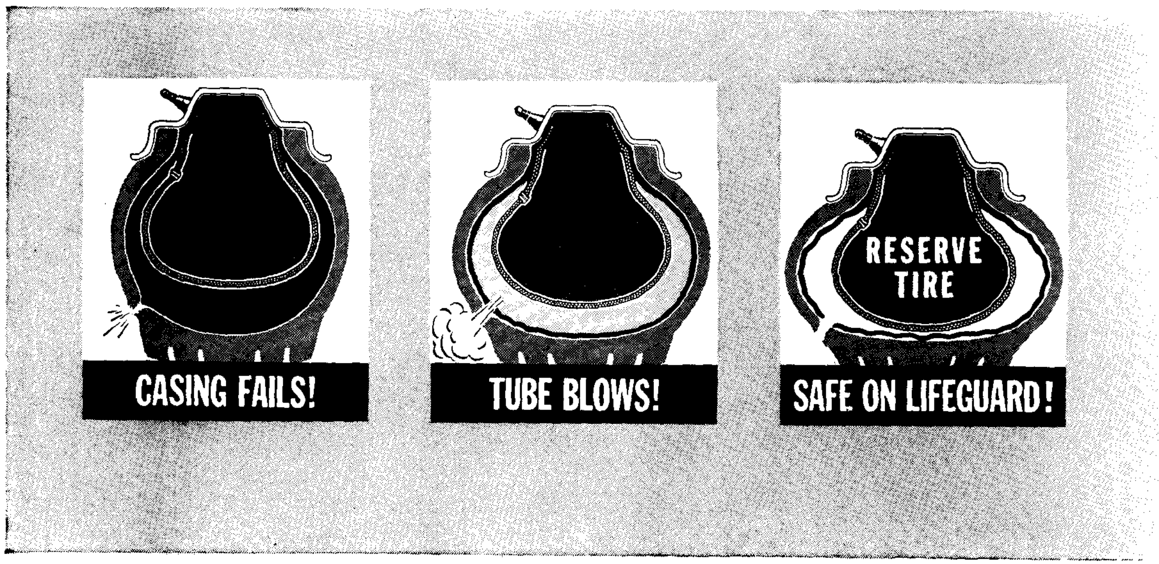
So you cannot afford to be without this bodily protection for yourself and those you hold dear to you . . . this peace of mind. You'll want LifeGuards on your new car and their slight extra cost is simply added to whatever financing plans you make for the car.

NOT A TIRE . . . NOT A TUBE . . . BUT AN ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY INVENTION!

Modern successor to the inner tube, the Goodyear LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply *reserve tire* inside a tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. A LifeGuard equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.

You wouldn't think of buying a car today without 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body and safety glass. But you also need LifeGuards to make your motoring completely safe. *You can't get better protection to save your life!*

PAY FOR THIS SAFETY AS YOU RIDE! Your dealer either can equip your car from his own stock, or arrange to have it equipped through local Goodyear dealers or service stores. The slight extra cost can be added to your car financing plan or handled on the Goodyear Budget Plan.



just walked along, watching the automobiles whiz past; or occasionally they observed how the neighboring plantations were getting along with their work.

Jett followed the black-topped plantation road until he came to where Little Willow Chute and Big Willow Chute bayous joined. Then, instead of keeping on until he hit the concrete highway at Vanceville, he cut across Little Willow and took a footpath past Old Pleasant Zion Church, and finally struck the highway, halfway between Vanceville and Benton. He turned toward Vanceville.

The footpath on the shoulder plagued his feet. Loose gravel got between his toes and sharp-cornered rocks bothered his tough bare soles. He had been warned not to walk the paved highway, but he couldn't see anybody looking and he tried it.

It was nice and hot from the blistering July sun, and smooth of surface. It made his feet feel good. Automobiles shot by, horns blowing, and not infrequently their drivers yelling curses at Jett for not getting out of the way. Jett had had curses yelled at him by Giles, and the brief oaths shot at him from speeding cars were less than nothing. And, anyway, the shouts were drowned by the whirring scream of tires against the concrete, and in a second they were all gone—the cars, the curses and the singing tires.

Presently the unmistakable "vlippity-vloppity" of a flat tire came to Jett's ear. He turned around in time to see a car careen uncertainly from side to side, and come to a stop not ten feet from where he stood.

He heard one of the two white ladies in the car say, "Damn! A flat tire, in this insufferable heat!"

Jett removed his hat, bowed, and said with his best manners, "I'll change de tire, Miss. Y'all jest set."

He noticed the strange-colored license plate—not the red of Louisiana nor the white of Texas. "Must be f'm away off a fur piece, yonder, somewhar," he calculated.

BEFORE Jett had removed the punctured tire, the white ladies became conversational. They asked about the country and discovered Jett could give them little information. When, in answer to their questions, he told them his name was Jett, they wanted to know more.

"Jett," he explained, "is my call-name. My mamma, she name' me de name er Stonewall Amberson. But Giles, he name' me de name er Jett."

The ladies in the automobile were amused, and they plied him with more questions. Jett knew very few of the answers, but when he did know he replied seriously and courteously. He could, he told them, repair the tire, but he didn't have any stick-a-dime patches, nor did they have a pump in the car. He advised them to stop as soon as they could and have the tire repaired, because, he added, "No matter how fast you runs wid a flat spare, bad luck sho' gonter overtake you."

He had, he related, borrowed Newman Dyke's T-Model, one time. "And hit had a flat in de spare tire but I didn't know hit. So I started out and de fust thing I knowed a hog got right in de road in front er me. So I sot my foot on de brakes but Newman had done tuck de brakes out to fix 'em, so I hit dat hog and kilt him befo' I c'd stop. Dat hog b'longed to de Widow Duck, and I had to pay her fo' hund'ed pounds er cotton outn my crop for hit, and git fussed at besides. And den Newman comed along and got mad on account er I had borried his ot-to widout axin' him; and he cussed me out and whupped me over de haid wid a stick. And dat made me mad, so I tuck my knife and was fixin' to stob hit in one er de yuther tires, on account er I was so mad, and den Giles seed de knife. And Giles got mad at me, on account er hit was his knife which I picked up one time. Giles cussed me out and den 'cused me er roguin' dat knife, and promised to run me off. And I jest waded knee-deep in bad luck for a week, all on account er I was ridin' wid a flat spare."

The white ladies said they would certainly stop at the first filling station and have the tire repaired; in addition, they persuaded Jett to put a charm on the tires so they would hold until the flat was fixed.

"I don't know much about dat charmin'," Jett said dubiously, "but I'll do de best I kin."

He moistened the tip of his forefinger and made a damp cross mark on the tread of each tire.

"And now," said the lady at the wheel, "how much do I owe you for changing the tire?"

"Nothin'," Jett replied graciously. "I wan't doin' nothin' nohow."

"Take this dollar," said the lady, handing him a bill. "And I hope you don't have any more bad luck."

40
JAY IRVING

"They say he has a decided inferiority complex"

"Yas'm, thank you, ma'am." said Jett. "And de same to y'all."

"Hand me that dollar a minute," the lady said. "I want to show you something."

SHE took the bill and made a mysterious movement with her hand, then blew her breath on the money. "There," she said, handing the dollar back to him. "I've put a charm on that dollar. It will bring you good luck."

The women drove off, laughing.

Jett grinned and pocketed the bill. "Done brang me good luck, already," he said.

He resumed his walking, dodging automobiles and receiving briefly shouted curses from the drivers. It was not aimless road-walking, now. A man with a dollar in his pocket was a man with a purpose. The store at Vanceville would sell a man a heap of things for a dollar.

It took more than an hour for Jett to walk to Vanceville. The white ladies already had stopped, had their tire repaired and had driven away. The late afternoon sun was still hot and the only one in sight was the man who attended the gasoline pump in front of the store.

The gas pump man was a stranger to Jett. He was a brown-skin man and wore brown overalls and cap, just like the city niggers. He sat on a box and looked straight ahead, paying no attention whatever when Jett greeted him.

JETT went to the hydrant, turned on the water and let it play over his feet for a while. When his feet cooled, he went to the shade and sat down near the other man.

"Yo' name," stated the man, "is Stonewall Amberson, but yo' call-name is Jett."

"Hunh?"

"When you do's wrong," went on the stranger, "bad luck overtake you, fast. Like de time you tuck a man's ot-to an' kilt a hog. Bad luck sho' overtuck you dat time."

Jett was almost speechless. Even to his slow-working mind the knowledge came that here was something truly remarkable going on, right before his eyes.

"How you know 'bout me takin' Newman's car?" he demanded.

The filling-station man looked ominously about him. "I knows ev'ything," he said. "I'm a fo'-eyed man. I kin see front and back. I kin see what done already tuck place, and I kin see what is fixin' to take place."

"Mankind!" exclaimed Jett.

"You got a dollar in yo' pocket, right now," stated the four-eyed man.

Jett instinctively jammed his hand into his pocket and clutched the bill.

"Hit's some ju-ju stuff on dat bill," the miracle man continued, "and I kin see you fixin' to git shut er dat dollar."

"Dat's good-luck stuff on dat dollar," Jett told him.

"Good luck, efn you handles hit right. But efn you handles hit wrong, mo' bad luck gonter overtake you den you kin wawk away wid. I kin see you now all broke out wid risin's on yo' back, and shakin' wid de chills and fevers."

"Naw, suh, you's wrong," Jett insisted, "hit's pyore good luck on dat dollar. De white lady put hit on, right befo' me, and den gived me de dollar. And dat was jest de startin' er my good luck."

The four-eyed man changed his tactics.

"And what I mean, ray-ly good luck," he said. "Why, Jett, dat dollar got so much good luck on hit, dat efn you don't ride hit hard, hit'll turn to bad luck. Dat's what I kin see wid my fo' eyes. Efn you don't push dat good luck, all you kin git wid dat dollar is a dollar's worth er stuff in de sto'. But you take and do like I say, and you'll git mo' stuff for dat dollar den you kin shake a stick at."

"How dat?" Jett wanted to know.

"Well," said the brown-skin man, going info a trance, "you take dat dollar and bury hit, like I tell you to, and things'll take place. You go 'cross de road yonder, and count off fo' rows f'm de fence, and bury dat dollar by de first cotton stalk on de fo'th row, and go on home. And when you gits home, good luck gonter overtake you ontwell you gonter be big stuff all over de place."

"Hmm," Jett said dubiously. He liked the idea of having good luck, but he also liked the idea of having a dollar's worth of things that he could buy.

"When you gits home," the stranger went on, "I kin see in my eyes dat a man gonter come to you and give you his ot-to."

"Sho' 'nuff?" Jett could hardly believe it. "You means Newman gonter give me his ot-to?"

"Dat might be de name," the four-eyed man admitted. "Hit sounds like Newman or Shewman or somethin' like dat. I kin see de sperrits mo' gooder den I kin hyar 'em. He a big dark man, but de sperrits don't speak his name so plain to me."

"Dat's Newman," Jett decided.

"And a lady gonter wawk up and give you a hog."

"A big fat lady?"

"Dat's de member," the wizard nodded.

"Did her name sound like de Widow Duck?" Jett asked.

"Hit was de Widow somethin'," the man confessed. "I didn't ketch de last name."

"Dat's her," coached Jett. "De Widow Duck. Her name is Mis' Duckie Miller. I kilt her hog, and I had to give her fo' hund'ed pounds er my cotton."

"SHE gonter give you dat cotton back, too." Four Eyes prophesied. "And dat ain't all. Hit seem like to me a man gonter wawk up and give you a knife."

"What did dat man look like?" Jett urged, beside himself with enthusiasm.

That question balked the wizard. Two white ladies had unintentionally supplied him with the necessary information to "read in Jett's past" merely by sitting in their car and laughing as they recalled their conversation with Jett. The station attendant, busily repairing the tire, had paid scant attention, but when Jett came up, the knowledge that he had a dollar in his pocket spurred his memory.

"Look hard, Fo' Eyes," Jett pressed him. "He kinder yaller, ain't he? Dat might be how come you can't see him so good."

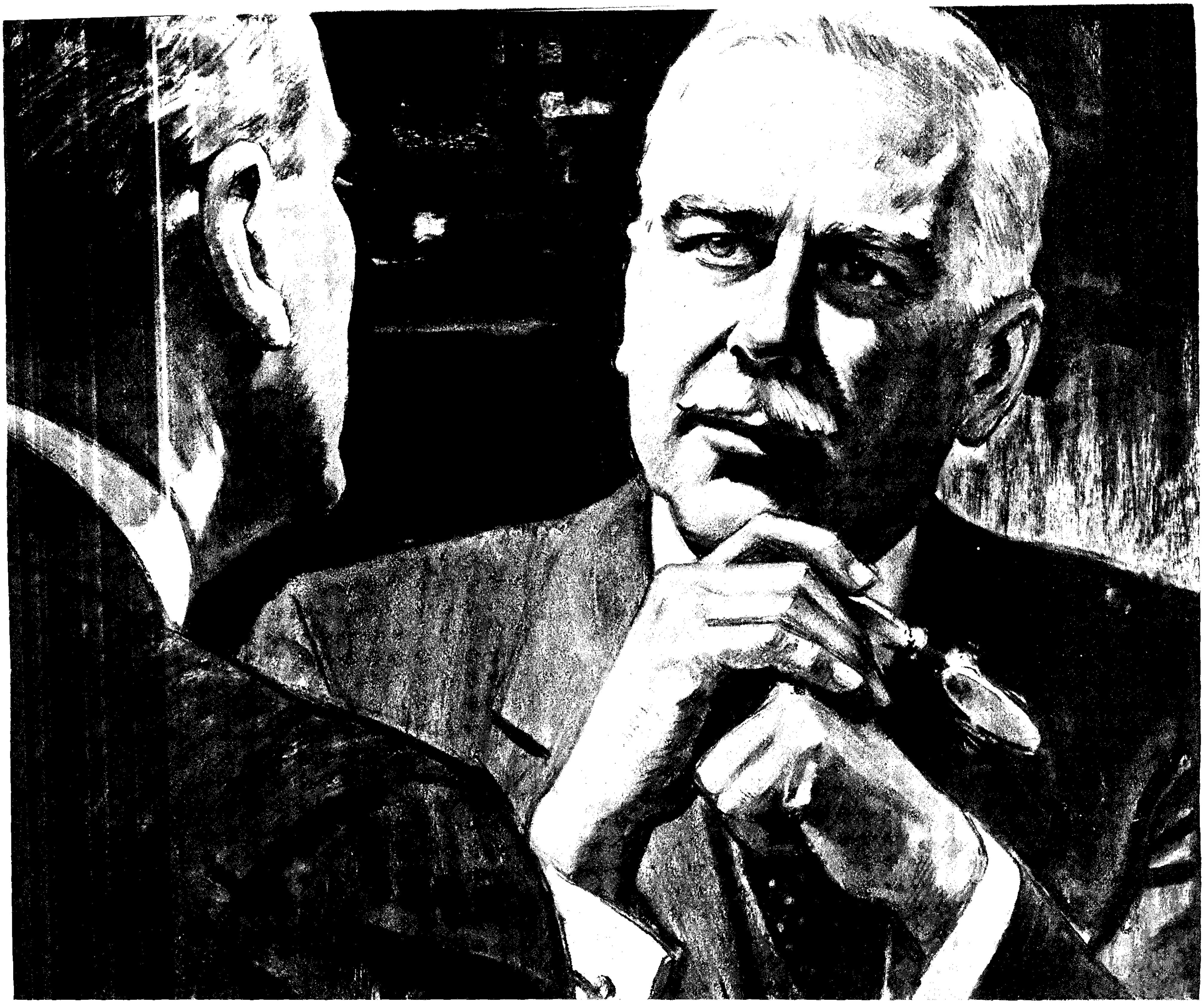
"Yeah," said Four Eyes, "he kinder bright-skinned."

"Dat's him," Jett declared eagerly. "Giles. Ain't dat what de sperrits claim his name is?"

The four-eyed man was uncertain. "De sperrits didn't speak his name," he said. "Is he a big man or a little man?"

"He a big man," Jett told him. "He six foot tall and stout as two mules."

"Yeah, dat's him," Four Eyes was



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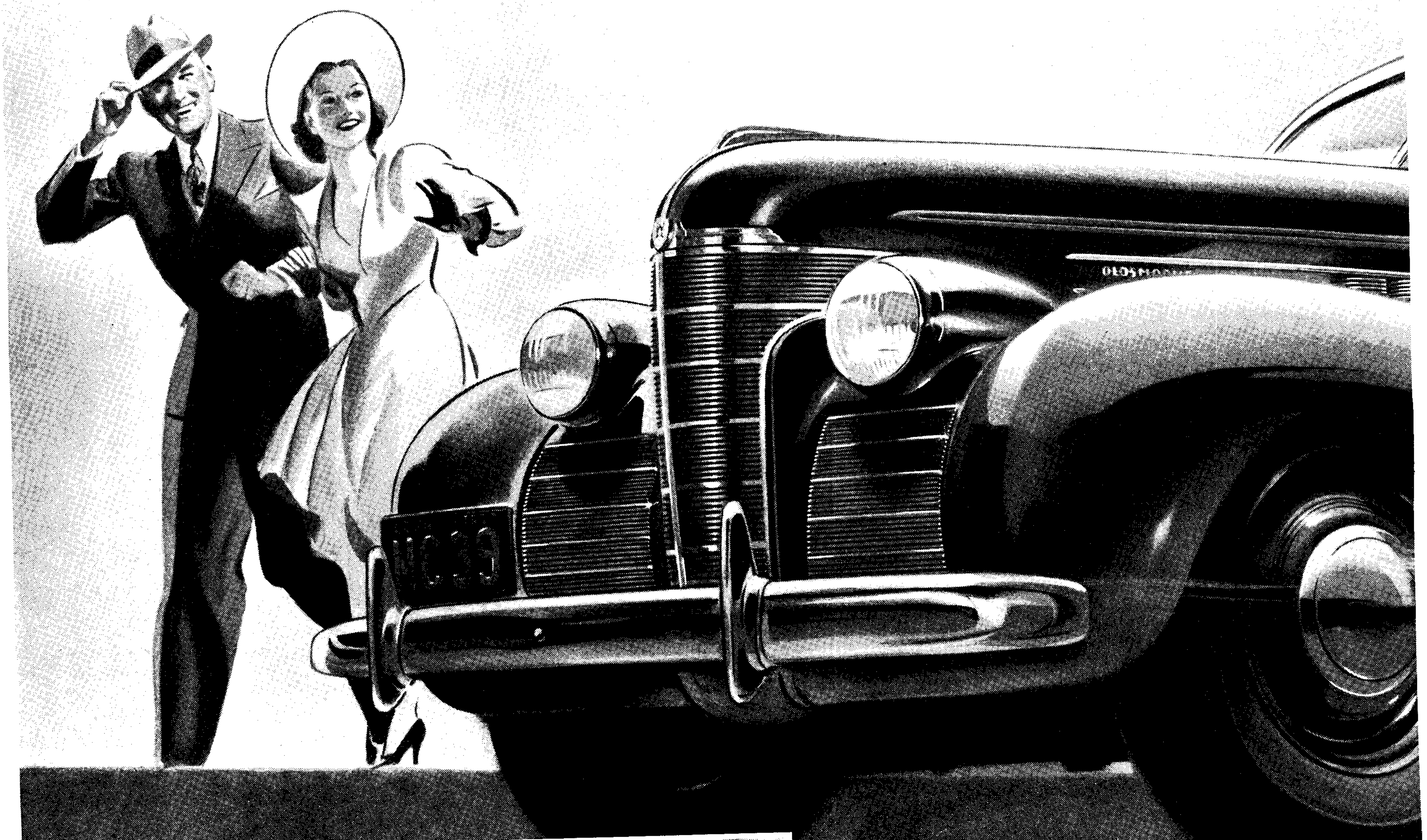

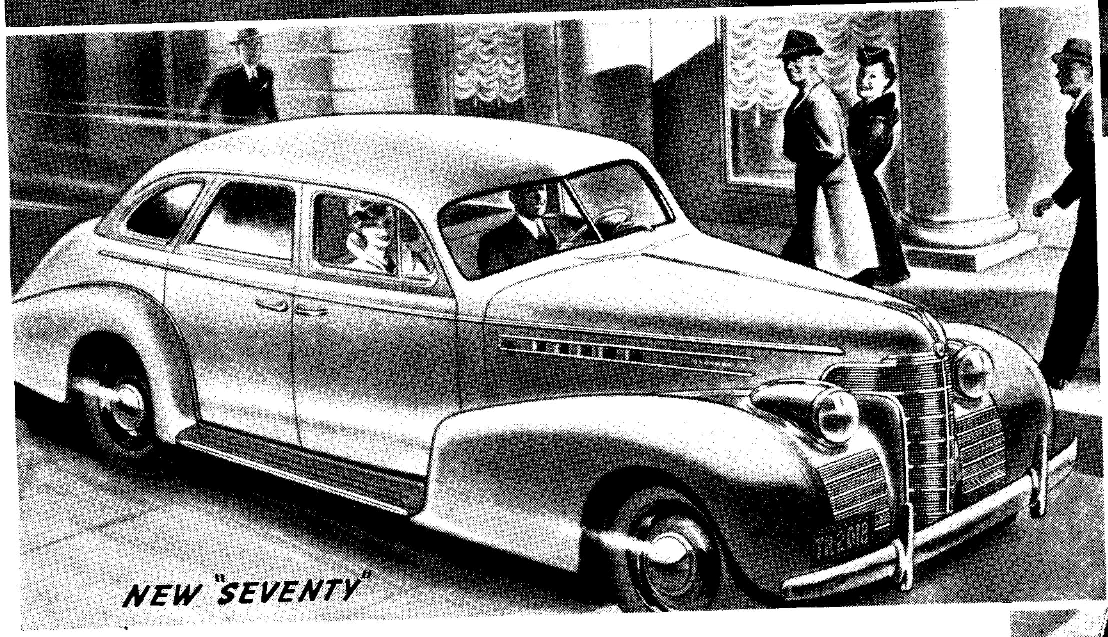

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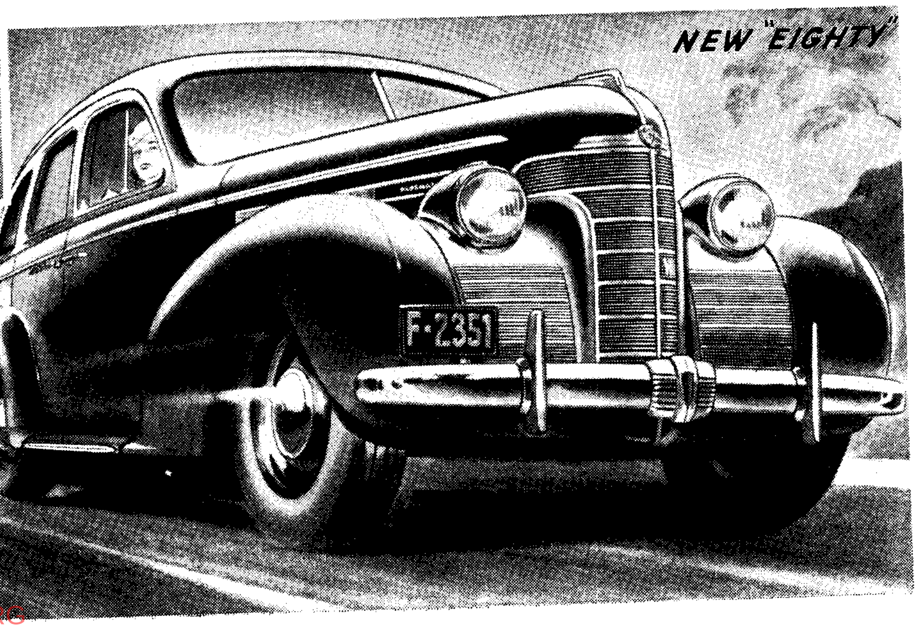

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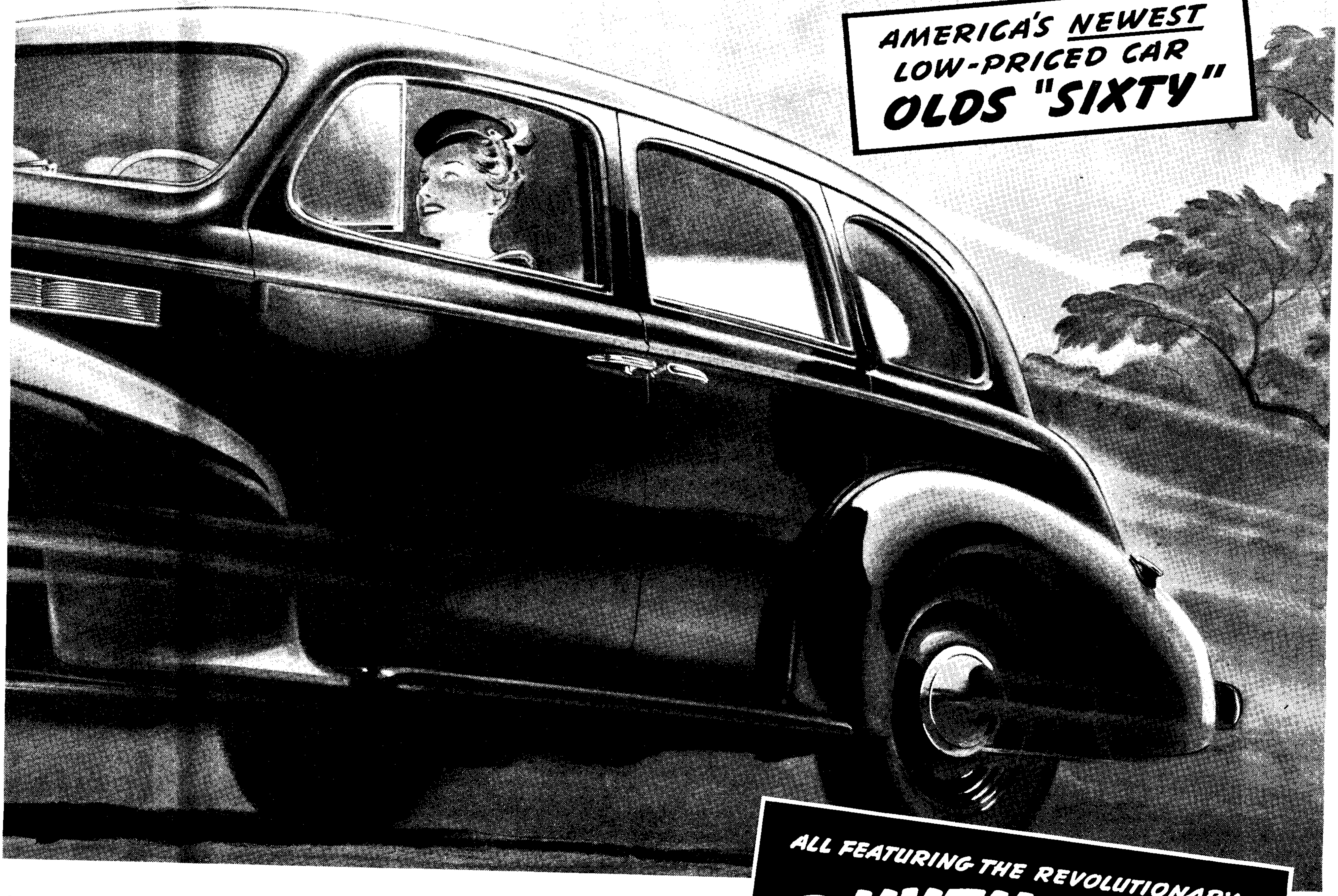

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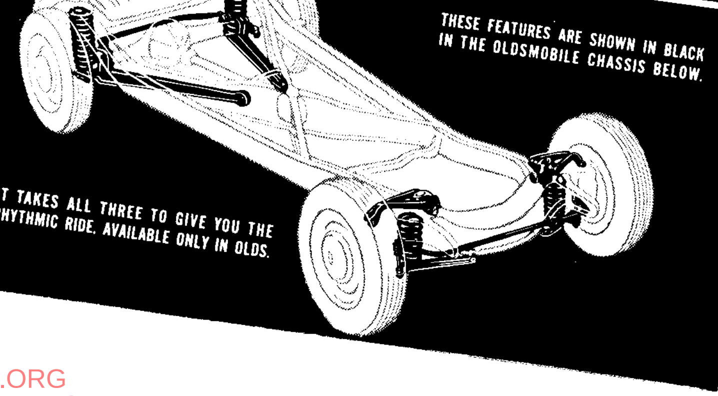

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positive. "Name er Giles or somethin' like dat, ain't hit?"

"Sho'," Jett nodded. "You got his name right, de fust time you tried to speak hit. Giles is de man which 'cused me er roguin' dat knife. He gonter gimme dat knife, for sho'?"

"Sho'," the stranger promised. "And dat's jest de start er de good luck you's fixin' to have. But I ain't gonter tell you no mo'. Hit make me tired, settin' hyar readin' in de futures. Now, come on out hyar in de fiel' and le's bury dat money right, so's all dis good luck gonter overtake you."

Four Eyes, himself, dug the hole in the soft earth of the cotton row.

"Hand me de dollar," he ordered. He ceremoniously spread the bill in the ground. "Now den, shet yo' eyes and say:

"Stinger-roo, stinger-ree,
Good luck, come to me."

Jett repeated the charm while the filling-station worker pocketed the dollar and filled the hole with loose dirt.

"Mash hit down wid yo' left foot," Four Eyes instructed, "and den spit in yo' track."

Jett did as directed.

"Now," *the four-eyed wizard concluded,* "git on home and set down on yo' po'ch and jest wait for de good luck to come to you."

JETT walked the black-top road home in eager anticipation. A hog from the Widow Duck, an automobile from Newman Dyke and the foreman's big sharp pocketknife from Giles, himself!

Definitely, the future was looking up for Jett.

It was breaking dark when Jett reached his cabin. He stopped at the pump, sat down on an upturned washtub and began to pump water over his tired feet. For a moment, the water felt so good to his feet that all of his impending good luck slipped from his mind. But when he saw the Widow Duck waddling up the path he remembered.

"Hy-dy, Mis' Duck!" Jett called.

The Widow Duck stopped in the path and squinted her eyes hard at him. "Jett," she began sternly, but with a note of sad sympathy in her voice, "you ain't wuth de powder and ball hit'd take to kill you. Hyar you is, pumpin' dat water on yo' feets and yonder is yo' vegetable gyarden burnin' up f'm de sun. 'Cause you's too lazy to pack dat water out and pour hit on yo' collards and sweet 'taters. Ain't dat a fack?"

"Yas'm, I reckon so," Jett admitted.

"How come you is like dat, son?" she pleaded. "How come you's pumpin' water on yo' feets instid er on yo' gyarden?"

"My feets hurt," Jett explained.

"Yo' belly gonter hurt, too," the Widow Duck declared. She cocked her head on one side as if estimating Jett anew. "Son," she continued, "anybody which is too frivolin' to tote water for his own 'tater patch, ole Saint Peter gonter write down for a goat. And what I'm tawkin' 'bout, I bet you's writ down for a ole he-goat. I bet de Lawd c'd smell you fawty miles off, efn de wind was right."

"Yas'm," Jett said miserably.

"Den, whyn't you git up and tote some water for yo' gyarden," the Widow Duck demanded shortly, " 'stid er pleasurin' yo' feets under dat pump?"

Jett grinned as if in triumph. "Mis' Duck," he drawled, "gimme a hog."

This was too much for the Widow Duck. She was completely outdone. "I'll give you hell and call hit a hog," she exploded, and went bobbing down the path in a rage.

Jett shook his head. "Maybe," he thought sadly, "I had ought to sot on de po'ch, like de man said."

Sitting on the porch, he found, did not help. He sat there, supperless, until after moon-up, and nothing happened. The crickets took up the night songs where the frogs left off, and the hoot owls screamed in the darkness. But the Widow Duck did not bring him a hog. When the moon was an hour high, he heard a car chugging down the black-top road, and his heart leaped. It must be Newman bringing him that automobile. But the car went on down the road toward New London, and Jett's hopes faded with the fading sound of its passing. He grew sleepy and dozed off, and dreamed that Giles was trying to cut his head off with a huge knife. He awoke in a sweat, only to discover that Giles was not there.

It disheartened him. However a complete blank in the way of good luck started an idea growing in Jett's mind. After a solid hour of hard concentration, Jett hazarded a conclusion. "I bet," he said at last, "dat fo'-eyed nigger didn't know what he was speakin' 'bout. I'm gonter go git my dollar right now."

He walked in the bright moonlight to Vanceville. He had no trouble locating the footprint at the first cotton stalk in the fourth row. Quietly and quickly, he *scooped up the loose soil, sifting it* through his fingers to make certain the bill would not be lost with a handful of dirt.

The hole grew larger and larger, but the dollar bill did not appear.

Then, Jett had another idea. "Dat fo'-eyed nigger might er stole dat dollar after I left."

The spontaneity of that thought gave Jett courage. "I bet he's a rogue!" he decided.

He stood up and brushed the dirt from his hands. "I hates a rogue. I'm gonter find dat rogue and git my dollar back."

The four-eyed man was sleeping on a cot under the filling-station shed, protected from insects by a carefully arranged mosquito bar. Jett raised the netting cautiously and studied the brown face of the sleeping man. He was, beyond doubt, old Four Eyes.

Jett grabbed an arm and gave it a vigorous yank. "Wake up, Fo' Eyes," Jett growled, "and gimme my dollar you rogued offn me."

"Hunh? Hunh? What dat?" the four-eyed man sputtered.

"Gimme my dollar," Jett repeated.

Awake now, the brown man comprehended the situation. "Leave me be, fool," he protested.

"My dollar," Jett insisted.

FOUR EYES struggled and scrambled beneath the netting. "I bet I git my pistol," he threatened, "and shoot me a hole right through yo' smilin' haid!"

"You ain't gonter git nothin' but my dollar," Jett said, "and give hit to me. Now."

The man lunged and twisted in a desperate effort to free himself, but that was a complete mistake. Jett put all the strength he had in a right-handed twist on the man's arm, and at the same time he took a free, openhanded swing with his left. The four-eyed man went down with a groan.

"You's robbin' me!" the wizard complained. "I'm gonter call de po-lice an' put you in de jail."

"My dollar," Jett said stolidly. "Whar hit at?"

"In my pants pocket," Four Eyes surrendered.

"Gimme."

"Turn me a-loose?" the man bargained.

"I didn't had to turn you a-loose when you rogued me outn dat dollar," Jett reminded him.

The man produced the dollar and Jett released him, adroitly wrapping the mosquito bar around Four Eyes; and while the latter struggled to unwind it

Jett went to the hydrant to cool his feet.

"I'm gonter tell my boss dat you broke in de sto' and robbed," Four Eyes threatened.

"I'm got plenty er troubles at my home," Jett told him. "Giles all de time raisin' sand at me about dis and dat and de yuther. And de Widow Duck fussin' at me on account er not packin' water for my 'tater patch. And Newman passin' me by wid his ot-to like I was dirt in de road. So I ain't gonter put up wid no stuff f'm you. Onderstand? You plague me one little bitty bit mo', an' I'm gonter run you plum to It-ly."

Jett turned off the water and walked down the road without once looking back.

It was past midnight when he got home, and he was tired and sleepy. But before he washed his feet at the pump, he went to the turnrow, carefully counted off four rows and then dug a hole by the first cotton stalk. He chanted *ceremoniously:*

"Stinger-roo, stinger-ree,
Good luck, come to me."

He buried the dollar, stepped on the spot with his left foot and spat in the track. Then he cooled his feet and went to sleep.

THE sun was two hours high when Jett woke up. He fixed his breakfast hurriedly, and then remembered that he did not have to plow. He sat on the porch and watched the sun get higher and hotter.

From where he sat, he could see his sweet potato vines wilting. "I b'lieve," he said, "I'll tote me some water for my 'taters."

While he was in the midst of carrying water, the Widow Duck came up the path.

"Well, do my Redeemer!" she exclaimed. "Efn dat chile ain't totin' water!"

"Mawnin', Mis' Duck," Jett greeted her.

"Maybe I was too hard on you, yistiddy," the Widow Duck told him. "I reckon God made you like you is, and efn you suits de Lawd, I ain't got no right to grumble."

"Yas'm," said Jett.

"Son, I'm gonter give you dat hog you axed me for, too," she added. "I'm got a little ole runty speckled pig in my pen dat de yuther pigs fights at. So you fix you a pen, and feed him good, and he make you a good hog, dis fall."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jett.

"De Book say," the Widow Duck quoted, " 'Seek and ye shall find and ax and hit shall be gived.' You axed and I gived. So say de Sperrit, son. God will change conditions."

When the Widow Duck left, Jett went back to his vegetables. When he had finished toting water for his garden, he sat on his porch, once more. Presently, Giles rode up.

"You's done plowed over yo' crop?" Giles inquired.

"Yassuh," Jett answered. "I finished yistiddy evenin'."

"Well, den," Giles told him, "Newman Dyke's ole aunty is ailin' and she ought to see a doctor. Newman ain't done plowin' yit, so you go git Newman's ot-to and put his old aunty in hit, and drive her to Sh'evespo't, to de doctor." The foreman laughed. "You knows how to drive Newman's ot-to, don't you?"

"Yassuh," Jett said. "An' Mist' Giles—"

"Hunh?"

"I didn't rogue you outn dat knife, dat time. I jest picked hit up at de lot and—"

Giles laughed. "I knowed dat," he said. "I knowed you ain't no rogue. Efn you was a rogue, I'd run you off dis place."

"You said I was a rogue," Jett reminded him.

"Dat's de way I got to handle you, Jett," explained Giles. "You kinder frivolin' in yo' ways, and I got to th'ow you in high gear, ev'y oncet in a while." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a knife. "Hyar," he said, pitching it to Jett. "You kin have dis old Barlow. Hit's about wored out, anyhow."

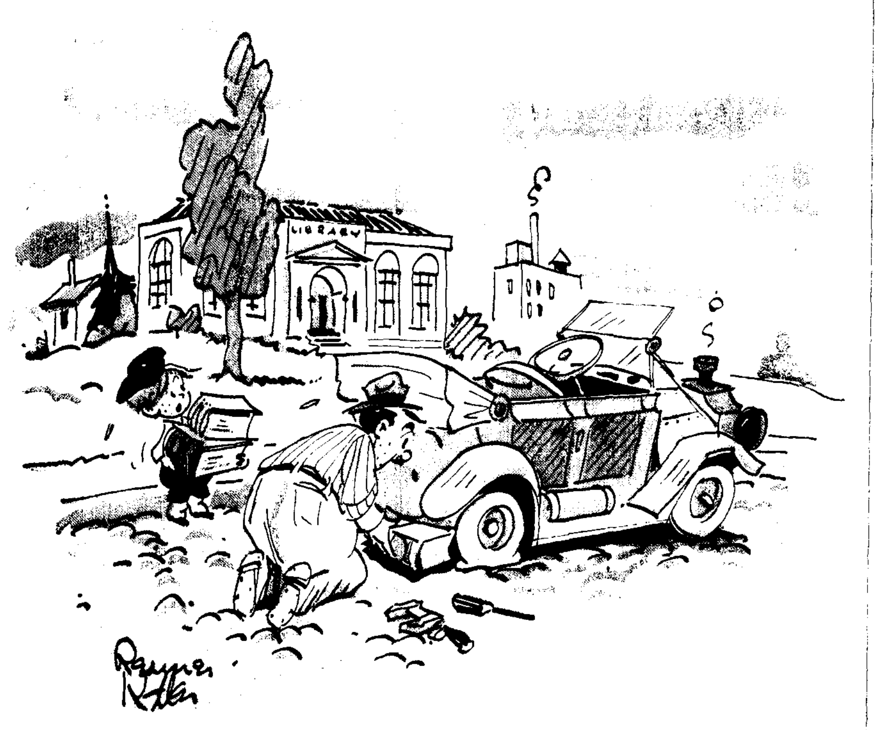
When Giles had ridden off, Jett stood up, stretched, and ambled lazily toward the turnrow.

"Ole Fo' Eyes," Jett said to himself, "sho peeped into my futures, jest like he say. A hog an' Newman's ot-to an' Giles' knife. Maybe I hadn't ought to twis'ed his arm so hard."

He reached the turnrow and counted off four rows of cotton. "And den agin, maybe me twis'in' his arm like dat jest put him in high gear."

Jett stooped down and dug up his dollar bill.

"Leastways, I better dig dis dollar up and spend hit for a dollar's wuth er stuff befo' I gits plum good-luck weary."



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CAN DO

By Peggy Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

"It must be glorious," said the lady from home, "to have half a dozen servants. I haven't even one"

Six servants for the price of one. It sounds grand, but before you move to the Orient, you'd better see what it's like. A servant there is more than a servant—he's a combination secret service, confidence man and nuisance

THE American wife who lived in the Orient was talking with the American wife fresh from home.

"It must be wonderful," said the wife in the Orient, "to have all those electric gadgets around the home."

"It must be glorious," said the lady from home, "to have half a dozen servants. My place at home is as big as yours, and I haven't even one."

"There's this about an electric gadget, though," said the other, "when you start it up it always does the same thing, and it does it right away. When you start up an Oriental servant, you never know what's going to happen—only it probably won't happen for ten minutes, anyway. By that time, you could have done it yourself—only you don't."

"For heaven's sake! Why not?"

"My dear, you'd lose face all over town if you did."

"'Face?'"

"Yes. White prestige. We spend most of our time out here maintaining it. That is, all the time we have left over after devoting five hours a day to mah-jongg—bridge has been passé for a year, you know—and most of the rest of our waking hours to having headaches over our servants. Let me tell you . . ."

You take Manila or any city in the Philippines (said the lady who lived in the Orient). Kitchen patrol is one of the reasons American housewives go nuts in the islands.

For example, each night after dinner she must inspect to see that Felipe has thoroughly scrubbed every inch of the kitchen floor, with special attention to the corners. He must use hot water with a strong disinfecting solution or the bugs will take over the place. After that, Felipe must sprinkle borax everywhere, especially under the doors. And, no matter how late the party, he must wash out every scrap of dishrag, mop and towel, also in disinfectant, and hang it up to dry.

Every piece of table linen, down to the flimsiest cocktail napkin, must be put to soak, otherwise the ants will have made mosquito netting of them by morning. The *lavandera,* of course, does the real washing next day.

Every table, cupboard and cabinet, as well as the refrigerator, must stand in small containers of water, creosote or kerosene. Everything eatable must be protected from ants, except salt and pepper. These can stand, with impunity, on the shelf by the stove.

Don't Neglect Your Kitchen Patrol

But despite the houswife's watchfulness and Felipe's care, the flour will have to be sifted, several times, before it's used. First, you use a coarse mesh screen to get the weevils; then a fine mesh one, to get stray legs and wings. About half the year, your flour will mold, no matter how you try to keep it dry.

You'd think (said the lady) you could trust servants to do these things. But try omitting your kitchen patrol for a week!

In the Philippines housewives give their servants "chow money," and in addition buy rice for them. Each day, the cook shops for the servants' table, as well as the family's. You not only have to watch the quality of your own food, but you have to see that the cook spends the "chow money" wisely and that sufficient of it goes for fruits and vegetables—otherwise you'll have sick servants on your hands. Left to themselves, the servants will live on fish and polished rice, because: "Oh, Mom, it takes so long to cook the little vegetable."

You'll have to keep a wary eye and an account book on supplies, too. Cooks can keep accounts in very strange ways indeed, and sugar, cigarettes, canned goods and even leftovers sometimes vanish with astonishing rapidity. First, the housewife must check what is brought into the house and then watch her menus to see that it is actually consumed by herself and her guests.

Some women insist that empty cans *be kept and a case of empties produced* when a new case is ordered. But despite all this, a slice of pineapple will disappear from this can and a spoonful of coffee from that.

"When you find yourself counting the number of pineapple slices in a can, and then the number that appear on the table in a glass dish, just to check up—well, that's Oriental housekeeping for you," said the lady with six servants. "It seems trifling, but if you don't watch trifles, first thing you know half the house will have disappeared."

You'll find (she went on) that you're supporting not only your servants, but most of their relatives. The servants will take turns at having a sick nephew or a dying grandmother, no money for a doctor and an impelling desire to journey a couple of hundred miles upcountry to see the ailing one. Softhearted or green employers usually fall for this for the first year or two—until they begin to note that Felipe, after visiting a sick aunt, turns up with a gaudy new pair of shoes, and Magdalena, following the sad burial of her grandmother, is prancing around town in a late-model frock.

Never a Lax Moment

Magdalena, the *lavandera,* is another problem, by the way. Usually she is pretty good, but you must watch her with rayon and stand over her while she irons, lest she iron the dress fastenings right through the material. Or try to work with a red-hot iron.

Then there's the constant watch over the drinking water—boiled in China and Japan, from artesian wells in the Philippines—to see that it is kept pure. You have to watch the special pasteurized milk for the baby, too.

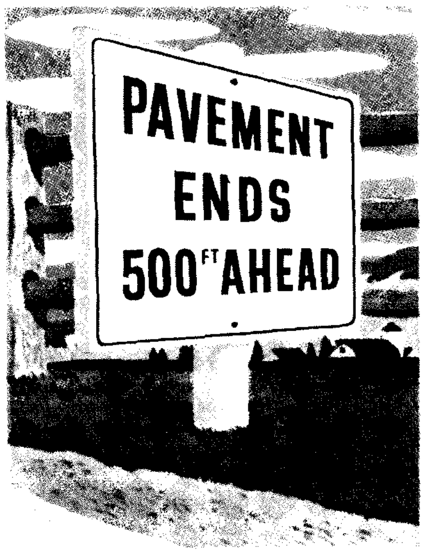
On top of this, you must be sure that all raw salad vegetables are dipped in *a chlorine solution*—lettuce will cost about seventy-five cents a head, by the way—and even then you will probably hear a friend, some day, whispering to another woman that she got a nice case of dysentery at your luncheon party.

After you have trained, watched, paid and fed your servants, come across for the illnesses and funerals of their relatives and supervised their diet, *you can* put in your spare time keeping peace

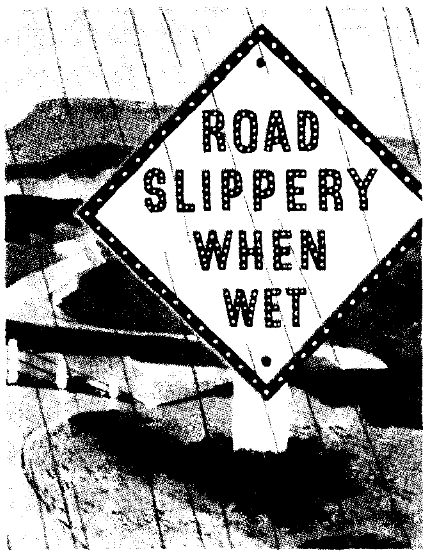
(Continued on page 43)

Children learn English slowly and can't talk to their parents sometimes

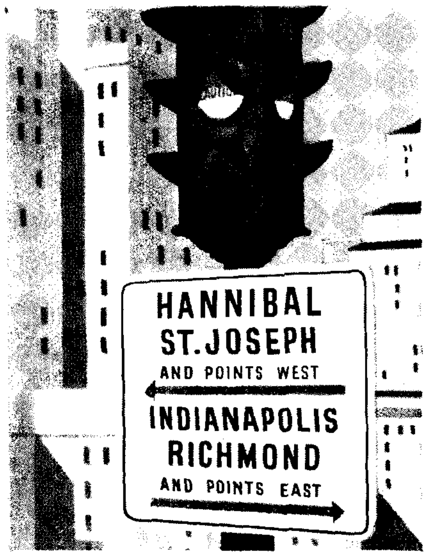
The Chinese boy just can't understand Missy's silly sanitary notions



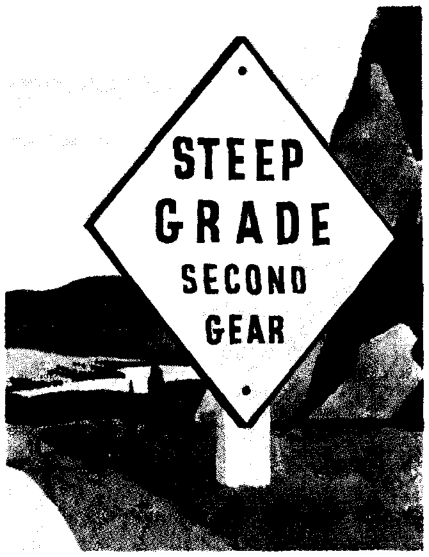
The new Packards stop shocks which have reached you since the first car was built! For though cars have devices for absorbing *up-and-down* shocks, most shocks hit *cross-wise*, too. These cross-shocks are now smothered by Packard's exclusive FIFTH shock absorber.



On slippery roads, in tight places, you'll thank your stars for this FIFTH shock absorber. For it halts the cross-shocks which have always encouraged your car to skid! Makes steering more certain—gives a *new* feeling of steering *security*.



In traffic and on open road, the Packard TRAFFIC & TRAVEL engine gives you flashier performance and makes thriftier use of gas! Four important improvements make this the greatest motor-car engine Packard has ever built—today's most efficient engine for *both* town and country.



When you shift gears on a Packard Six or One Twenty, you'll discover again what Packard quality means. For these Packards have a design borrowed from the Packard Twelve—the Packard UNI-MESH transmission. Gears are in constant mesh—so shifting becomes quieter, easier, faster!

Every traffic sign confirms it...

Nothing can touch a 1939 Packard!

Thrill and safety of driving greatly increased by Packard's T & T ENGINE and FIFTH SHOCK ABSORBER

IF YOU want to get a first-hand taste of what Packard has done for 1939, go to your Packard dealer and *take the traffic sign test.*

Sign by sign, let a new Packard Six or One Twenty demonstrate that the TRAFFIC & TRAVEL engine and the FIFTH shock absorber *change the whole behavior of the motor car.*

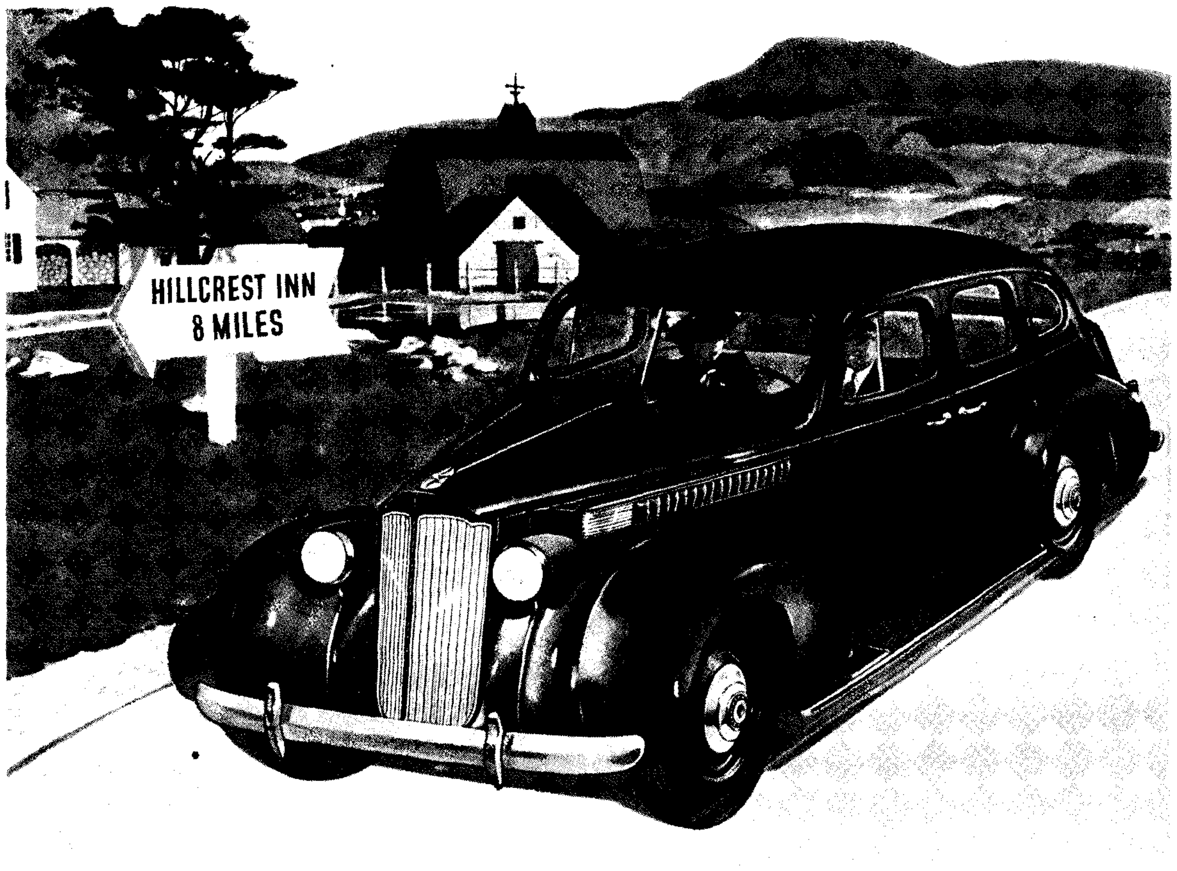
Discover for yourself the greater comfort, the increased safety and the exciting new flexibility and performance that these exclusive Packard features bring you.

Then discover that this beautiful, better-built car is within your reach. Your old car, if of average value, will probably cover the down payment—and convenient terms can be arranged through your Packard dealer.

So go—right now—to your Packard dealer's and test a new Packard against your local traffic signs. For each sign will demonstrate some phase of motoring greatly improved by these brilliant new cars.

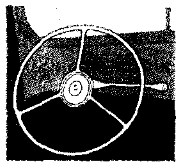
How Much?

You can expect a most agreeable surprise when your Packard dealer shows you how *little* it costs to buy one of these new Packards—*delivered right to your door.* He will tell you the exact local price on whatever model you prefer—the small down payment, which very likely will not require any cash outlay—and the astonishingly low monthly payment figures that prove how easily you can own and drive a 1939 Packard.



IMAGINE THE THRILL you'll get when you step out of a stunning new Packard at any smart place! You'll be *prouder* of its beauty. And because of Packard's policy of not changing its distinctive lines annually, you'll *stay* prouder of a Packard!

FLASH! More good news



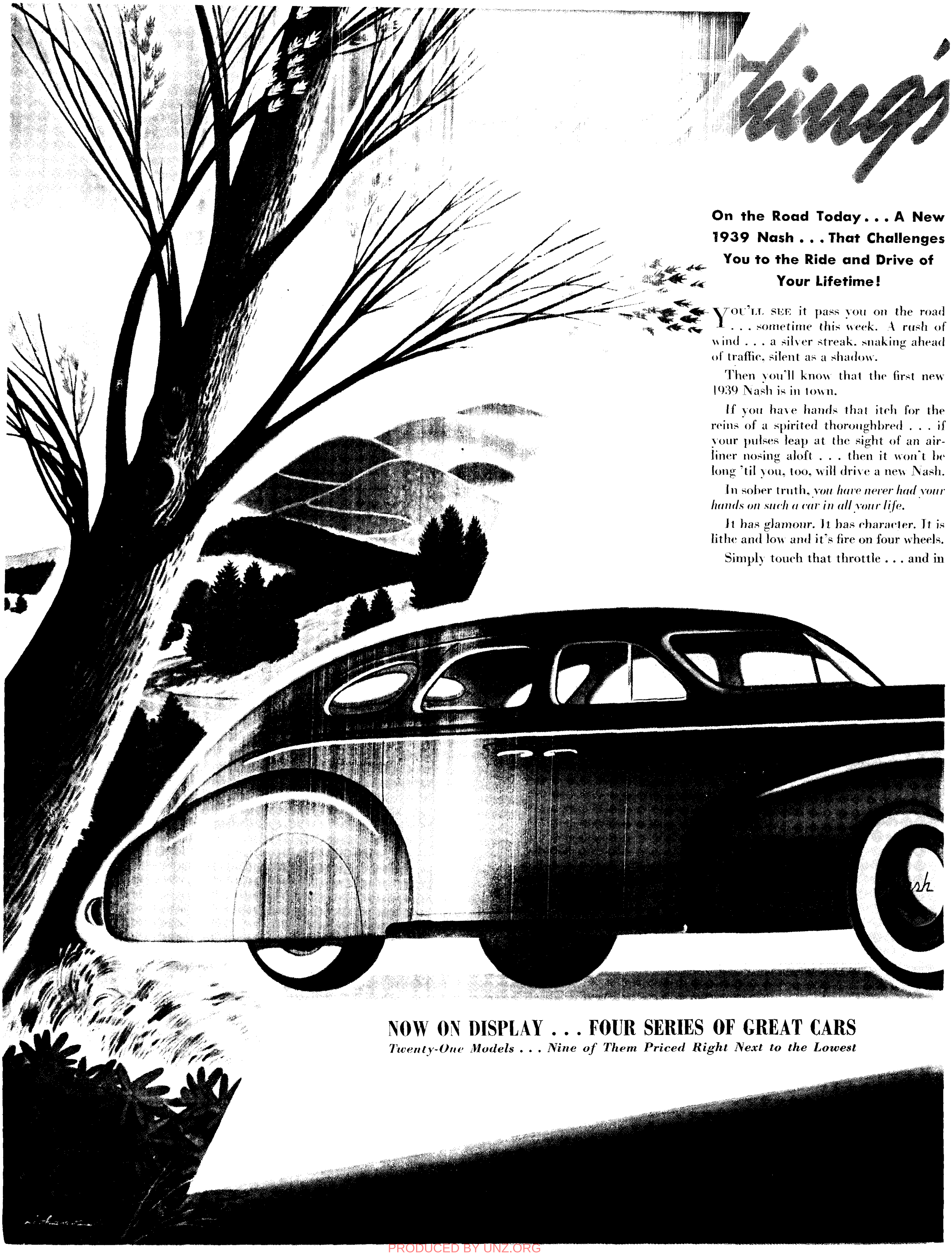
First . . . every 1939 Packard Six and One Twenty comes with the *Packard Handishift as standard equipment.* It puts your gear shift lever up under the steering wheel, clears the front floor.

Second . . . available at additional cost is the new *Packard Econo-Drive*—one of the greatest boons to performance and your pocketbook ever put on a car! Overdrive ratio cuts engine speed 27.8% over 30 miles per hour! Cuts wear, gas and oil consumption, way down.

PACKARD
SIX and 120*

*(*Also known as Packard Eight*)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



On the Road Today . . . A New 1939 Nash . . . That Challenges You to the Ride and Drive of Your Lifetime!

YOU'LL SEE it pass you on the road . . . sometime this week. A rush of wind . . . a silver streak, snaking ahead of traffic, silent as a shadow.

Then you'll know that the first new 1939 Nash is in town.

If you have hands that itch for the reins of a spirited thoroughbred . . . if your pulses leap at the sight of an air-liner nosing aloft . . . then it won't be long 'til you, too, will drive a new Nash.

In sober truth, *you have never had your hands on such a car in all your life.*

It has glamour. It has character. It is lithe and low and it's fire on four wheels.

Simply touch that throttle . . . and in

NOW ON DISPLAY . . . FOUR SERIES OF GREAT CARS

Twenty-One Models . . . Nine of Them Priced Right Next to the Lowest

Going to Happen to You!

three fast shifts you can break the hearts of the best of them.

And there's a *fourth speed forward*—that floats you down the highway without feeling of effort or sound.

Want to know more?

There's a mysterious dial on the instrument panel. It's the new Nash "Weather Eye", watching over you and your family all winter long. Turn it to Medium, and your car is flooded with the fresh, balmy air of June.

Uncannily, it keeps your comfort constant—no matter what happens outside.

You can drive in your shirt sleeves in a howling blizzard!

More new facts. Ten old driving nuisances have been abolished. You start, stop, shift, and steer with new ease.

The seats are as wide as modern divans . . . luxuriously soft. They are quickly made up into a big, double bed (for those week-ends when you turn vagabond).

Literally, it's a home on wheels . . . spacious as it is gracious . . . perfectly, exquisitely appointed.

• • •

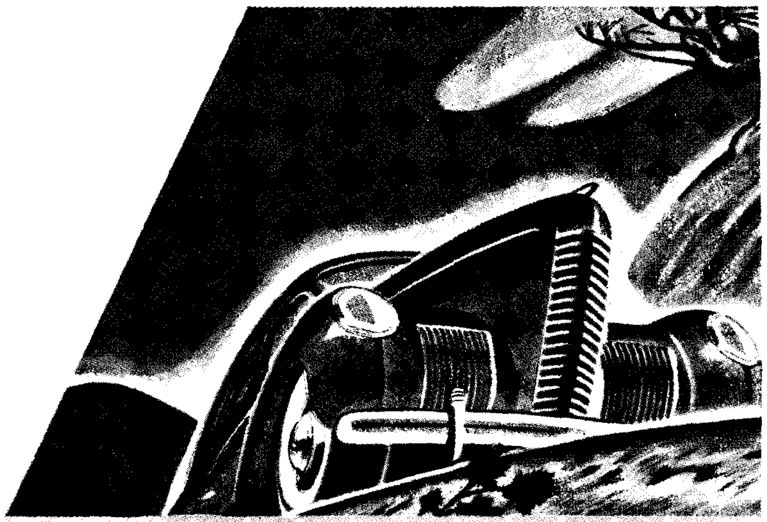
It is, we believe, the world's most modern car. Certainly, it is the most exciting.

Very likely you'll never inquire about the price until you reach for your check book. But that, too, is something you'll cheer about! (In fact, you can't spend much less for your new car.)

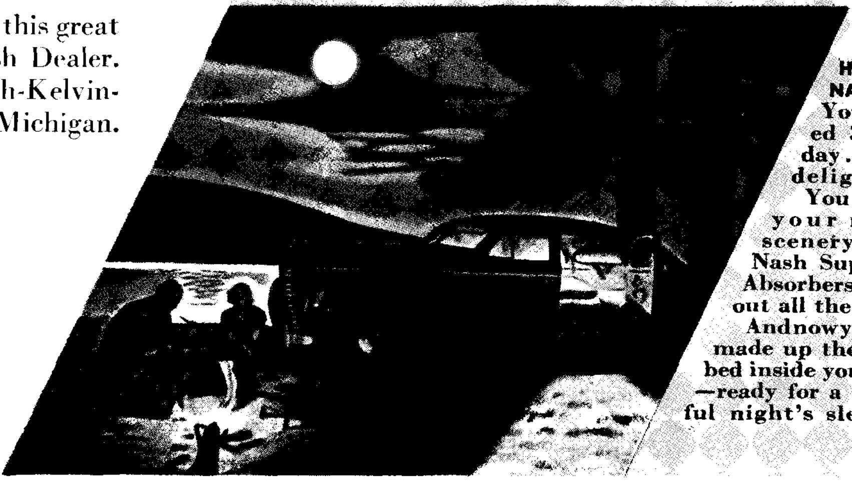
And remember, Nash ruggedness and reliability and fine, precision engineering are fused into every inch of its glistening steel! Ten years of superlative performance are at your service.

• • •

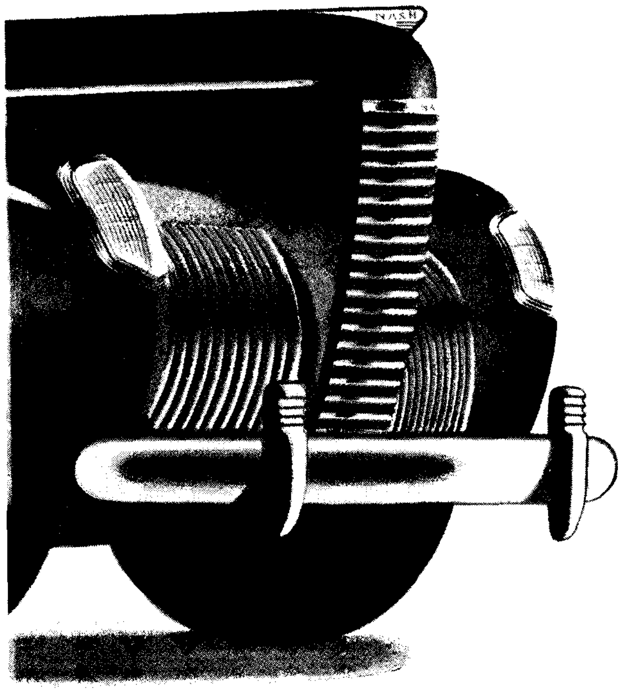
Get out of the house and drive this great car today! Just ask your Nash Dealer. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

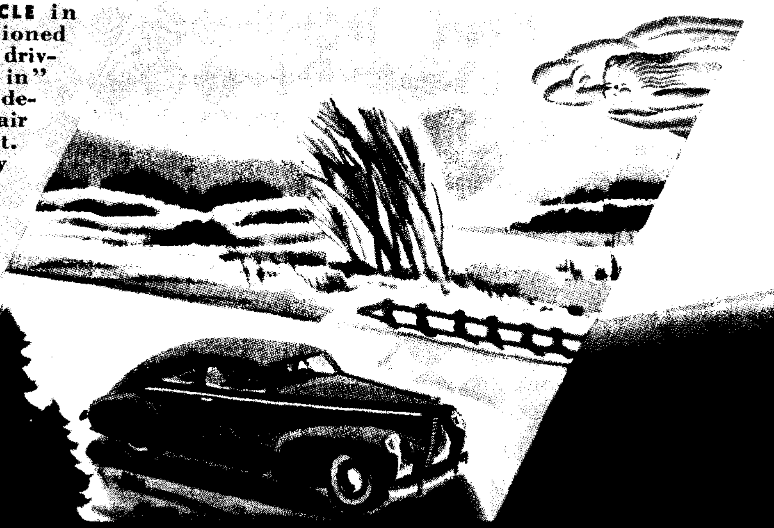


YOU NEVER FELT such terrific pick-up and "go"! A new Nash development called "Hurricane Power". Even in the nine lowest priced models you flash from 15 to 50 M.P.H. in 13 seconds in *high gear!* And with this performance, economy is even better than last year.



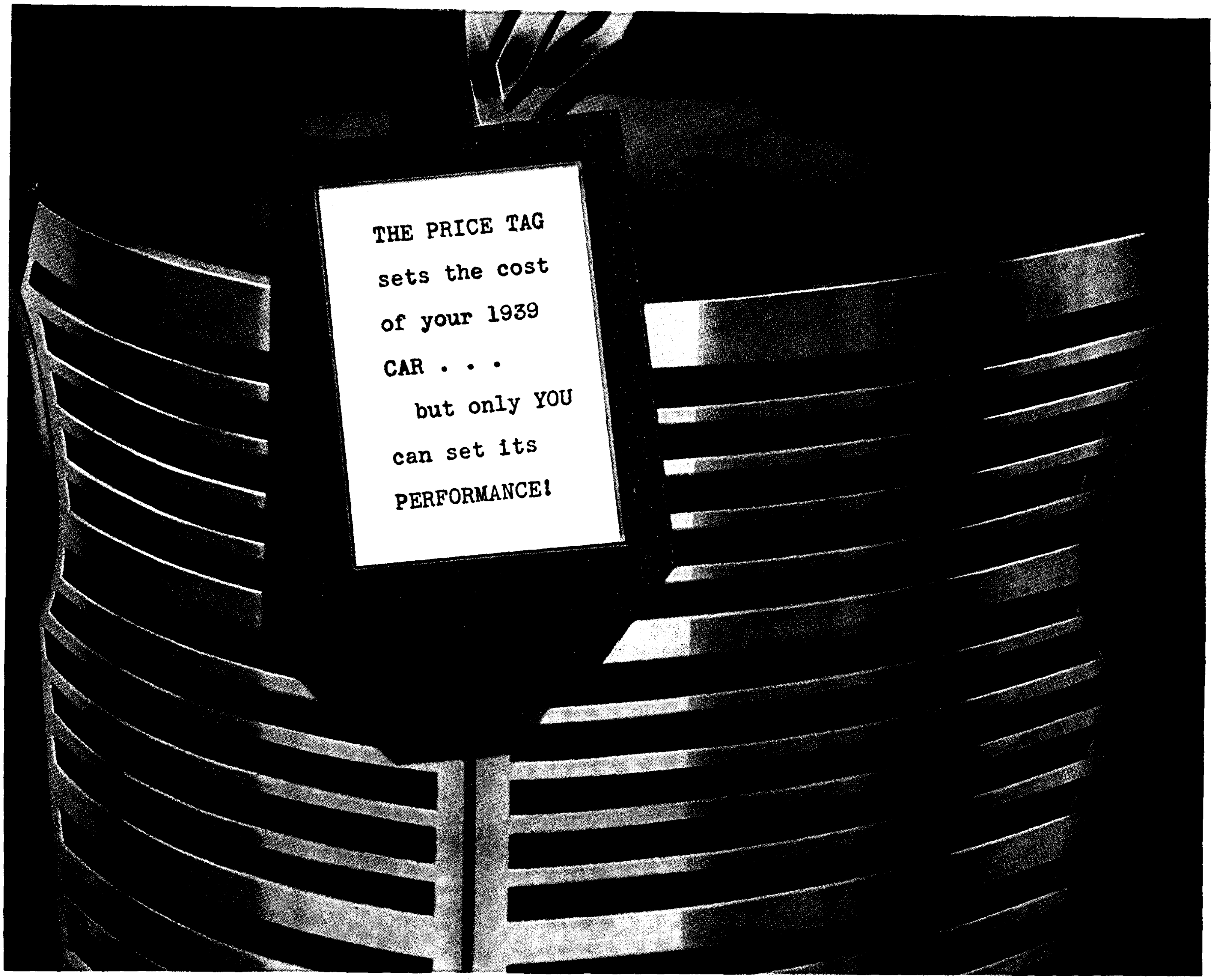
HERE'S LIFE IN A NASH FOR YOU! You have covered 350 miles today . . . an easy and delightful drive. You have picked your route for scenery—and let Nash Super-Shock Absorbers smooth out all the bumps. And now you have made up the Nash bed inside your car—ready for a restful night's sleep!





A NEW MIRACLE in Nash "Conditioned Air" for winter driving. You "tune in" the riding comfort desired—cool spring air or as hot as you want it. The uncanny "Weather Eye" automatically keeps it constant—no matter what happens to wind, weather, or driving speed. Windows can be closed to dust, drafts and wearying road-noise. With "Dancing Sand" sound-proofing, you enjoy the quietest and most restful ride on the road.

It's that New NASH



Every 1939 car has 3 grades of performance

—depending on the gas you use

JUST when you were wondering, "How can they possibly further improve automobiles?" along come the 1939 cars. They're beautiful beyond words, luxuriously comfortable, far more powerful and economical than your present car. What's more, every one of these new cars has a *high compression* engine, offering you *three* grades of performance. Here's why:

The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car, up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why 1939 cars have a device—variously called "distributor adjuster," "Octane Selector," etc.—for setting the spark for each of these three grades of gasoline.

And the performance of these cars depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting, as shown at the right:

CONTAINS LEAD
CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES

Poor performance

with "low grade" gasoline

There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."

Good performance

with "regular" gasoline

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."

Best performance

with gasoline containing "ETHYL"

Gasoline "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

The Colony Racket

Continued from page 12

its use, so long as it can secure the same results. Herr Hitler has devised a technique—and used it in the cases of Austria and Czechoslovakia — by which provinces may be added to the Reich at a cost no greater than that of field maneuvers.

But the success of this method depends on two factors: overwhelming strength must be massed against the selected victim so that resistance is useless, and there must be no interference by other powers. So long as those two conditions hold there is nothing to prevent the whole of Eastern Europe being incorporated, a nation at a time, into the Greater Reich; but if at any point resistance is probable and other states are ready to take the field on behalf of the country that is threatened, the Nazis must balance their prospective gain against the risks of war. The final issue of war is always incalculable. There is also at least a chance that a new grand alliance, a league of armed democracies, might be able to stay the German career of conquest without bloodshed.

DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN
DISCUSSES ANTI-SEMITISM
IN
"WHY DO THEY
HATE THE JEWS?"
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

The knowledge that force will be marshaled against force is a powerful incentive to moderation. It is therefore a main task of German diplomacy to prevent such an alliance and to secure the neutrality of the great democracies of Western Europe.

The Dominions Have Their Say

The raising of the colonial question is calculated to give England something to think about on her own account, and to open an embarrassing discussion in which Germany has nothing to lose and something to gain. There are, of course, many difficulties in the path. Other powers are also mandatories of former German colonies; they might not share British submissiveness. And Great Britain does not hold all the lands assigned under treaty to the British Empire. The dominions claimed, and received, a share. Would Australia surrender New Guinea, or New Zealand give up Western Samoa? Would the Union of South Africa consider favorably the cession of Southwest Africa, which would re-establish on her borders an outpost of Germany? At the peace conference these three dominions pressed for annexation. It was with difficulty that they were persuaded to accept mandates under President Wilson's scheme. Finally, Herr Hitler will have nothing to do with the League of Nations or its mandates—nothing less than full sovereign rights will satisfy him. And he refuses to allow German colonial claims to be linked with negotiations for a wider settlement.

Yet, very cleverly, at the moment he asks nothing from Britain but a declaration of willingness to return the colonies at some future time. If his demands are conceded in principle the actual transfer can wait. The claim is put forward in a way that insures its rejection; yet Herr Hitler preserves sufficient appearance of moderation to give many British people the impression that a lasting, friendly settlement may be reached.

There are other advantages that Germany may draw from the colonial issue. If Americans can be persuaded that Britain is obstructing a world settlement to preserve her territorial gains of 1914-1918, relations between the two great English-speaking nations might be chilled.

But the greatest motives are found in the internal politics of Germany itself. The regime in power calls upon the people continually for sacrifice and exertions of the most severe character. Their freedom is restricted. In time of peace they are compelled to endure many of the hardships of war. Food is scarce, and the cost of living is high. It is a great convenience to the Nazi leaders to be able to attribute all the inconveniences to some external cause. "If we only had our colonies," they exclaim, "there would be no need for any of these hardships!" But they are, no doubt, well aware that the return of the colonies tomorrow would make no difference to the economic conditions inside Germany. They do not expect to have them returned tomorrow. The grievance is useful in itself and acts as a lightning conductor if public discontents arise. Moreover, the gratification of the German demand as another success of the dictator would carry it on for a further spell, after which some new grievance could be found to which propaganda could assign the increasing harshness of German life.

Originally, as we have seen, the Germans selected as colonies territories that, in the hands of a great power, would be potentially dangerous to the British Empire. Bismarck's judgment on this point was sound. The lands he secured for Germany were — and still are—key positions. General Smuts, with his soldier-statesman's eye, saw that clearly in 1918 when he said: "German colonial aims are really not colonial but are dominated by far-reaching conceptions of world politics. Not colonies but military power and strategic positions for exercising world power in the future are her real aim." Every new danger to British dominions or colonies overseas, every threat to the sea communications of the Empire, reduces the force that in an emergency Britain can bring to bear in Europe.

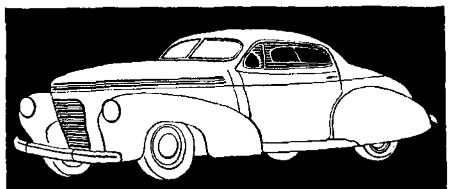
The position is further complicated by the extension of the Rome-Berlin axis to Tokyo. Australia and New Zealand look with uneasy eyes toward Japan. The return of the former German colonies in New Guinea and Samoa would bring an ally of Japan uncomfortably near. It might bring Japan herself onto the doorstep. The Germans demand full sovereign rights. If these were conceded they could, if it suited them, transfer all their possessions in the Pacific to the Japanese, or, at the least, place them at their military disposal. These considerations alone justify Australia and New Zealand in a refusal even to consider the surrender of their mandates.

Germans Not Wanted

The Union of South Africa is similarly aware of the danger of giving up Southwest Africa; and the Union government has clearly stated that "it has as little thought of abandoning the mandate as it has of abandoning its own territory." Britain could, of course, if she so decided, surrender Tanganyika and the mandated territories in Togoland and the Cameroons; but the cession of the former West African colonies of Germany would involve a threat not only to Nigeria and the Gold Coast but also to extensive French territories. And Tanganyika is in a key position in relation to Uganda, Kenya, Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and also to the Belgian Congo and Portuguese South Africa. It is therefore no purely selfish prudence that dictates the retention, for strategic reasons, of these British mandates. France, to which Great Britain is joined by military agreements as well as by so many ties of sentiment and interest; Portugal, our ally for four centuries, and Belgium, would all be prejudiced if we yielded to the German claim.

Thus we reach the field of moral considerations; and here, where the case for holding fast may seem weakest, it is revealed on examination as overwhelmingly strong. We have accepted responsibility for subject peoples; can we in honor transfer it lightly to others? In accepting League of Nations' mandates for former German colonies we bound ourselves to the performance of certain duties. But Germany demands their return unconditionally. She will not bind herself to rule as we have ruled: she will not be answerable to the League. And we know that the natives of these territories do not want the Germans back: they hailed the British as liberators; they fear that if they were handed over to the Nazis enslavement and oppression would be their fate.

And are they wrong? The record of the Germans in Africa extends only over some thirty years, but it is crowded with crimes. The story of the Herero massacres as told in official documents, for instance, is one of the blackest in the whole history of colonization. The Hereros rose in revolt against German tyranny in Southwest Africa in 1904; they were defeated, and their leaders were invited to come in and make peace.



See the new cars at the show...

then find the dealer in the Classified

After the Automobile Show, it's easy to find where to buy the car of your choice. Just look in your Classified Telephone Directory. Under the brand name you'll find a nearby dealer.

Save time—use the Classified.

Buick
CADILLAC • LA SALLE
OLDSMOBILE SERVICE
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PONTIAC
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS
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DE SOTO
FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
GMC TRUCKS TRAILERS

BE WISE — SIMONIZ!
KEEPS ME LOOKING NEW FOR LIFE!
PEBBLE
SIMONIZ KLEENER MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

Every new car needs Simoniz! It contains a secret ingredient which stops all weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel. Preserves the finish and its beauty for years. So, the sooner you Simoniz your car, the better. Millions Simoniz! Do likewise . . . and drive a car that always stays new-looking.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

If your car is dull, use Simoniz Kleener first before applying Simoniz. It makes the finish sparkle like new again. Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car!

Those who accepted the invitation, with its implied safe conduct, were shot. Then General von Trotha, the German commander, issued an order for the extermination of the Herero nation. "Kill every one of them," he told his soldiers, "and take no prisoners." The rebellion was soon over; the Hereros were fugitives; the Germans pressed pitilessly after them. Men, women and children were shot, bayoneted and clubbed to death. Natives of other tribes who had taken no part in the rising shared the same fate because their homes and fields lay in the path of the pursuit. Women were burned alive in their huts; babies at the breast were murdered with their mothers; in one case twenty-five prisoners—men, women and children, little girls among them—were penned in an enclosure of thorn bushes, and logs and branches piled round them; lamp oil was sprinkled on the wood and it was set on fire. When the pursuit was abandoned, all the water holes on the edge of the desert were poisoned in case survivors, hiding among the sandy wastes, might come to them to drink. By this time, of the Herero nation of some 85,000 souls only 15,000 were still alive.

Harsh and Brutal Rule

A similar, but larger, tragedy occurred in 1905-1906 in Tanganyika. The Magi-Magi rising was suppressed by the Germans with a slaughter of 150,000 natives.

An even harsher rule was meted out to the natives than is now used upon the Jews in Germany and Austria. Men and women were brutally flogged for the most trivial offenses. Every man in uniform had power of life and death over colored folk. In Togoland, in 1913, an elderly African woman, a British subject, committed a breach of quarantine regulations. She was shot by a German Askari, a native soldier. The shot was not fatal, so the man clubbed her to death with the butt end of his rifle. The murderer was not even imprisoned.

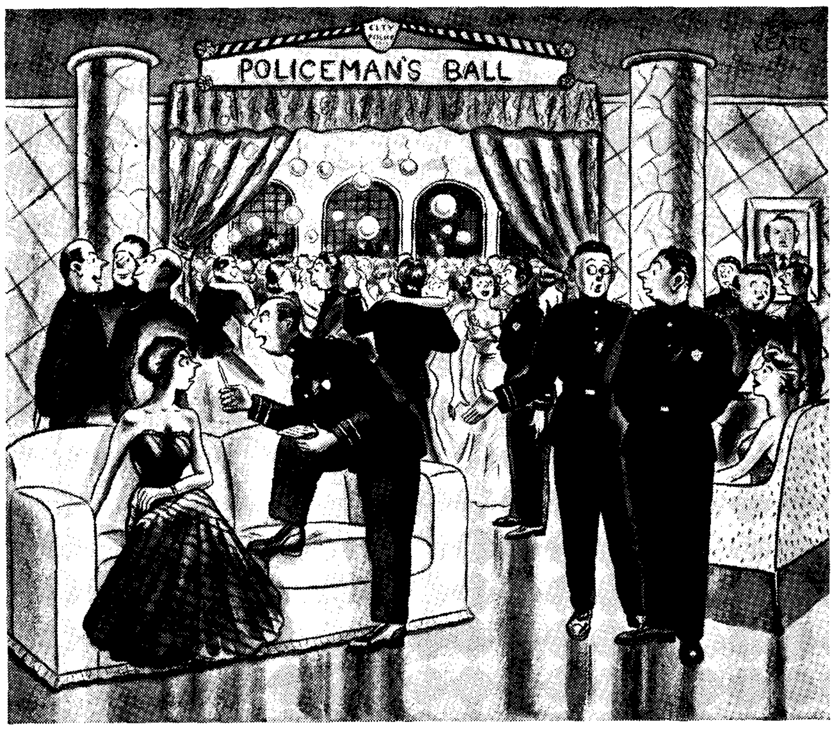
It is sometimes urged that the fidelity shown to the Germans during the war by these native soldiers proves that Teuton rule in Africa cannot have been so bad as it is painted. No doubt there were humane and enlightened Germans in the colonies; but the Askaris were faithful to their white masters because they had been given—and had been encouraged grossly to abuse—a privileged position.

Must we not ask ourselves whether it would be right to give Germany the means of building new colonial armies of the same type? Ought we to hand over large native populations to be victims of a similar tyranny?

Only in one of the former German colonies—Southwest Africa—is there a considerable German population. About 8,000 Germans remained in the territory after it had passed to South Africa under mandate, and a number of immigrants have been admitted since. But South Africans have also settled there, and there are over 320,000 natives. It is probable, too, that a majority of the older German inhabitants would prefer to remain under Union rule. Although most of them were caught up in the Nazi agitation following Hitler's advent to power, it is known that many acted under pressure. They had relatives or property in Germany, and they had been warned of the fate in store for these if they ventured to disobey the National-Socialist emissaries. The Union government has put an end to this terrorism. The old Deutscher Bund has been banned on account of its subversive activities, and we may hope that the reign of intrigue and conspiracy is over. But the South Africans have been given an opportunity to study at close quarters the Hitlerite technique; they are not favorably impressed.

This survey of the former German colonial empire supplies no reason to justify its return, or the return of any part of it, to Germany, still less to Nazi Germany. On the contrary, there are abundant arguments against a step that could only weaken the democracies of the world and bring new strength to the sinister forces that seek to destroy the liberty we cherish and the civilization we have built upon it.

If, in the future, the world found itself in the presence of a tolerant, peaceful, liberal-minded Germany, ready to join in comradeship and good faith the comity of nations and thus resume its place in the van of civilization; if a settlement were made that assured the peace of Europe for a long period and if, as the result, the world moved forward into a more generous age, the objections that have been assembled here might be removed. But he is a sanguine man who foresees such a result in the near future.



"Casey can't seem to remember he's only trying to fill out his dance program"

JEFF KEATE

Can Do

Continued from page 36

among them. If the baby's amah doesn't get along with the Number One boy, something has to be done about it—and done pretty tactfully, too, unless you want all the servants to walk out with their heads in the air.

"That's what it's like in the Philippines," said the lady. "Now, in China—"

Your Chinese boy will boil your water, all right, and he'll scrub the fruit and vegetables with disinfectant—but afterward he's just as likely as not to cover the pitcher with an old, dirty rag while it's cooling, or toss the vegetables anywhere handy. He just can't understand Missy's silly sanitary notions, having survived river water and contaminated vegetables for years.

Any Chinese servant who buys anything for his employer gets a ten-per-cent "squeeze." That's recognized and legitimate. Some stern American wives, newly arrived, balk at the system and decide to do their own buying. After a while, they find that this costs even more than paying "squeeze," and they surrender.

About twice a year, a Chinese servant will decide that Master and Missy can stand a little more "squeeze," and so the bills start to go up, almost imperceptibly. Hotheads sometimes fire their servants for this, but tactful people merely suggest that the butcher and baker and grocer are charging Wang too much, and that Wang is losing face by being cheated. At this, Wang will always gaze soulfully at Master and Missy and say: "I fix."

Then for another six months the bills will be merely ten per cent above the market price.

No servant in China may be asked to do anything out of his own line of work. If Missy suddenly finds herself minus some needed article, let her tell her cook to roll down to the store in Missy's ricksha. If she does, the ricksha coolie will suddenly remember that he has a sick mother in the wilds of Honan province and he must go now, so sorry, long time no see.

He will not admit to his Missy that her strange request has made him lose face among his fellow servants—but he won't continue working for her. If the cook wants to be pulled to market he can go into the *hutung* and hire an independent ricksha runner. Servants may not serve servants in the same household.

No Self-Service

Nor may you, outside certain limits, serve yourself. You cannot drive your own car if you can afford a chauffeur. If you do, your gasoline will vanish and your tires will be mysteriously cut. And don't think, just because your husband gets a raise in salary, that you can save a little more. Your servants know about the raise before you do, and one or two more servants will appear on your pay roll. The work, your Number One boy will explain, has suddenly grown too much for the former staff.

Nothing is secret in China. You may as well resign yourself to life in a glass house, because all your servants will know how many frocks you have, where you bought them, what you paid for them—and where they are going when you discard them. How much you have in the bank and in your purse is common knowledge, too.

This all-pervasive knowledge of one's business nearly drives women frantic when they first live in China. Afterward, they get used to it. And it has its uses. Missy, for example, need never worry if she is giving a party and has not enough silver or china. All she has to do is tell her Number One that twenty-five guests are coming. He will collect enough silver and china from among the Number One boys of her friends; linen, too, if necessary. Her friends probably never will know it—though occasionally one of them may be startled to see some of her best napkins on her hostess' table.

Chinese servants are not only loyal but resourceful. The social standing of Master and Missy is a matter of honor with them. If his employers lose face, the servant loses face, too.

Can Do

So, if Missy has told her Number One boy there'll be nobody for lunch, and suddenly gets a call from the office at 12:55 that her lord and master is bringing home six people for tiffin in ten minutes, Missy need not have hysterics. All she needs to do is summon her boy and tell him. He will not throw down his apron and quit. He will merely smile and say: "Can do."

In ten minutes there will be a perfectly cooked, perfectly served meal, complete from soup to whatever—including a dozen cocktails, though Missy knows darn' well there was only a spoonful of gin in the house an hour ago. . . . But anything less than perfection would be a face-loser for every servant in the place.

The turning over of American babies to Oriental amahs is about the worst feature of the whole system (said the lady who lived in the Orient). A great many mothers grow lazy—the climate produces laziness—and they hardly ever see their babes. The amahs bring up the children twenty-four hours a day. The children learn the native language before they learn English and so can't even talk to their parents sometimes. They learn Oriental ways and start to think Orientally.

For one thing, unless parents are watchful, the children will be hopelessly spoiled. They will become accustomed from babyhood to doing nothing for themselves, to strewing around their clothes for servants to pick up, and to expect all kinds of services. This isn't so bad if the child, after it grows up, stays in the Orient and can afford to keep on living in the same style.

There's another thing, too, said the lady. At home, a woman is respected and deferred to. This is utterly incomprehensible to most Orientals. Most of them, though they may not show it, resent being bossed by a woman—and they won't respect Master if Missy bosses him around too openly. Left to themselves, they will always serve men first, neglect the wife to wait on the husband and place little credence in Missy's ability—or even concede her the right—to run the home.

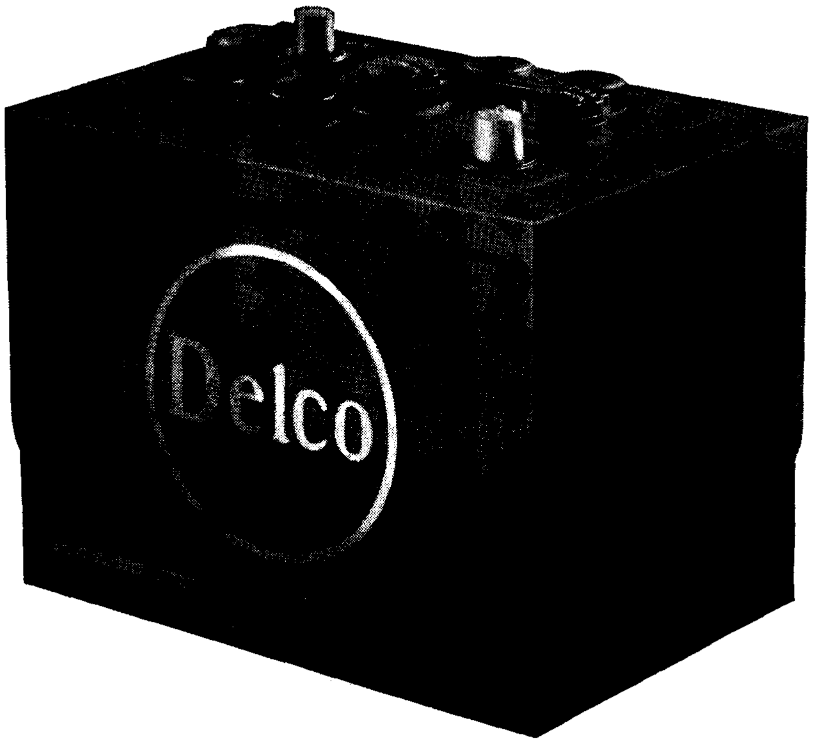
The Chinese boy came in silently and took away the tea things.

"Six for dinner tonight, Chang," said the lady who lived out East.

"Can do, Missy," said the boy.

The lady fresh from America sighed. "I still think," she said, "that it's rather grand to be able to order a dinner like that and have half a dozen servants waiting on you."

"You can have them," said her companion. "Take me back to America and give me a modern home with no servants and some nice electric equipment and I'll be quite content to spend the rest of my life flipping switches, spanking my own babies and drinking water out of the garden hose when I feel like it."



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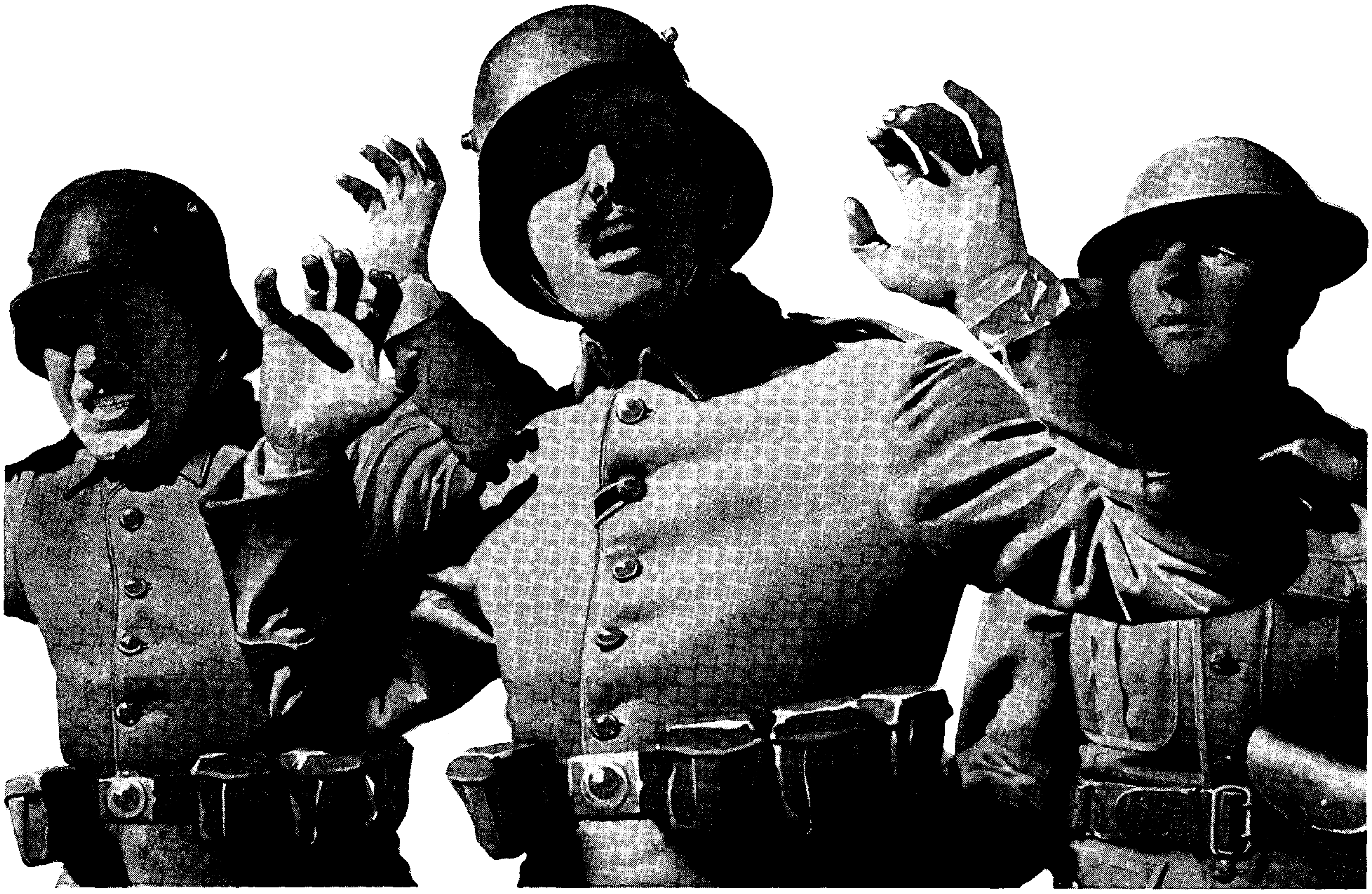


Coming at me were two Heinies, hands well up in the air. Behind them was Dick, prodding them in the back with his pistol

None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

ANDY PAIGE and Dick Patterson are neighbors, in a small Canadian town, when the World War starts. Dear friends and in love with the same girl—Louise Frawley—they enlist and go to France, with the tacit understanding that neither is to speak to Louise about marriage until after the close of hostilities.

At the front, Andy has a series of premonitions, "hunches," that certain men whom he knows will soon die. These hunches are invariably correct: in each case the man is killed!

Meanwhile, Louise Frawley has gone to London, where she has become an ambulance driver. Her letters to both Andy and Dick are sweet, affectionate—the sort of letters a sister might send to a brother.

Heretofore, Andy has never questioned Dick's courage. Now, at the front, he learns (to his amazement) that his friend is far too high strung, far too nervous, to stand up under the terrific strain of life in the trenches. Then, when the two boys—both privates—are ordered out on an unusually perilous mission, Dick is wounded—after he has proved conclusively that he is a coward, unable to face the enemy's fire!

Andy says nothing of his astounding discovery; on the contrary, he protects Dick—makes it appear that Dick Patterson is a thoroughly dependable soldier. When Dick (whose "blighty" results in a long stay in a London hospital) returns, he is a second lieutenant; and he brings with him many stories of Louise, of whom he had seen much while in England.

Andy observes that Dick is restless, unhappy—seemingly on the verge of divulging some secret, but, for some reason or other, unable to bring himself to the point where he can speak frankly. While discussing Louise, Andy is angered by something Dick says. A quarrel ensues—a quarrel that, for a brief period, threatens to terminate the friendship.

Headquarters orders that Andy's battalion stage a raid on the enemy's trenches. There must be a careful rehearsal, which Dick will direct. With Andy (now a corporal) beside him, he assembles a strong detail. Then: "All right, men," he says quietly, "fall out and follow me over here."

IV

AS SOON as it was dark on the night of the raid I blackened my face and hands, strapped my gat on, took two pieces of tape—one short and one long—and went out. Zero hour was at 1:15 A. M., but I had a little preliminary job to do as a result of what Dick and I had discovered on our reconnaissance patrols around that indistinct spot in the trench.

It was flattened out, all right, and not only by shellfire. For a space of about ten yards there never had been any trench there at all because that was a place where the communication trench opened out into and crossed a small gully, the floor of which had been an old dirt road. We found evidences that the troops who had previously used that trench had protected the crossing by building sandbag walls there, but these had all been blown to pieces. The result was that as you went out from our lines you debouched from the communication trench into the open space of the gully, and then you had to cut straight across it and fish along the opposite embankment for the re-entry into the continuation of the trench. And if you fished far enough along the opposite embankment, as we did, you found there were two continuations—the two arms of the Y—but beginning six or eight yards apart.

Moreover, because of the amount of shellfire the place had been subjected to, the embankment itself had been considerably broken down and the re-entries into the two communication trenches were not at all clearly defined.

It was, therefore, as Dick had foreseen, a place where the raiding party could easily go astray. They might get into either branch of the Y, or, which was even more likely, miss them both and go drifting off overland. In this latter case they would be exposed to the machine gun in the post, for the post did have a machine gun, as we had discovered on our first patrol.

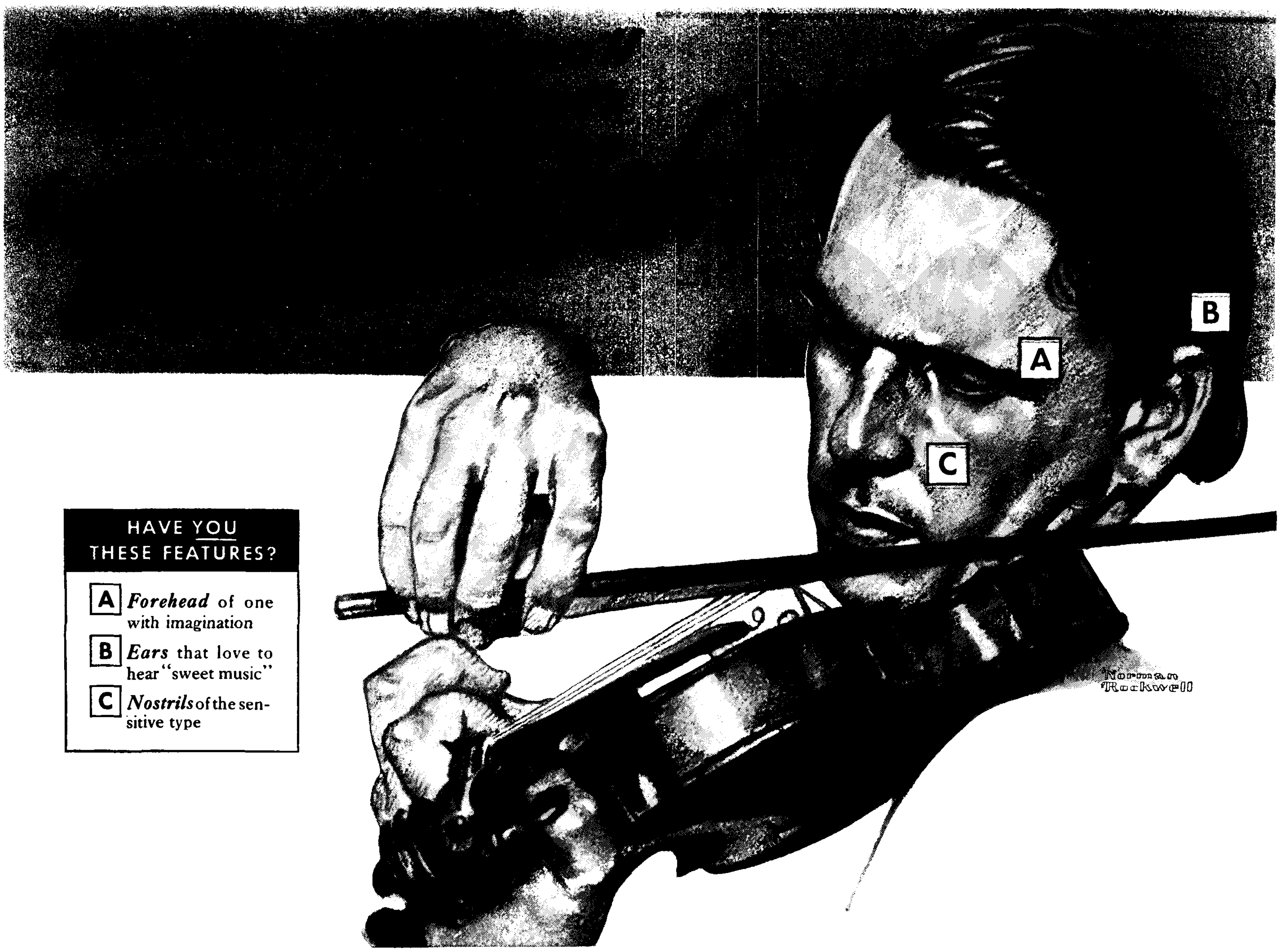
We had also found out by reconnoitering the post carefully that the place to attack it would be from the left, by going up the left branch of the Y a little way, then clambering over the side and taking cover in a fine big shell crater that was within listening distance of the post. Dick and I had spent three nights in that shell crater and we figured that the post was garrisoned with about five or six men.

I was very much interested in that machine gun. During the first night we were in the shell crater, I saw by its flash that it was mounted on the right of Fritz's block—his right—and therefore on the same side that the shell crater was. The next night I arranged with No. 1 Company, off whose front we were operating, to shoot some casual star shells over the post, and then I saw the silhouette of something that looked like a tree stump on the other side of Fritz's post, just back of the block and corresponding to the position of the machine gun on our side.

On the third night, by the light of a couple more flares, I checked and found that both the machine gun and the tree stump, or whatever it was, were still in the same positions, namely, flanking the sandbags that formed the block in the trench. This was what I had hoped for.

"I have an idea how to attack that block," I told Dick when we were back in his dugout. "A feint."

(Continued on page 65)


A
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Norman Rockwell

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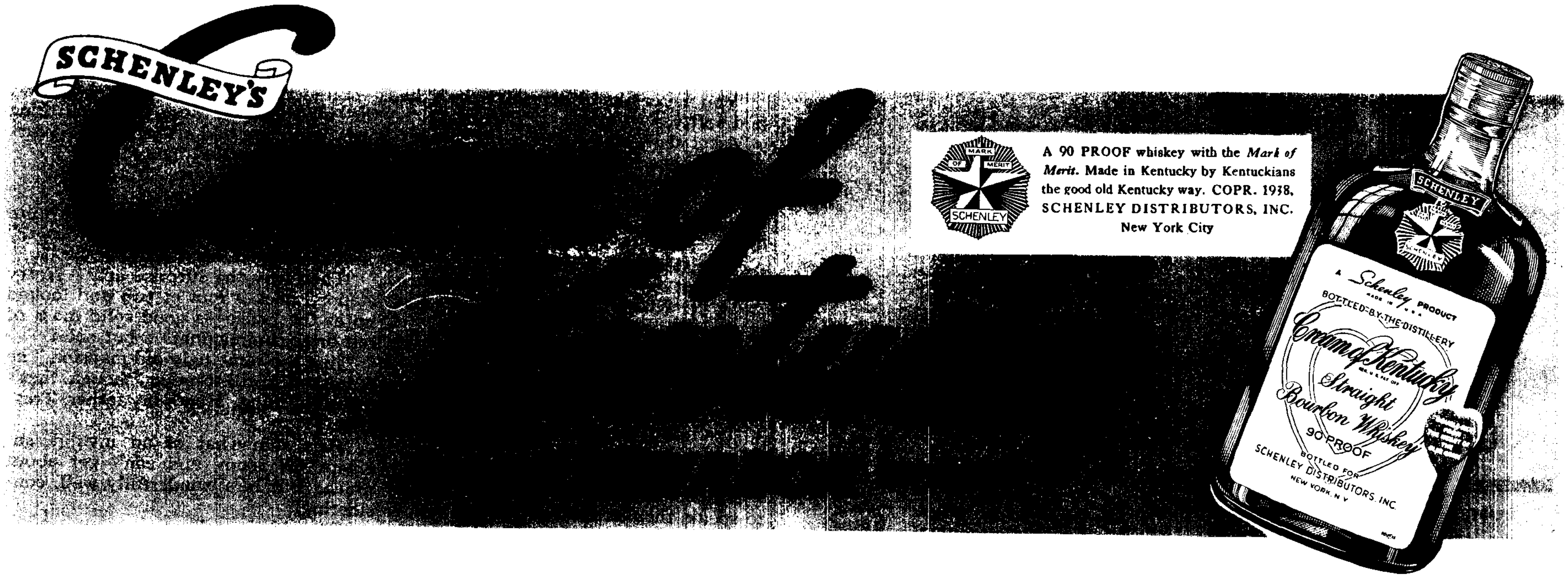
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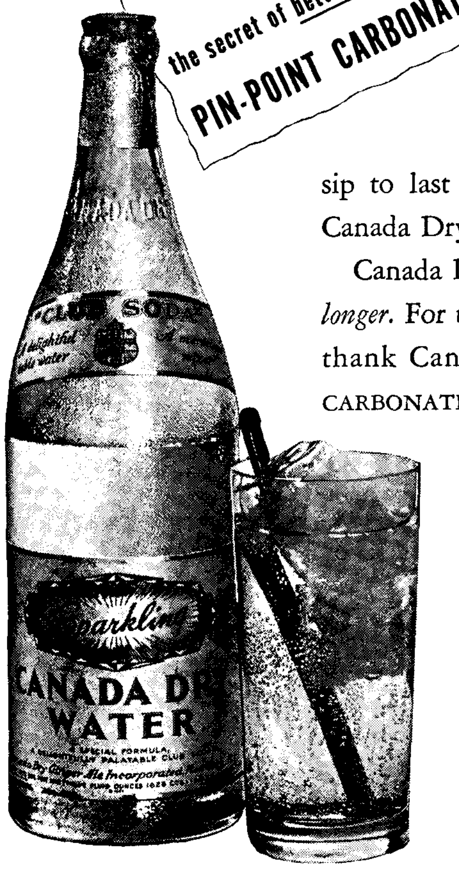

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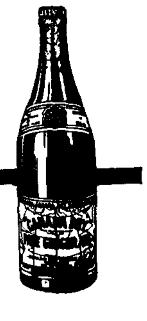


Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 20

Alfred repeated, his tone hurt and reproachful, "You never told me . . ."

His father said, still grinning wickedly, "It would have spoiled the surprise! Wonder what it will be like to have young blood under this roof again. I never saw Estravados. Wonder which the girl takes after—her mother or her father."

"Do you really think it's wise, Father?" began Alfred. "Taking everything into consideration—"

The old man interrupted him.

"Safety—safety—you play for safety too much, Alfred. Always have! That hasn't been my way. Do what you *want* and be *damned* to it! That's what I say. The girl's my granddaughter—the only grandchild in the family. I don't care what her father was or what he did. She's my flesh and blood. And she's coming to live here in my house."

Lydia said sharply, "She's coming to live here?"

He darted a quick look at her.

"Do you object?"

SHE shook her head. She said, smiling, "I couldn't very well object to your asking someone to your own house, could I? No, I was wondering about—her."

"About her—what d'you mean?"

"Whether she would be happy here."

Old Simeon flung up his head.

"She's not got a penny in the world. She ought to be thankful."

Lydia shrugged her shoulders.

Simeon turned to Alfred. "You see? It's going to be a grand Christmas! All my children round me. *All* my children! There, Alfred, there's your clue. Now guess who the other visitor is."

Alfred stared at him.

"All my children! Guess, boy! *Harry,* of course! Your brother Harry!"

Alfred had gone very pale. He stammered, "Harry—not Harry—"

"Harry himself!"

"But we thought he was dead!"

"Not he!"

"You—you are having him back here? After everything?"

"The prodigal son, eh? You're right! The fatted calf! We must kill the fatted calf, Alfred. We must give him a grand welcome."

Alfred said, "He treated you—all of us—disgracefully. He—"

"No need to recite his crimes! It's a long list. But Christmas, you'll remember, is the season of forgiveness. We'll welcome the prodigal home."

Alfred rose. He murmured, "This has been—rather a shock. I never dreamed that Harry would ever come inside these walls again."

Simeon leaned forward.

"You never liked Harry, did you?" he said softly.

"After the way he behaved to you—"

Simeon cackled. He said, "Ah, but bygones must be bygones. That's the spirit for Christmas, isn't it, Lydia?"

Lydia, too, had gone pale. She said dryly, "I see that you have thought a good deal about Christmas this year."

"I want my family round me. Peace and good will. I'm an old man. Are you going, my dear?"

Alfred had hurried out. Lydia paused a moment before following him.

Simeon nodded his head after the retreating figure.

"It's upset him. He and Harry never got on. Harry used to jeer at Alfred. Called him old Slow and Sure."

Lydia's lips parted. She was about to speak, then as she saw the old man's eager expression, she checked herself. Her self-control, she saw, disappointed him. The perception of that fact enabled her to say: "The hare and the tortoise? Ah, well, the tortoise wins the race."

"Not always," said Simeon. "Not always, my dear Lydia."

SHE said, still smiling, "Excuse me, I must go after Alfred. Sudden excitements always upset him."

Simeon cackled.

"Yes, Alfred doesn't like changes. He always was a regular sobersides."

Lydia said, "Alfred is very devoted to *you.*"

"That seems odd to you, doesn't it?"

"Sometimes," said Lydia, "it does."

She left the room. Simeon looked after her.

He chuckled softly and rubbed his palms together.

"Lots of fun," he said. "Lots of fun still. I'm going to enjoy this Christmas."

With an effort he pulled himself upright and with the help of his stick shuffled slowly across the room.

He went to a big safe that stood at the corner of the room. He twirled the handle of the combination. The door came open and with shaking fingers he felt inside.

He lifted out a small wash-leather bag and, opening it, let a stream of uncut diamonds pass through his fingers.

"Well, my beauties, well. . . . Still the same—still my old friends. Those were good days—good days. . . . They shan't carve you and cut you about, my friends. *You* shan't hang round the necks of women or sit on their fingers or hang on their ears. You're *mine!* My old friends! We know a thing or two, you and I. I'm old, they say, and ill, but I'm not done for! Lots of life in the old dog yet. And there's still some fun to be got out of life. Still some fun—"

TRESSILIAN *went to answer the door*bell. It had been an unusually aggressive peal and now, before he could make his slow way across the hall, it pealed out again.

Tressilian flushed. An ill-mannered, impatient way of ringing the bell at a gentleman's house! If it was a fresh lot of those carol singers he'd give them a piece of his mind.

Through the frosted glass of the upper half of the door he saw a silhouette—a big man in a slouch hat. He opened the door. As he had thought—a cheap flashy stranger—nasty pattern of suit he was wearing—loud! Some impudent begging fellow!

"Blessed if it isn't Tressilian," said the stranger. "How are you, Tressilian?"

Tressilian stared—took a deep breath—stared again. That bold arrogant jaw, the high-bridged nose, the rollicking eye. Yes, they had all been there years ago. More subdued then . . .

He said with a gasp, "Mr. Harry!"

Harry Lee laughed.

"Looks as though I'd given you quite a shock. Why? I'm expected, am I not?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. Certainly, sir."

"Then why the surprise act?" Harry stepped back a foot or two and looked up at the house—a good solid mass of red brick, unimaginative but solid.

"Just the same ugly old mansion," he remarked. "Still standing, though, that's the main thing. How's my father, Tressilian?"

"He's somewhat of an invalid, sir. Keeps his room, and can't get about much. But he's wonderfully well, considering."

"The old sinner!"

Harry Lee came inside, let Tressilian

remove his scarf and take the somewhat theatrical hat.

"How's my dear brother Alfred, Tressilian?"

"He's very well, sir."

Harry grinned.

"Looking forward to seeing me? Eh?"

"I expect so, sir."

"I don't! Quite the contrary. I bet it's given him a nasty jolt, my turning up! Alfred and I never did get on. Ever read your Bible, Tressilian?"

"Why, yes, sir, sometimes, sir."

"Remember the tale of the prodigal's return? The good brother didn't like it, remember, didn't like it at all! Good old stay-at-home Alfred doesn't like it either, I bet."

Tressilian remained silent, looking down his nose. His stiffened back expressed protest. Harry clapped him on the shoulder.

"Lead on, old son," he said. "The fatted calf awaits me! Lead me right to it."

Tressilian murmured, "If you will come this way into the drawing room, sir. I am not quite sure where everyone is. . . . They were unable to send to meet you, sir, not knowing the time of your arrival."

HARRY nodded. He followed Tressilian along the hall, turning his head to look about him as he went.

"All the old exhibits in their place, I see," he remarked. "I don't believe anything has changed since I went away twenty years ago."

He followed Tressilian into the drawing room. The old man murmured, "I will see if I can find Mr. or Mrs. Alfred," and hurried out.

Harry Lee had marched into the room and had then stopped, staring at the figure seated on one of the window sills. His eyes roamed incredulously over the black hair and the creamy, exotic pallor.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Are you my father's seventh and most beautiful wife?"

Pilar slipped down and came toward him.

"I am Pilar Estravados," she announced. "And you must be my Uncle Harry, my mother's brother."

Harry said, staring, "So that's who you are! Jenny's daughter."

Pilar said:

"Why did you ask me if I was your father's seventh wife? Has he really had six wives?"

Harry laughed.

"No, I believe he's only had one official one. Well — Pil — what's your name?"

"Pilar, yes."

"Well, Pilar, it really gives me quite a turn to see something like you blooming in this mausoleum."

"This—maus—please?"

"This museum of stuffed dummies! I always thought this house was lousy! Now I see it again I think it's lousier than ever!"

Pilar said in a shocked voice: "Oh, no, it is very handsome here! The furniture is good and the carpets—thick carpets everywhere, and there are lots of ornaments. Everything is very good quality and very very rich!"

"You're right there," said Harry, grinning. He looked at her with amusement. "You know I can't help getting a kick out of seeing you in the midst—"

He broke off as Lydia came rapidly into the room.

She came straight to him.

"How d'you do, Harry? I'm Lydia—Alfred's wife."

"How de do, Lydia." He shook hands, examining her intelligent, mobile face in a swift glance and approving mentally of the way she walked—very few women moved well.

Lydia in her turn took quick stock of him.

She thought: "He looks a frightful tough—attractive, though. I wouldn't trust him an inch . . ."

She said, smiling, "How does it look after all these years? Quite different, or very much the same?"

"Pretty much the same." He looked round him. "This room's been done over."

"Oh! Many times."

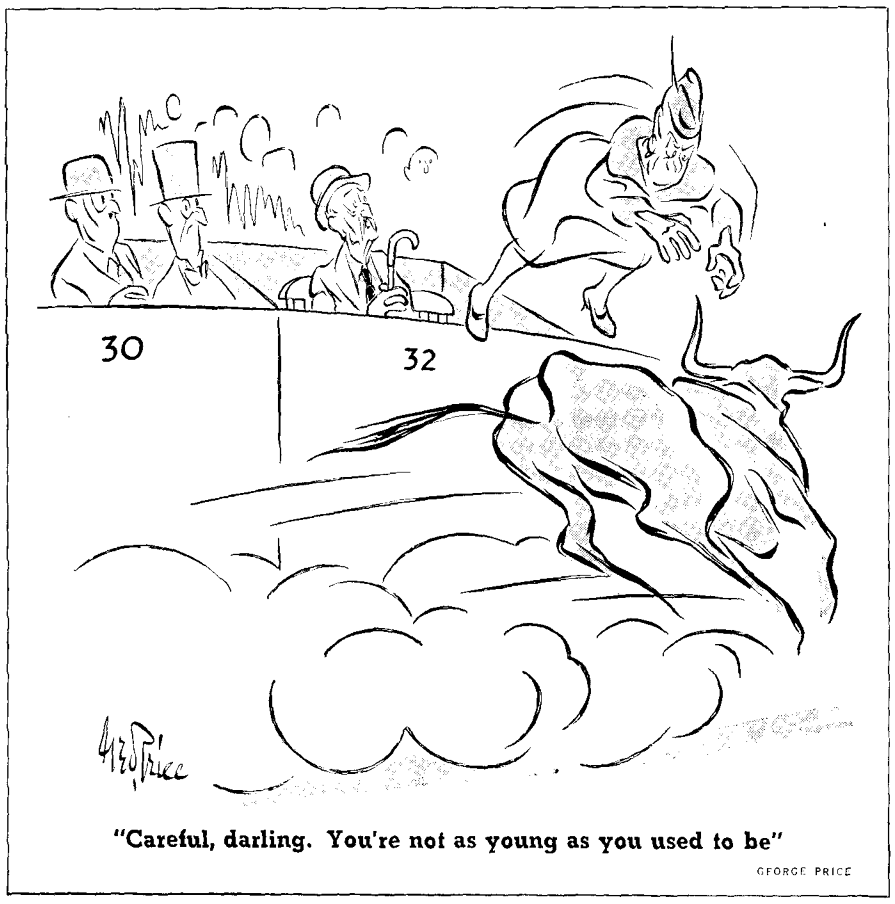
He said, "I meant by you. You've made it—different."

"Yes, I expect so . . ."

He grinned at her, a sudden impish grin that reminded her with a start of the old man upstairs.

"It's got more class about it now! I remember hearing that old Alfred had married a girl whose people came over with the Conqueror."

Lydia smiled.



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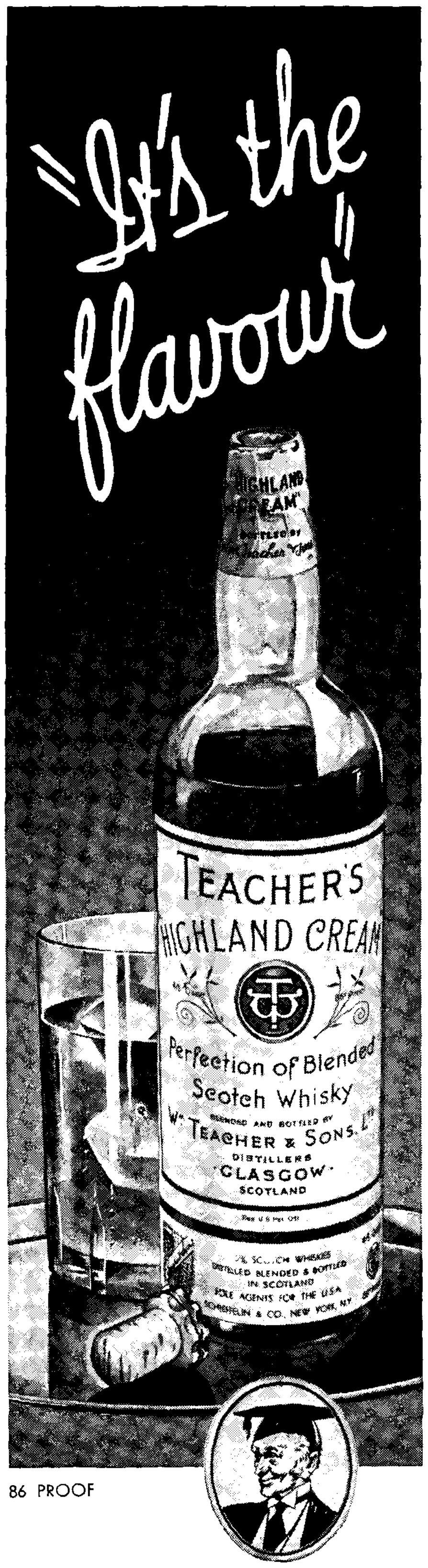

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She said, "I believe they did. But they've rather run to seed since those days."

Harry said, "How's old Alfred? Just the same blessed old stick-in-the-mud as ever?"

"I've no idea whether you will find him changed or not."

"How are the others? Scattered all over England?"

"No—they're all here for Christmas, you know."

Harry's eyes opened.

"A regular Christmas family reunion! . . . Well, I'm glad to have come—" he paused to bring out the word with greater significance—"*home* . . ."

"I'VE been, I suppose, a very wicked man," said Simeon Lee.

He was leaning back in his chair. His chin was raised and with one finger he was stroking his jaw reflectively. In front of him a big fire glowed and danced. Beside it sat Pilar, a little fan held in her hand. With it she shielded her face from the blaze. Occasionally she fanned herself with it, using her wrist in a supple gesture. Simeon looked at her with satisfaction.

He went on talking, perhaps more to himself than to the girl, and yet stimulated by the fact of her presence.

"Yes," he said. "I've been a wicked man. What do you say to that, Pilar?"

Pilar shrugged her shoulders. She said, "All men are wicked. The nuns say so. That is why one has to pray for them."

"Ah, but I've been more wicked than most." Simeon laughed. "I don't regret it, you know. No, I don't regret anything. I've enjoyed myself. . . . Every minute! They say you repent when you get old. That's buncombe. I don't repent. And as I tell you, I've done most things. . . . All the good old sins! I've cheated and stolen and lied. . . . Lord, *yes! And women!* Always women! Someone told me the other day of an Arab chief who had a bodyguard of forty of his sons—all roughly the same age! Aha! Forty! I don't know about forty, but I bet I could produce a very fair bodyguard if I went about looking for the brats! Hey, Pilar, what do you think of that? Shocked?"

Pilar stared.

"No, why should I be shocked? Men always desire women. My father, too. That is why wives are so often unhappy and why they go to church and pray."

Old Simeon was frowning.

"I made Adelaide unhappy," he said. He spoke almost under his breath, to himself. "Lord, what a woman! Pink and white and pretty as they make 'em when I married her! And afterward? Always wailing and weeping. It rouses the devil in a man when his wife is always crying. . . She'd no guts, that's what was the matter with Adelaide. If she'd stood up to me! But she never did—not once. I believed when I married her that I was going to be able to settle down—raise a family, cut loose from the old life . . ."

His voice died away. He stared—stared into the glowing heart of the fire.

"Raise a family . . . God, what a family!" He gave a sudden shrill pipe of angry laughter. "Look at 'em—look at 'em! Not a child among them—to carry on! What's the matter with them? Haven't they got any of my blood in their veins? Not a son among 'em, legitimate or illegitimate. Alfred, for instance, Heavens above how bored I get with Alfred! Looking at me with his dog's eyes. Ready to do anything I ask. Lord, what a fool! His wife, now—Lydia—I like Lydia. She's got spirit. She doesn't like me, though. No, she doesn't like me. But she has to put up with me for that nincompoop Alfred's sake." He looked over at the girl by the fire. "Pilar—remember—nothing is so boring as devotion."

She smiled at him. He went on, warmed by the presence of youth and strong femininity.

"George? What's George? A stick! A stuffed codfish! A pompous windbag with no brains and no guts—and mean about money as well! David? David always was a fool. A fool and a dreamer. His mother's boy. That was always David. Only sensible thing he ever did was to marry that solid comfortable-looking woman." He brought down his hand with a bang on the edge of his chair. "Harry's the best of 'em! Poor old Harry, the wrong 'un! But at any rate he's *alive!*"

Pilar agreed.

"Yes, he is nice. He laughs—laughs out loud—and throws his head back. Oh, yes, I like him very much."

The old man looked at her.

"You do, do you, Pilar? Harry always had a way with the girls. Takes after me there." He began to laugh, a slow wheezy chuckle. "I've had a good life—a very good life. Plenty of everything."

Pilar said, "In Spain we have a proverb. It is like this: '*Take what you like and pay for it, says God.*' "

Simeon beat an appreciative hand on the arm of his chair.

"That's good. That's the stuff. Take what you like. . . . I've done that—all my life—taken what I wanted. . . ."

Pilar said, her voice high and clear, and suddenly arresting: "And have you paid for it?"

Simeon stopped laughing to himself. He sat up and stared at her. He said: "What's that you say?"

"I said, have you paid for it, Grandfather?"

Simeon Lee said slowly, "I—don't know. . . ." He paused. Then: "You devil's brat . . ."

PILAR said softly, "But you like me, Grandfather. You like me to sit here with you."

Simeon said, "Yes, I like it. It's a long time since I've seen anything so young and beautiful. . . . It does me good, warms my old bones. . . . And you're my own flesh and blood. . . . Good for Jennifer, she turned out to be the best of the bunch after all!"

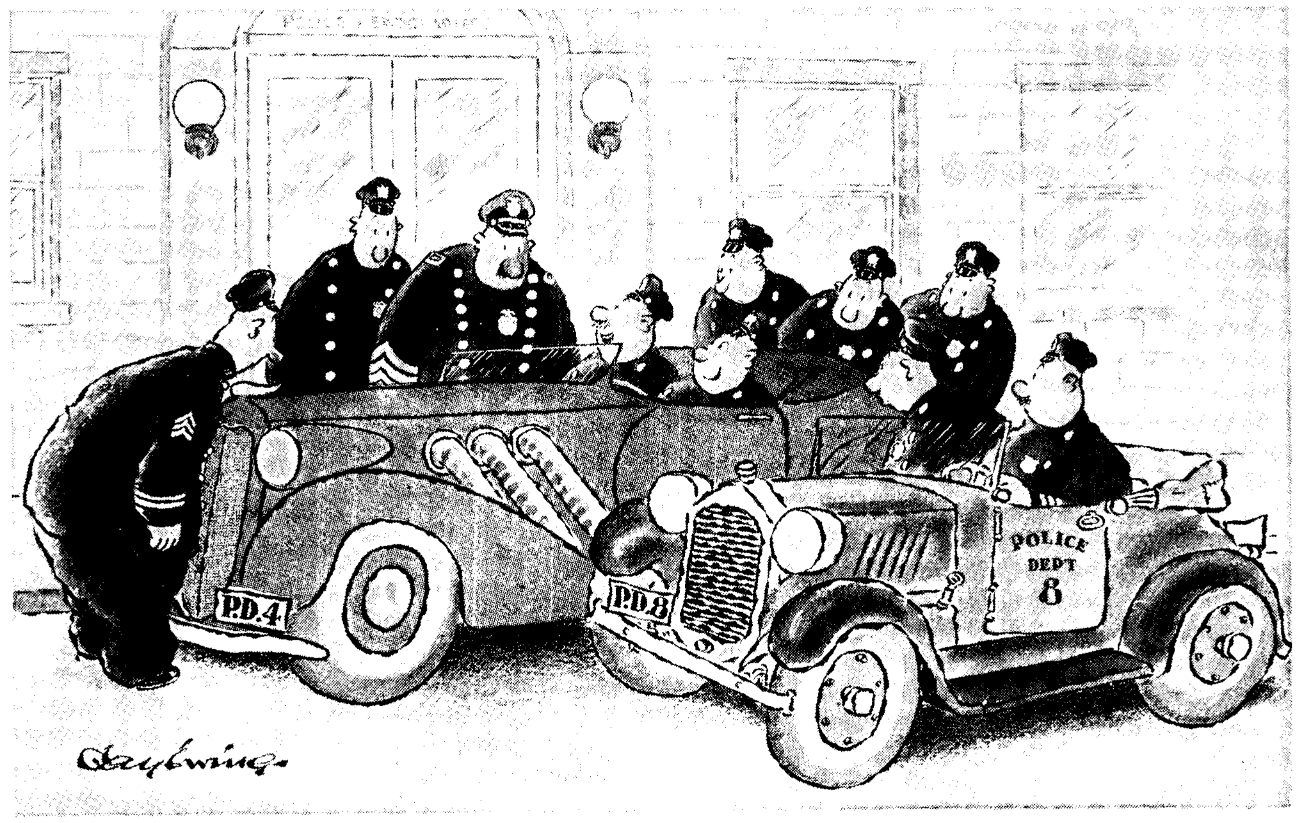
Pilar sat there, smiling.

"Mind you, you don't fool me," said Simeon. "I know why you sit here so patiently and listen to me droning on. It's money—it's all money. . . . Or do you pretend you love your old grandfather?"

Pilar said, "No, I do not love you. But I like you. I like you very much. You must believe that, for it is true. I think you have been wicked but I like that too. You are more real than the other people in this house. And you have interesting things to say. You have traveled and you have led a life of adventure. If I were a man I would be like that, too."

Simeon nodded.

"Yes, I believe you would. . . . We've



"We traded in the old one . . ."

JAY IRVING

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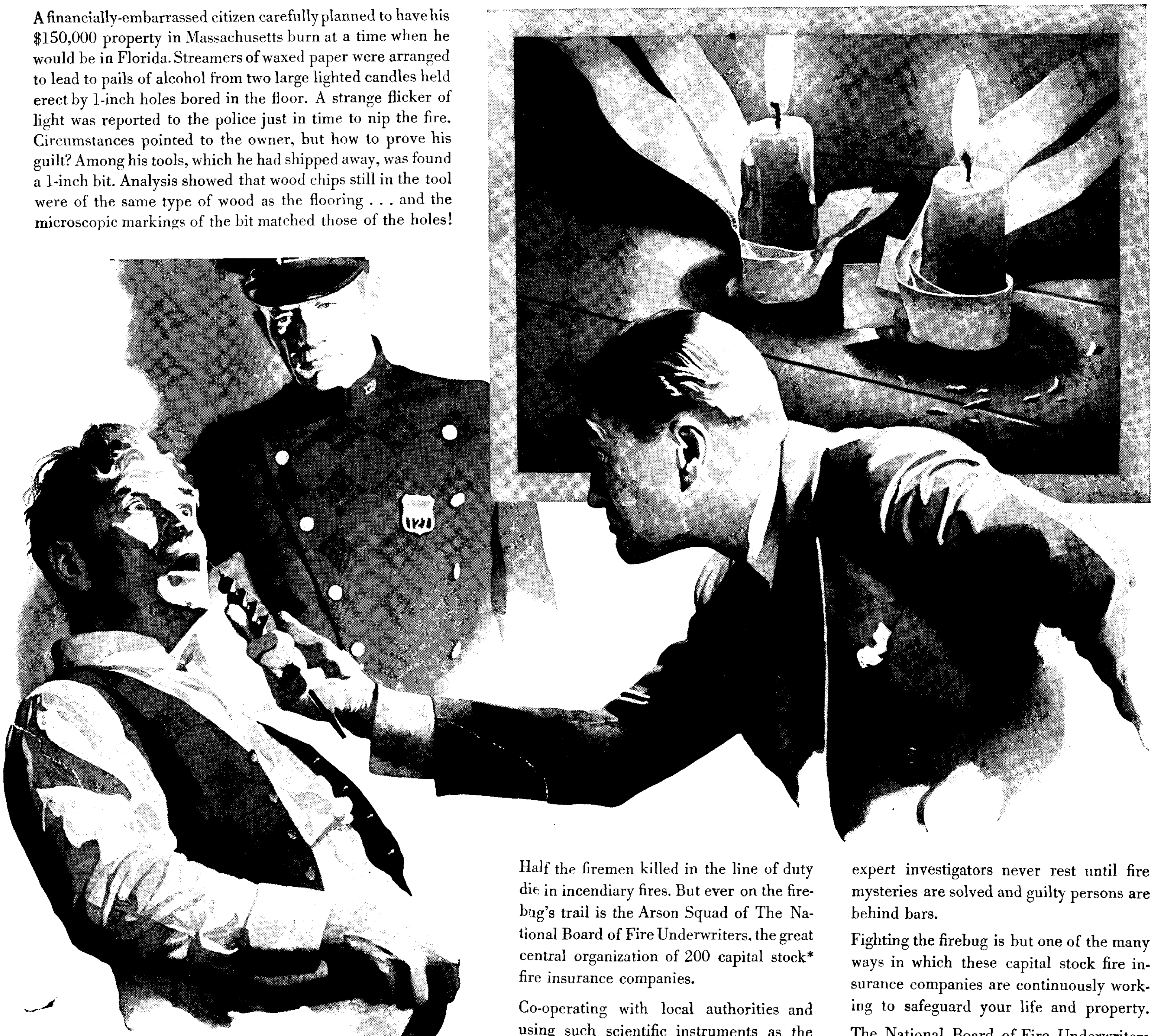

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gypsy blood in us, so it's always been said. It hasn't shown much in my children—except Harry, but I think it's come out in you. I can be patient, too, when it's necessary. I waited once fifteen years to get even with a man who'd done me an injury. That's another characteristic of the Lees. They don't forget! They'll avenge a wrong if they have to wait years to do it. A man swindled me. I waited fifteen years till I saw my chance—and then I struck. I ruined him. Cleaned him right out!"

He laughed softly.

Pilar said, "That was in South Africa?"

"Yes. A grand country."

"You have been back there, yes?"

"I went back last five years after I married. That was the last time."

"But before that? You were there for many years?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

He began to talk. Pilar, shielding her face, listened.

His voice slowed, wearied. . . . He said, "Wait, I'll show you something."

HE PULLED himself carefully to his feet. Then, with his stick, he limped slowly across the room. He opened the big safe. Turning, he beckoned her to him.

"There, look at these. Feel them, let them run through your fingers."

He looked into her wondering face and laughed.

"Do you know what they are? Diamonds, child, diamonds."

Pilar's eyes opened. She said as she bent over, "But they are little pebbles, that is all."

Simeon laughed.

"They are uncut diamonds. That is how they are found—like this."

Pilar asked incredulously, "And if they were cut they would be real diamonds?"

"Certainly."

"They would flash and sparkle?"

"Flash and sparkle."

Pilar said childishly:

"O-o-o, I cannot believe it!"

He was amused.

"It's quite true."

"They are valuable?"

"Fairly valuable. Difficult to say before they are cut—anyway this little lot is worth several thousands of pounds."

Pilar said, with a space between each word, "Several—thousands—of—pounds?"

"Say nine or ten thousand—they're biggish stones, you see."

Pilar asked, her eyes opening, "But why do you not sell them then?"

"Because I like to have them here."

"But all that money?"

"I don't need the money."

"O—I see." Pilar looked impressed. She said, "But why do you not have them cut and made beautiful?"

"Because I prefer them like this." His face was set in a grim line. He turned away and began speaking to himself. "They take me back—the touch of them, the feel of them through my fingers. . . . It all comes back to me, the sunshine, and the smell of the veldt, the oxen—old Eb—all the boys—the evenings. . . ."

There was a soft tap on the door.

Simeon said, "Put 'em back in the safe and bang it shut."

Then he called: "Come in."

Horbury came in, soft and deferential.

He said, "Tea is ready downstairs."

Hilda said, "So there you are, David. I've been looking for you everywhere. Don't let's stay in this room, it's so frightfully cold."

David did not answer for a minute. He was standing looking at a chair, a low chair with faded satin upholstery. He said abruptly, "That's her chair. . . . The chair she always sat in. . . . Just the same—it's just the same. Only faded, of course."

A little frown creased Hilda's broad forehead. She said:

"I see. Do let's come out of here, David, it's frightfully cold."

David took no notice. Looking round, he said, "She sat in here mostly. I remember sitting on that stool there while she read to me. Jack the Giant Killer, that was it—Jack the Giant Killer. I must have been all of six years old then."

Hilda put a firm hand through his arm.

"Come back to the drawing room, dear. There's no heating in this room."

He turned obediently, but she felt a little shiver go through him.

"Just the same," he murmured. "Just the same. As though time had stood still."

Hilda looked worried. She said in a cheerful determined voice, "I wonder where the others are. It must be nearly teatime."

David disengaged his arm and opened another door.

"There used to be a piano in here. . . . Oh, yes, here it is! I wonder if it's in tune."

He sat down and opened the lid, running his hands lightly over the keys.

"Yes, it's evidently kept tuned."

He began to play.

His touch was good, the melody flowed out from under his fingers.

Hilda asked, "What is that? It seems to know it and I can't quite remember."

He said, "I haven't played it for years. *She* used to play it. One of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words."

The sweet, oversweet melody filled the room. Hilda said, "Play some Mozart, do."

David shook his head. He began another Mendelssohn.

Then, suddenly, he brought his hands down upon the keys in a harsh discord. He got up. He was trembling all over. Hilda went to him.

She said, "David—David . . ."

He said, "It's nothing—it's nothing. . ."

THE bell pealed aggressively. Tressilian rose from his seat in the pantry and went slowly out and along to the door.

The bell pealed again. Tressilian frowned. Through the frosted glass of the door he saw the silhouette of a man wearing a slouch hat.

Tressilian passed a hand over his forehead. Something worried him. It was as though everything was happening twice.

Surely this had happened before. Surely—

He drew back the latch and opened the door.

Then the spell broke. The man standing there said, "Is this where Mr. Simeon Lee lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to see him, please."

A faint echo of memory awoke in Tressilian. It was an intonation of voice that he remembered from the old days when Mr. Lee was first in England.

Tressilian shook his head dubiously.

"Mr. Lee is an invalid, sir. He doesn't see many people now. If you—"

The stranger interrupted.

He drew out an envelope and handed it to the butler.

"Please give this to Mr. Lee."

"Yes, sir."

Simeon Lee took the envelope. He drew out the single sheet of paper it held. He looked surprised. His eyebrows rose, but he smiled.

"By all that's wonderful!" he said.

Then to the butler: "Show Mr. Farr up here, Tressilian."

"Yes, sir."

Simeon said, "I was just thinking of old Ebenezer Farr. He was my partner out there in Kimberley. Now here's his son come along!"

Tressilian reappeared. He announced, "Mr. Farr."

Stephen Farr came in with a trace of nervousness. He disguised it by putting on a little extra swagger. He said—and just for the moment his South African accent was more marked than usual:

"Mr. Lee?"

"I'm glad to see you. So you're Eb's boy."

Stephen Farr grinned rather sheepishly.

He said, "My first visit to the old country. Father always told me to look you up if I did come."

"Quite right." The old man looked round. "This is my granddaughter, Pilar Estravados."

"How do you do?" said Pilar demurely.

STEPHEN FARR thought with a touch of admiration: "Cool little devil. She was surprised to see me, but it only showed for a flash."

He said, rather heavily, "I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Estravados."

"Thank you," said Pilar.

Simeon Lee said, "Sit down and tell me all about yourself. Are you in England for long?"

"Oh, I shan't hurry myself now I've really got here!"

Stephen laughed, throwing his head back.

Simeon Lee said, "Quite right. You must stay here, with us, for a while."

"Oh, look here, sir. I can't butt in like that. It's only two days to Christmas."

"You must spend Christmas with us—unless you've got other plans."

"Well, no, I haven't, but I don't like—"

Simeon said: "That's settled." He turned his head. "Pilar?"

"Yes, Grandfather."

"Go and tell Lydia that we shall have another guest. Ask her to come up here."

Pilar left the room. Stephen's eyes followed her. Simeon noted the fact with amusement.

He said, "You've come straight here from South Africa?"

"Pretty well."

They began to talk of that country.

Lydia entered the room a few minutes later.

Simeon said, "This is Stephen Farr, son of my old friend and partner, Ebenezer Farr. He's going to be with us for Christmas if you can find room for him."

Lydia smiled.

"Of course." Her eyes took in the stranger's appearance. His bronzed face and blue eyes and the easy backward tilt of his head.

"This is my daughter-in-law," said Simeon.

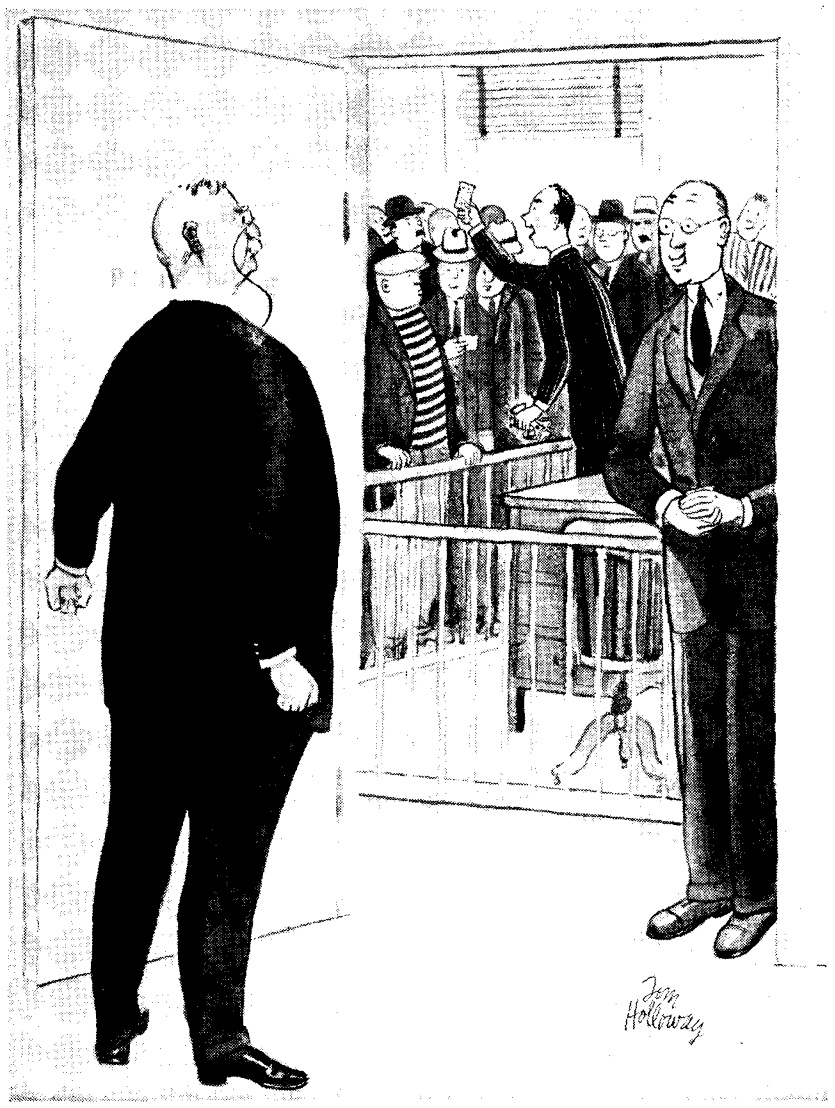
Stephen said, "I feel rather embarrassed—butting in on a family party like this."

"You're one of the family, my boy," said Simeon. "Think of yourself as that."

"You're too kind, sir."

Pilar re-entered the room. She sat down quietly by the fire and picked up the fan. Her eyes were demure and downcast.

(*To be continued next week*)



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The Plow and the Star

Continued from page 13

he played hooky because his sister was sick. She was sent to his grandparents in Kent and he wanted to stop school and go along. This reasonable request was refused, so he got back at the family by playing hooky. He primed the other kids to tell the teacher that he was sick, too, to keep anyone from inquiring about him at home. He hung around a newsstand a good deal and kept seeing a youth about his own age, who passed every other day all dressed up in an Eton collar and other swagger clothes. Curiosity brought acquaintance and the dapper bucko said he was dressed up for choir practice and took the little cockney along to one of the big churches.

Mrs. Rains' little boy had a voice and the teacher had often made him sing hateful solos in school. But this choir business seemed different and he leaped at the chance to be a chorister when the choirmaster tried him out. After six weeks of hooky, the family discovered that their son was no longer drinking from the Pierian spring. You can't get away with that sort of thing forever. Rains took the licking without mentioning his choir job. He did this with malice aforethought so that afterward he could turn in a scene of dramatic virtue and make them sorry they had punished so noble a boy. They felt appropriately impressed and let him keep on.

He got on the stage by thinking he was going to the country. One day the choirmaster said, "If you'd like to go to the Haymarket with us, be here at ten Wednesday." Little Claude dashed home, highly delighted, and told his mother they were going for a day in the fields. She put up a nice lunch for him and he checked in, ready for the jaunt. Within an hour, he was running around the stage of the Haymarket Theater as a chorister extra in a rehearsal of Sweet Nell of Old Drury.

Our hero progressed from extra to call boy and eventually to prompter. Finally he became assistant stage manager, switching between the Duke of York's and His Majesty's, according to which one refused to advance his salary. He yearned to act. But it was evident that he would have to get over both a Cockney accent and an impediment in his speech before anyone would let him. He couldn't say the letter "r." For years, little "Rilly" Rains called himself "Willy Wains." His mamma thought it was cute, but directors didn't. One of them gave young Mr. Rains some tongue exercises, saying, "You can practice them while shaving." The downy youth lapped up the remark. He had only just bought his first razor.

Later he toured Australia, playing small parts and managing the stage.

Back in England again, Granville Barker sent for him. "I'd like you to take my company of Fanny's First Play over to America," said Barker. "You'll act as my representative till I get there. All you have to do is watch the production, make sure that everything is all right on the stage, clock the audience as it comes in, in order to check the box office, handle finances—ah—make speeches about Mr. Shaw and me before different clubs and organizations—I'd like you to see to it that the publicity is good, too—and, oh, yes—I nearly forgot," he added, "you'll play a small part."

So in 1912 Rains came to America for the first time. And he stayed on through Granville Barker's later repertory tour. The war broke out, but Rains remained in America until 1915, when he thought he couldn't very well stay out of the army any longer.

"I didn't want to get killed or kill anyone else," he states frankly. "And a friend over there sent word he could get me a job where I wouldn't have to do either." He arrived in England to find that his friend had left London. Another friend promised a similar safe niche.

Rains walked away from the office and, going down the street, suddenly saw coming toward him a magnificent big fellow about a foot taller than he was and twice as wide, wearing seven yards of gorgeous tartan pleated about him. Below his military jacket, the tilt of his kilt was jaunty. It was a beautiful costume. The actor couldn't resist. He about-faced, followed the fellow, swore he was a Scotchman, and in no time at all was a member of one of the fightingest regiments of the "Ladies from Hell."

Army Man

He got a touch of gas and was liberally sprayed with shrapnel at Vimy Ridge and, when they couldn't get him back in working order, they returned him to England on a stretcher. After a while he got well and went into another regiment, but stayed in England. When the war was over, he was a captain and he liked army life so much that he decided to stick.

"Go back to the theater? Put paint on my face? Nothing so effeminate!" jerked out Captain Rains.

He applied for a post in British Somaliland, or one of those out-of-the-way places. The papers came through and required only the signature of his colonel. The colonel was out that afternoon. Rains went out, too. He strolled past a theater and met a friend who offered him a job. He promptly forgot Somaliland and the army and went back to acting. Maybe you'd call the gent impulsive.

From 1919 to 1926, he played leads in London for the American Gilbert Miller at St. James's Theater and for other producers. Incidentally he taught in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and John Gielgud and Charles Laughton were among his pupils.

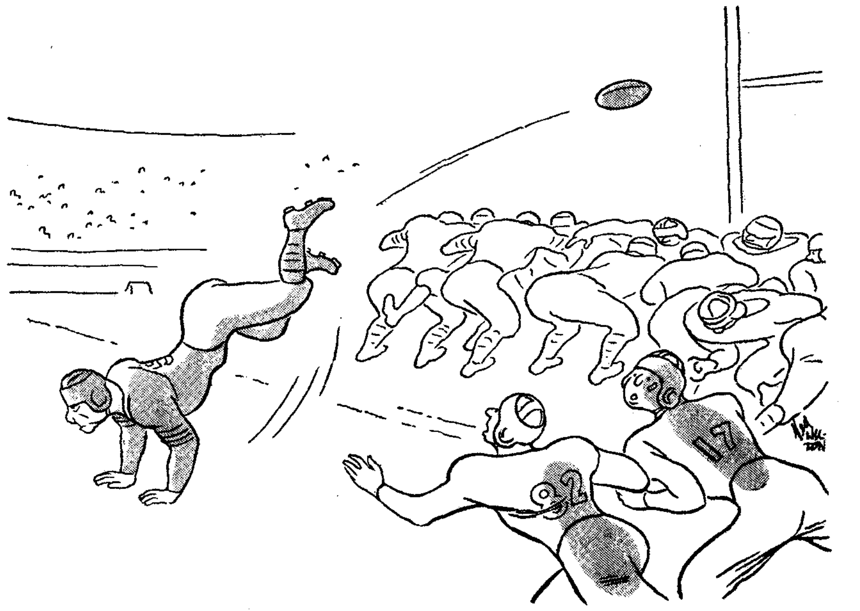
The winter of 1926 saw him in New York again. He had married one of his lady pupils. She had a major role in The Constant Nymph and he came along as stage manager and played a bit part. It irked him, that bit part. He was a leading man. He broke loose and took the title part in Lally and got good notices even if the play was a flop. He also substituted in And So to Bed for the star who was taken ill. When the Constant Nymph company returned to England, his wife went back and he stayed in America by mutual consent, which led to divorce.

Alec Woollcott had known his work in London and gave him some good notices in New York, figuring that little Willy Wains had been kicked about enough by now, and at his suggestion the Theatre Guild got interested in Mr. Claude Rains to the extent of a three-year contract which stretched to five. He met the present Mrs. Rains in a touring company of Marco's Millions. But it was not for his performance in such notable plays as Moon in the Yellow River, The Apple Cart and The Good Earth that the films got after him.

In an off moment, he appeared for another management in The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, as unblushing a pure grease-paint drama as ever was seen. Mr. Rains, who had previously distinguished himself as a good actor, was miraculously at his worst in it. But when the Guild had saddened his soul by saying "We have nothing more," and he had retired to the Jersey farm, it was this piece of theatrical junk that caused a picture company to take a test, and it was this test that caused James Whale, director, to cast him in The Invisible Man.

He was at his meanest in Crime Without Passion, and that is saying a good deal. For years you've known that when Claude Rains came on the screen, sly cunning and skulduggery were afoot. But lately, he's been going soft, cinematically speaking. In the recent Four Daughters, he plays a grumpy but lovable fellow, and in a number of other films his usual characterization of an effete louse has given way to charm.

It is our contention that settling down on the farm with the gray-eyed Mrs. Rains and the black-eyed infant has brought about a basic change. The man is happy. But he still soaks everything with Worcestershire sauce, grinds black pepper fresh at the table, and finishes off with a touch of tabasco, so we wouldn't be surprised to hear his temper's still in working order if needed. When we last saw him, he was chasing Japanese beetles and any Jap beetle being chased by him is advised to leave immediately.



"He's as STUBBORN as a mule, too"

NED HILTON

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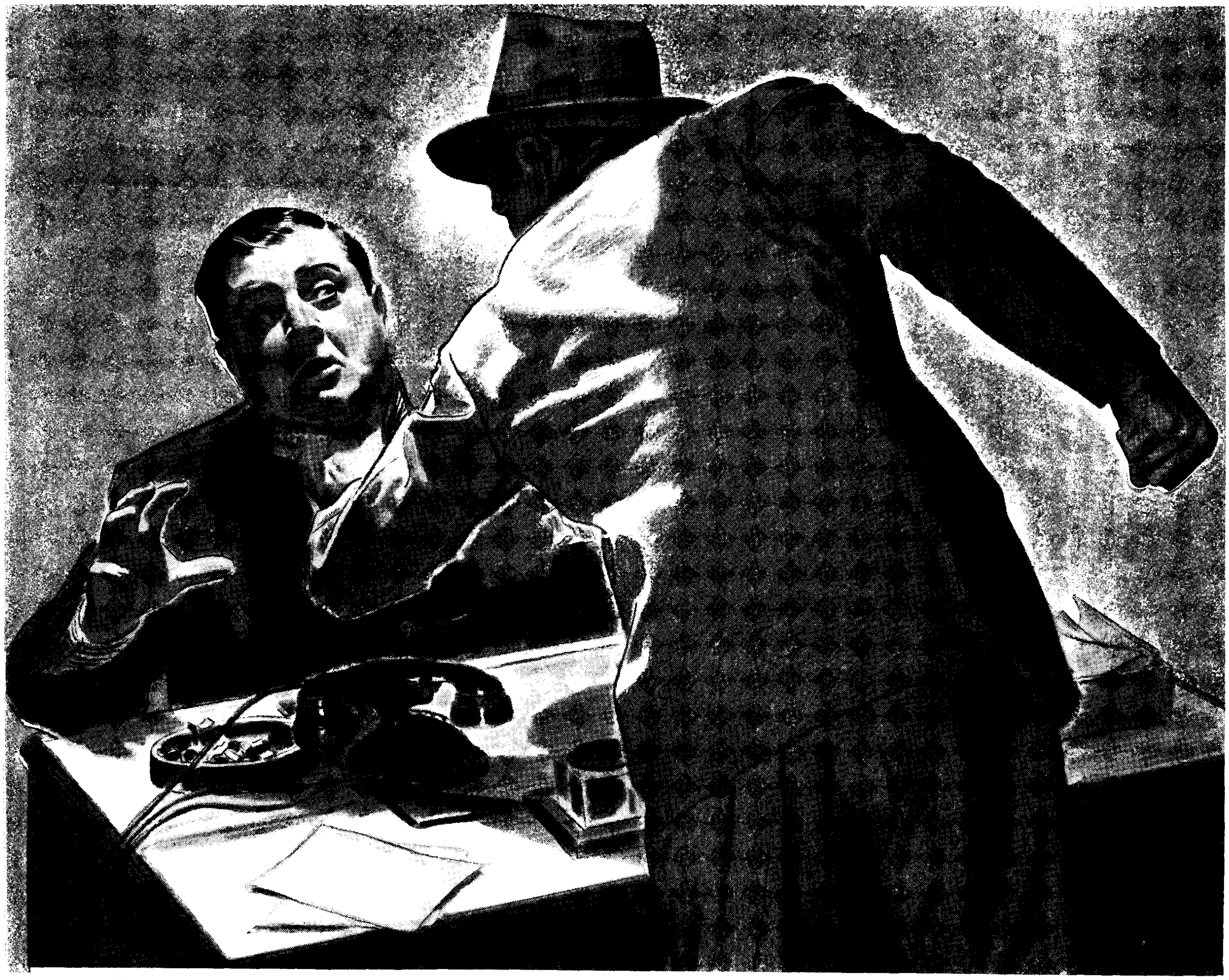

Before he knew what he was doing, Joe had stretched over the desk and grabbed Wilder by the throat. He was wild with rage

Life Sentence

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

Portrait of a man with nothing left in the world to live for—except a woman

JOE BROFF stood waiting patiently before the two men at the desk, not smiling, not liking the way they looked him up and down, but unable to do anything about it. He didn't speak. The younger man, Whitey, dapper and quick in his fancy clothes, had a smirk on his face and it troubled Joe. Wilder, the one lying back in the swivel chair, slanted his head, blinking his eyes as he inspected him. He wore a tab collar that pinched tightly at the neck and was too high, so that the flesh of his jowls bulged out over it like flaps. The letters on the windows said Hooper Garagemen's Association, Inc., but if Wilder was actually a garageman or head of a garagemen's organization, Joe knew he wouldn't be so shifty and nervous.

"Well, now, who would he be?" Wilder asked the dapper man.

"He is my brother," Whitey said, smiling. "My long-lost big brother, just like it says. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, it happens," Wilder said solemnly. "You must not be surprised at anything these days. Where does a big brother like that hide himself all these years?"

"Oh. I wouldn't know," Whitey said. "I ain't seen him ten, twelve years now, maybe longer. Maybe he took a trip around the world; who knows?" He smiled at his brother but Joe didn't like the smile and kept silent, waiting to see what would happen.

"My ambition," Wilder said to Joe, being sociable now. "All my life I had it in my mind to travel. Some day, you just wait and see," he said reproachfully to Whitey, "I'm going to pick myself up one morning and leave all you kids flat. It's time you boys learned how to take care of yourselves for a change. Then goodby all the worries and the headaches. I'll take a cruise around the world and see all the sights. A man owes himself little pleasures, don't he, Mr. Broff? Life is so short these days."

He sighed and waited for an answer, but Joe, not understanding him nor liking his talk, didn't speak.

"Say, what's the matter with your brother he can't talk?" Wilder asked Whitey. "He ain't deef, is he? He ain't dumb by some chance?"

"Talk," Whitey said to his big brother. "Don't be bashful. The man ain't going to bite you. Say hello so maybe he won't think you're deef and dumb."

Joe looked at his brother. "I don't understand all this monkey business, Whitey," he said quietly. "I come down to see you, kid. I wanted to have a long talk alone."

"Oh, please, please," Wilder murmured, acting hurt. "Do you consider that good manners, Mr. Broff? I'm sorry if I'm interfering in personal affairs. I don't mean to inflict my company on *anyone.*"

"See, he don't like it here for me," Whitey explained, still smiling. He spoke to Wilder but kept his eyes on his brother all the time. "Out of a blue sky he appears on the scene and tells me *honesty is the best policy.* He's got objections to my job, so I figured I'll introduce him to my boss and then he can see what good hands I'm in. All of a sudden he pops up out of nowhere and begins looking out for my best interests. What do you make out of a thing like that anyway?"

"Very commendable," Wilder said. "But tell me, Whitey, what makes him think I'm a bad person to work for? Can you imagine what put such an idea into his head?"

"Oh, search me," Whitey said. "I don't know where he picks up his ideas. Maybe he heard some of the boys shooting their mouths off in the outside room when he was waiting for me and it made the wrong impression. Yes, maybe he heard them say what happened at the Stagg Street garage."

"Why, what happened there?" Wilder asked innocently.

"Oh, it was something fierce. Some hoodlums, some roughnecks, broke into the garage. They picked out the most expensive car in the place and went to work on it. They broke the windshield and all the door windows with monkey-wrenches. They threw acid on the upholstery inside. They even ripped the tires."

"Oh, bad, bad," Wilder groaned, closing his eyes with pain. "Where can there be people to do such nasty things? What that Stagg Street garage needs is protection, Whitey. They need a strong organization to look out for them."

"THEY will join up, I guess," Whitey said. "They may be stubborn for a *while but sooner or later they will come* around to our point of view. They'll pay all the fees, the assessments and the dues because they never can tell what kind of hoodlums there are in the world and what next they will do. They will join up, I'm afraid."

"Now you see, Mr. Broff," Wilder said, "there is such a crying need for the type of services we offer. We do nothing illegitimate. Our hands are always clean. Just like somebody might sell auto accessories or spare parts, we sell service—protection, organization, stability. And our charges are reasonable. I could point to things that happen other places."

Joe tried to keep his face expressionless but he hated Wilder for his greasy, insulting manner, for his twisted sense of humor, for the crazy performance he took the trouble to put on because he knew it was pleasing Whitey. Most of all Joe hated the man for his complete influence over the youngster. When the time came, Joe knew, the ones like Wilder seldom got hurt, or if the punishment finally caught up with them it wasn't until long after the gay reckless kids like Whitey were burned out and destroyed.

Joe saw the knowing slickness in his brother with dismay. He saw the arrogance with which the boy wore his fifteen-dollar yellow shoes, the draped trousers, the unmatched brown check jacket. And seeing him jaunty and wise like James Cagney in some gangster movie, Joe remembered his own days when he was as young as Whitey and how it had been with him then. He, too, had been brave and certain of himself, *willing to take all chances as a matter of* pride, easily sucked in by the flatteringly affectionate attentions of the first big shot who came along and who needed him. He, too, had always been anxious to prove how good he was. In those days he had been a regular hero to himself, too, but the trouble was you never got away with anything. You got on to *yourself but then it was too late.*

"I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, Whitey," Wilder was saying. "I honestly don't mean bad, but your brother certainly must be a peculiar type. Why does he stand there like that? What's the matter he's got so little to say? Is he a deep thinker? Is that it? Or maybe there is some law he's not allowed to open his mouth? Just tell me. I only want information."

"TALK," Whitey said, and he had stopped smiling now. "For ten years I never seen you and never heard from you. Now you're back. Now you're here. Ain't you got anything to say to your little brother?"

"I take it from you, kid," Joe said. "Go ahead, say anything you want. If it makes you feel good, play any kind of game you care!"

"No, Joe," Whitey said, "you got me all wrong. I really got a curiosity to know what you have to say. You're my big brother. You want to put me on the straight and narrow path because it's good for me. Start up. I'll be Baby Snooks and you be Daddy. Tell me, Joe."

"Make fun, kid," Joe said. "I don't get sore. It's okay. All I'm saying is, this is no way. This is no good. Believe me, kid, I know all about these things. I'm telling you to get a job and forget the easy money. It just don't work out like you think at first."

Wilder made clucking noises with his tongue in mock concern. It was meant to be funny but Whitey ignored it, glaring with complete absorption at his brother.

"Oh, you bum!" he broke out bitterly. "You broken-down, gutless bum! Where the hell do you get the nerve to talk to me like that? What did you do that was so hot? You slipped out of the house the first chance you got. You left Mamma with a houseful of stinkers and you never sent a penny home to help out. You never gave a damn how we got raised up or what happened to us. All this time I didn't hear from you, don't think I couldn't imagine. You were too busy coining the easy dough yourself, upstate, Chicago, Detroit, everywhere. I know! You saw the country, you worked every crooked racket there was, you had all the fun, until you finally got the guts kicked out of you and turned yellow.

"And now when you're a washed-out back number you suddenly feel the pangs of conscience. You lousy bum, I ought to kick your teeth in. I ought to crack every bone in your body . . ."

Whitey spoke rapidly. Joe Broff kept staring resolutely at his brother all the time, taking in every word, absorbing fully the cold contempt and hate. But he said nothing and didn't stir, knowing in his heart that he had this coming to him.

"Not nice," Wilder was mourning behind the desk when Whitey stopped. "Not polite, not civilized. A man shouldn't talk like that to his own brother no matter what."

A FEW blocks down the street from the Hooper Garagemen's Association, Joe had a room on the second floor, over a candy stand. He spent the mornings there reading the paper from first page to last, even reading things like business bankruptcies and fire department notices. When he grew sick of the room, he put on his old hat and went downstairs, hanging around for hours at the soda counter where it opened out to the street. The candy man didn't like it. "Please, gentleman," he begged Joe uncomfortably. "I don't like to chase you but this is a place of business, not a

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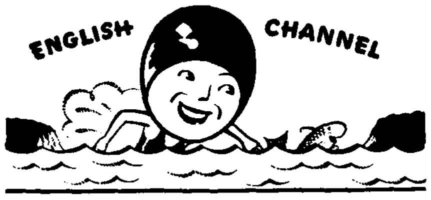

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meeting hall. You block the stand. You keep customers away. I got a living to make too." Joe didn't want to bother the man but somehow he never left the place. He couldn't help it.

It was funny, the way he couldn't move. Ferrari, a fruit and produce man he knew, had a job waiting for him to drive a truck to the market, but Joe just couldn't seem to get himself in motion. He didn't care whether he worked or not. He didn't care if he had no money, no good clothes, no good meals to eat, and he let the job wait. He didn't even like to talk to people. When the kids playing punchball on the block sassed him he would take it quietly, keeping his mouth shut. It was a hard thing to explain, Joe thought to himself. You couldn't talk about it unless it was to somebody who liked you a good deal, who could go more than halfway to understand. A man had to have a sweetheart for a thing like that. It wasn't just loneliness; it was a clutching fear that kept you constantly scared and it was also the blank despair of a man who felt he was through, finished, dead.

JOE often saw his brother, sometimes walking with Wilder, on his way to the Garagemen's Association. They never spoke, but when Joe watched the swinging gait of the boy, his easy cockiness, he remembered how like the kid he himself had been ten, twelve years ago. He wished it could happen somehow for the two of them to be friends. It would be good to have a brother he could talk to and advise.

There was a girl, a woman, Joe saw on the street when she came home from the subway in the evenings. She lived near by and sometimes stopped at the candy stand for a glass of soda water. No matter how many times they saw each other, Joe never spoke to her, afraid to go out of his way. Lately he had taken to tipping his hat and once or twice she had smiled at him and he smiled stiffly back, feeling that he was friends with her in this strange, silent way. It was really peculiar, Joe thought. He didn't even know her name but he passed a good deal of the time away by daydreaming of her. They would be walking, in his mind, on the seashore; they would be having a meal together in a restaurant; they would be dancing.

It was crazy, Joe knew. Ten, twelve years ago they would have been old steadies by this time but now it was hard to talk, to act normal, to be alive. She must be thinking him very refined and gentlemanly, Joe smiled to himself, because he never made a pass at her. But it was simply that he was more dead to the world than not.

She was standing at the candy stand, drinking a glass of vanilla soda water after work, and Joe, hanging around there, felt today she would surely talk to him because she kept looking at him. His first impulse was to take a walk around the block but he forced himself to stay there and try not to be so lifeless. He might even have gone up to her and been the first to speak, but just then he saw his brother coming up the street. The boy was walking with Wilder, and when they came up to the candy stand he suddenly stepped away from the fat man and turned to Joe.

"Oh, go away some place far!" Whitey snapped out at him. The kid was so angry, Joe couldn't understand it. That anger wasn't natural. "It makes me sick to see you on the street. I can't stand it to see you," the boy said.

"Whitey, now, Whitey," Wilder said properly, coming up. "Control yourself, Whitey. He's your older brother, you know. Show him some kind of respect."

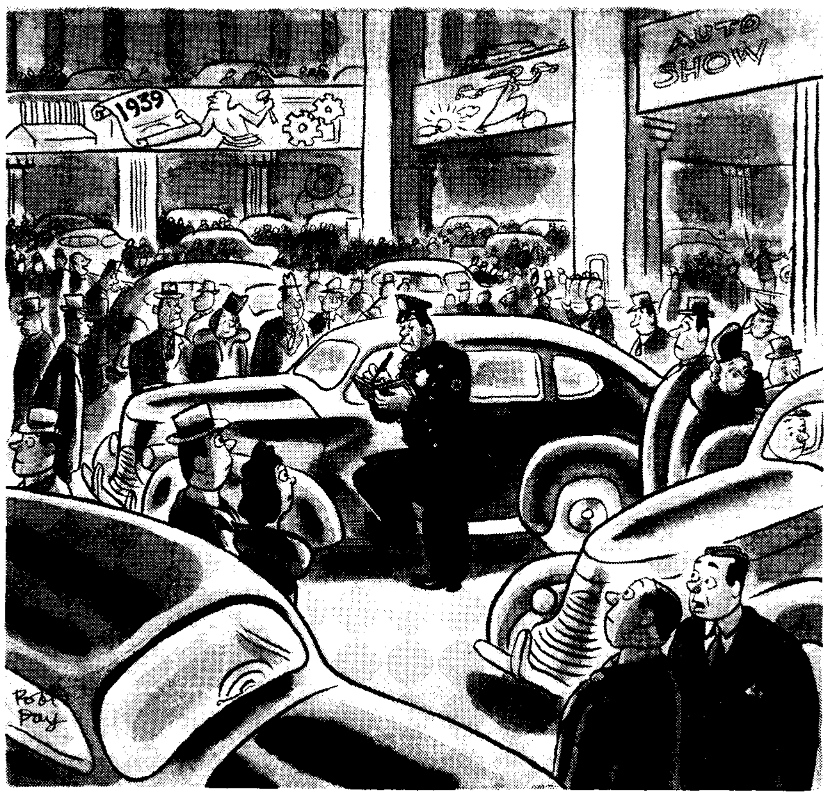
"I can't leave town, kid," Joe said, talking in a low voice so that the girl might not hear. "I got to stay right here. There's reasons."

"Don't stay for my sake," the boy cried. "Don't do me favors and think you're looking out for me. Listen, here is fifty dollars. Take it. Go some place far, anywhere just to get out of my sight."

He held the money out but Joe kept his hands in his pockets and didn't move. He wished the kid would quiet down but he wondered what was making him so angry. Whitey put the bills away.

"Bum," he said. He seemed no longer angry. He looked miserable now. "Cheap, broken-down bum. Won't even give me the satisfaction of staying out of my sight."

"Whitey, Whitey, what have you got for a heart? A stone?" Wilder pleaded. "Can't you let bygones be bygones? Everybody makes a mistake or two. That's



"Absent-minded guy, isn't he?"

ROBERT DAY

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why they got erasers on pencils, you know."

"I can't leave town, kid," Joe said. Somehow he didn't care now if the girl heard them. She held her glass to her lips and looked over the rim at them now and then, but Joe didn't mind. He began to understand why his brother was so angry and so miserable. Nasty as the boy sounded, it was the only way he had of showing that he wanted to help Joe, was thinking of him, wanted to give him money, even. It made Joe suddenly glad even though the girl was there to see. "I can't leave town, Whitey," he said. "I got to stick around."

"Ah, you go preaching to me," Whitey said, "and you hang around the candy stand all day. Why don't you go to work? Why don't you find something to keep busy? You think it's a good thing to rot this way?"

"Pardon me for intruding," Wilder said to Joe in his soft, oily way. "I don't want to interfere but the boy talks sense, you know. It's not right for a healthy man like you to be inactive. You'll get sick. I don't like to see it in a man when he's morbid and depressed."

Joe didn't pay attention to him but looked at Whitey, growing convinced that the kid for all his talk was human and understanding, wasn't all bad.

"You know, Mr. Broff," Wilder continued, "my organization could use a man like you. From what I hear from Whitey, you had talents in your young days. You were once a good man in your way, he tells me."

"What's the matter?" Joe asked, turning to him. "Can't you pick up enough kids off the street for your work?"

"Well, there's lots to do in an organization like mine," Wilder said, not letting himself get mad. "We don't work for any particular garage. Our work helps the whole industry and it's unfair for one place to get the benefits without giving a right share to the expenses. Don't you agree? Now, really, I don't quite understand your antagonistic attitude, Mr. Broff. Well, tell me, what would you do when a garage, let's say the one on Stagg Street, gets stubborn and won't join up and pay dues? You would persuade them, wouldn't you, Mr. Broff, if you were in my position? Well, then, we have to go find men with strong personalities. We deal with a class of people that don't know what's good for them and we need convincing talkers, you see."

Joe let him go on, paying no attention, but the kid was itching to get away.

"Come on," Whitey said to Wilder. "He's a bum. He's yellow. You can't use him, why waste time? He couldn't blow up a paper bag."

As they walked away, Joe kept looking after his brother, and then he remembered the girl was still there. When their eyes met, she smiled at him, and he felt a glow of warmth. She understood he might be feeling embarrassed now and she was trying to put him at ease with that smile.

"My kid brother," Joe said hesitantly. "He's one of those wild kids you see around. I let him talk, you know. He's harmless."

"Yes," she said, "I imagined as much. I could tell the minute I saw those snappy clothes on him. There are a lot of youngsters like him in this neighborhood."

"What it is," Joe said, smiling pleasantly, "he likes to live in style like maybe he might be some character out of a moving picture. He thinks he is a kind of hero, you know, real tough and hard. But fundamentally I think he is okay at bottom." Joe tried to sound conversational and smooth, wanting to gloss over the bad scene with his brother by this light talk about wild kids; but the more he said, the more jumbled it became until finally the woman put her glass down on the marble counter of the candy stand.

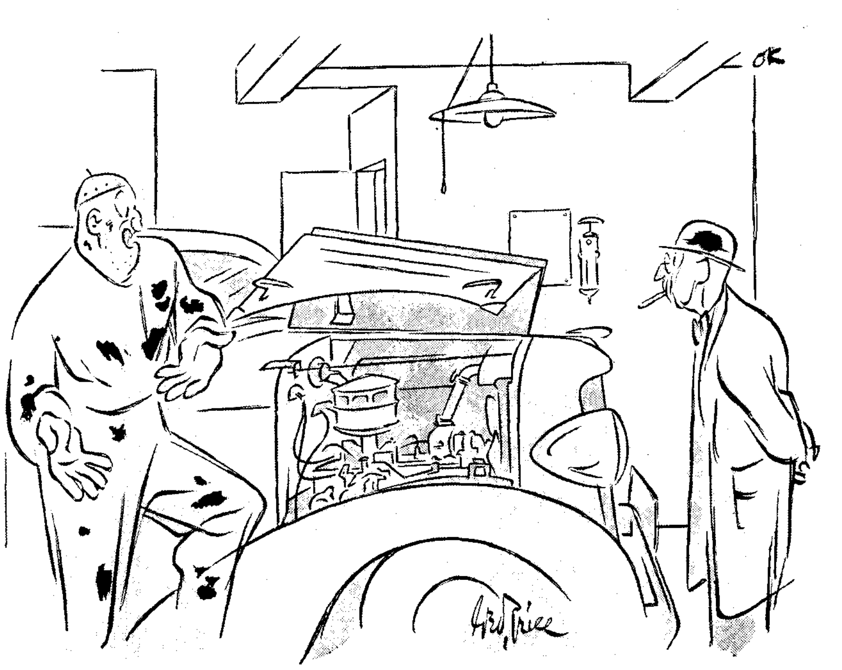
"I always drink vanilla soda water plain," she said, changing the subject casually, as though what had happened with Whitey needed no further explanations.

THE candy man was looking at them, his face unhappy, and the girl moved away. "We're blocking traffic," she said. "He's getting sore. Well, I better be going."

"Oh, let him get sore," Joe said. "There's no hurry."

"I got to eat my supper. I wasn't home from work yet."

Joe didn't like to see her go but he didn't know how to keep her there. He was out of practice, he told himself. When he talked to her, it was an effort for him to hide his pleasure in having somebody to speak to. It was a long time since he had held a decent conversation with a person; it was years since he had talked to a woman. He was out of practice and besides he couldn't go about it the way he did in the old days. She stood there before him, unable to go away since he kept looking at her even though he said nothing.



"Really, there's not a thing wrong. I think you're just an old hypochondriac"

GEORGE PRICE

"Well, listen," she said, "there's a fine show at the Patio. It's a three-star picture with Loretta Young. She's a very excellent actress."

"Yes, I think so, too," Joe said, lying. He had never seen Loretta Young. "I always enjoy her in a picture. Well, listen, that's an idea if you don't mind my broaching it. Would you care to take in a show tonight? Maybe you feel like taking in a movie."

"Okay, why not?" she said. "Listen, I'll have my supper and I'll meet you at the candy stand. Say eight o'clock."

"Oh, that's fine," Joe said. "It's really very convenient, meeting at the candy stand. I live right over it. Say, if you don't mind, my name is Joe Broff. I was always curious to know by what name you went."

"Lucy Chessman," she said. "It's really Lucille but I like Lucy better, so I indulge myself. It's dumb, isn't it?"

AFTER she left, Joe looked at the clock on the wall of the candy store and saw it was a quarter to six. There was still plenty of time to see Ferrari and tell him he'd take that truck driver's job. Oh, hell, there was life in the old dog yet, Joe thought, and he went swinging down the street toward the docks where the fruit markets were. "I ain't deceased and buried, not yet anyhow," Joe said.

Ferrari told him to show up for work in the morning. It was fine, but when Joe came back to get ready for his date the candy man stuck his head over the counter and told him there had been a telephone call for him. His brother wanted to see him at the Garagemen's Association right away. It was urgent, the candy man said.

At the place Joe found three nervous, gum-chewing kids in the outer room. They pointed to Wilder's office and he went straight in. The fat man was lying back in the swivel chair, a pleased look on his face. Whitey was sitting on the desk, swinging his leg.

"Whitey, what?" Joe asked.

The boy didn't like to look at his brother as he talked. "I let Wilder talk me into it," he mumbled. "Wilder wanted to give you a chance to make something out of yourself and I said okay. You can go to work with us right now, tonight."

"See, see," Wilder murmured proudly. "I'm genuinely happy. It gives me pleasure to bring two brothers together again."

"We're going out on a little job," Whitey said. "Those guys in the Stagg Street garage don't know how to give in, so we got to give them a lesson they should know once for all. You can come along right now."

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "You got enough kids waiting outside. What do you need me for?"

"Well, we're shorthanded," Whitey said. "Those Stagg Street guys are getting tough and we can use another man."

"What's the matter with Wilder?" Joe asked. "Is he a cripple? Why don't he go along?"

"Wouldn't be practical," Wilder said softly. "It's no job for a man like me. You need brave boys for this, kids with nerve and rich red blood, and I'm a coward. I admit it."

"Don't go, Whitey. Quit the racket," Joe said, coming close to the boy. "Don't you see it? Wilder uses you. You do all the dirty work. You'll take all the raps. I tell you no, kid. I say don't go."

"Save it for company," Whitey said. "Don't waste it on me."

Joe didn't know what else to say and grew angry with his helplessness. He kept on closing his fists at his sides and opening them again.

"Oh, now, listen, Mr. Broff," Wilder said finally, changing his tone now, growing confidential and friendly in his oily way again. "Don't you think I got a conscience, too, Mr. Broff? Listen, I'm a family man. I'm not a rooster without a sense of responsibility. Do you really think I would take advantage of these kids? I worry over them. I take care of them. Listen, I'm a father and a mother both to them—"

Joe could not control himself. Before he knew what he was doing, he had stretched over the desk and grabbed Wilder by the throat. He was wild with rage and fought off his brother as he choked the fat man. The three kids came rushing in from the outer room and piled up on Joe. They tore him away from Wilder and kept chopping at him until he fell to the floor. The kids hit hard and mercilessly and they wouldn't stop until some time after Whitey had begun yelling at them to quit.

"Come on, you bums," Whitey called. "Lay off him. He had enough. Come on, we got to go to work. It's getting late enough."

Joe lay on the floor for a while. At the desk Wilder was calmly straightening out his collar and tie. "It is a pity he couldn't see it our way and go along to Stagg Street," the fat man said. "We could use another man tonight. You'll be shorthanded, I'm afraid. And one thing, Whitey, you can't exactly call your brother yellow, not after this. Right is right, you know. I have to give him credit."

"I say no," Joe said from the floor, breathing hard. "I say don't go, kid. I say no."

Whitey didn't even take the trouble to look at him.

The candy man downstairs had his stand fitted up with four big electric bulbs at night, and now the white brilliance came up into Joe's room. He sat listlessly in a chair. He had been sitting there for hours. His face felt raw from the blows but he didn't mind it. He had not bothered with Lucy and the movies, having no taste for a show, wondering now that he had ever been able to let himself think of these things for himself. They weren't for him: a nice girl, seeing a show, living a normal life. Now it was the same as before and he had lost all interest and felt empty.

THE wooden staircase outside began to shake under somebody's rapid steps. Then the door was flung open and Whitey rushed in. The boy's face was white. He still wore those fancy clothes but they looked out of place on him now. Joe stood up.

"It went wrong at the garage!" the boy gasped out. "It went all wrong, Joe! We took along guns but they was only to scare. They wasn't to shoot."

"Kill?" Joe asked quietly. "Murder?"

"No, no, not murder! Just shooting and maybe somebody got hit but nobody murdered! They pulled the cops on us and we had to shoot, Joe. The cops is after me, Joe!"

"Why did you come here? What made you come here?"

"I couldn't find Wilder!" the boy cried helplessly. "The rat run out on us and I couldn't find him nowhere. I figured I could lay low here because nobody knows about you. The cops wouldn't think to look for me here."

Joe's face filled with distress. "Oh, kid!" he exclaimed. "Oh, you did it, kid! You came to the worst place in the world! The cops will come here first thing. They know all about me; they know about you. I'm on parole, kid! They check up on me all the time!"

Whitey went frantic. He kept his hands senselessly up at his chest and they were trembling.

"Beat it, kid!" Joe said. "Here, take off that coat and wear mine. Beat it fast, kid. Get out of town!"

The boy hurried to make the change but while he was putting on the old,

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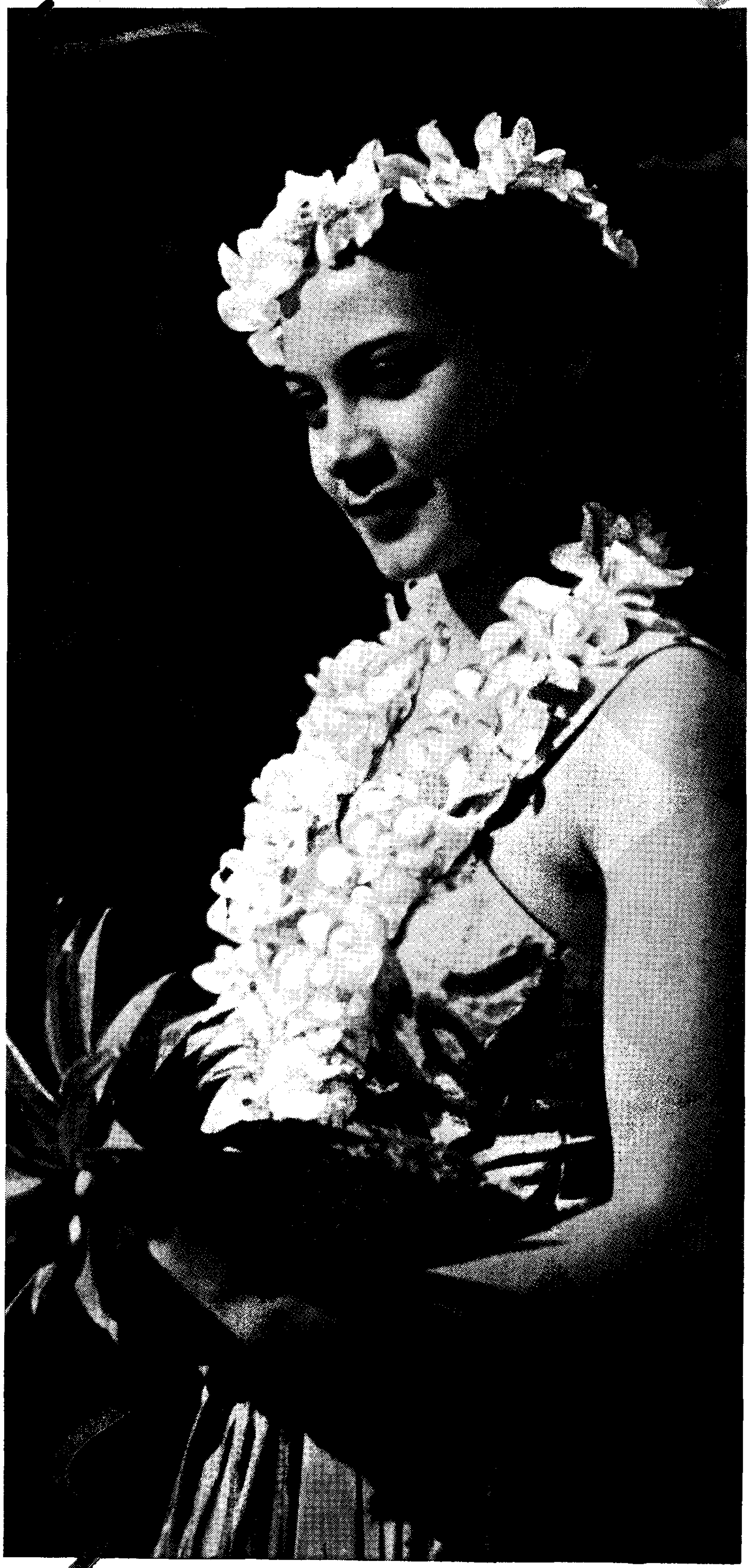

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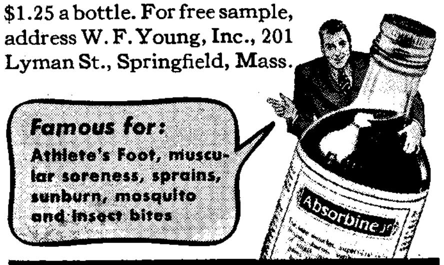
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wrinkled coat, Joe went to the window and looked down at the brilliantly lighted street. It was too late. There was a car parked across the street and Joe could see two detectives walking into the hall.

"It's too late, kid," he said. "They're coming up the stairs already."

"Tell me, what do I do now, Joe?" Whitey begged. "I can't just stand here and let them take me. I don't want to get put away. Not me!"

JOE opened the clothes closet and shoved the boy inside. "Stay here," he said. "Maybe it might work out. Maybe I'll get rid of them some way." He closed the door and sat down, forcing himself to appear calm.

"Come," he said when he heard the knock and the two men walked in. "Oh, hello, Shanner," Joe said, recognizing one of them. "Well, if it ain't Shanner. You worked your way up in the world. Last time I saw you, ten, twelve years ago, you was a cop on the beat, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Shanner said. "Time certainly flies, now, don't it, Broff?"

Shanner was always a good fellow, Joe remembered. Now he could see the detective felt awkward, not wanting to embarrass him by talking of old times, his police record and the years he had spent in jail.

"Well, what can I do for you and your friend?" Joe asked.

"It's a matter that involves your kid brother Whitey. You see him lately?"

"Now and then, on the street. We *ain't on speaking terms. It's not so hot* between us, you know. What's the kid been doing, Shanner?"

"He's mixed up with a guy called Wilder who owns a garage racket," Shanner said. "Wilder skipped but we'll catch up with him in time, I guess. Meanwhile we're looking for your kid brother. He nicked a man in a garage on Stagg Street, nothing very serious, but we want him."

"I see," Joe said. "Say, I'm sorry to hear that. Somehow I had the idea Whitey wasn't the kind of kid to do a thing like that."

"We thought he might show up here," Shanner said, "so we dropped in to wait for him. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no," Joe said. "I don't imagine the kid will come here but you're welcome to stay. I'm glad to have the company."

"Sit down, Maxwell," Shanner said to the second detective. "We got a long wait if that kid ever shows up at all."

Joe kept himself carefully in control, trying to sound normal. He wondered how he might get them out of the house long enough for Whitey to escape, but he didn't want to give himself away by being too anxious. It was the second detective, Maxwell, who troubled Joe. This one kept walking up and down the room, looking around, and Joe worried, wondering how soon the notion might enter his head to open the closet. Suddenly Maxwell stopped and looked at him.

"Who marked you up like that, brother?" he asked. "Your face is all cut up."

Joe put his hand to his cheek. "Oh, that," he said. "It was a little something on the docks. I work there, for Ferrari, driving one of his trucks, and there was a little trouble among the boys." He turned to Shanner but he could feel Maxwell's suspicious eyes still on him. "Shanner, are they sure it was my kid brother?" he asked. "The reason I ask is it don't somehow sound like the kid. How do they know it was him?"

"They got a pretty good description," Shanner said. "He wears fancy clothes and they see him around a lot in this neighborhood. He's got a jacket, a sports jacket with brown checks."

He wanted to go on but Maxwell suddenly interrupted him. "Like this!" he called out. He had picked up Whitey's jacket from the couch and now held it up in his hand, glaring at Joe. "A brown jacket like this!"

Shanner looked up. "What's this, Broff?" he asked.

JOE calmly took the coat from Maxwell and put it on. "What's your friend all excited about, Shanner?" he asked. "What's there in my coat to upset him?" He pulled the jacket snugly at the collar. "How do you like it? How does it fit?"

Shanner sat back again. "Not bad," he said. "Don't go so good with those pants though."

"Well, give me time," Joe smiled. "I'm still saving up for the pants."

"Shanner," Maxwell said, "listen, Shanner, I got a hunch on this. We don't want his kid brother at all. We want him. Look at the jacket. Look at the marked-up face."

Shanner waved him aside. "Keep quiet, Maxwell. Keep your shirt on. I know more about Broff than you do. It's nuts. He wouldn't get mixed up with small change like Wilder. With what Broff's got to lose, he'd be out of his

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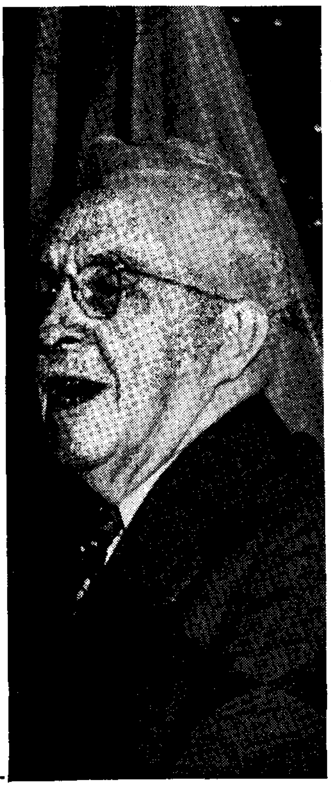

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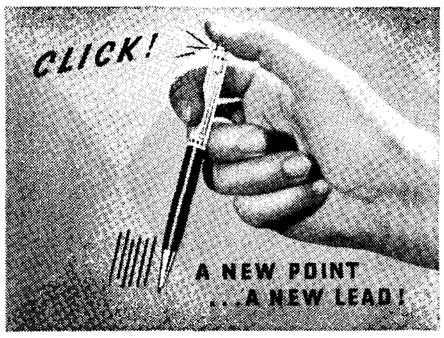

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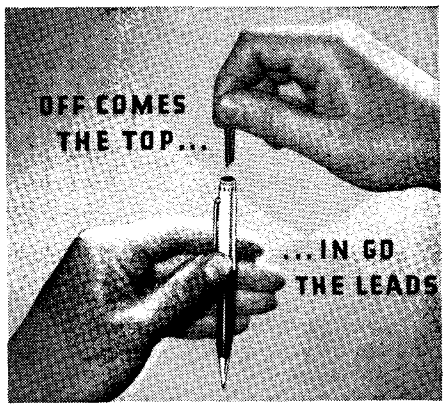

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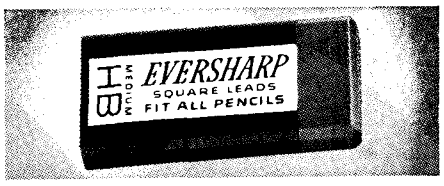

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mind to bother with anything less than a million dollars."

"Oh, well," Joe said, standing up, "if your friend thinks I'm all mixed up in this, let's go down to the station house. Let's clear this up right away if it's only for my peace of mind. Let's go."

"I don't like the way he talks," Maxwell broke out. "He's too cocky. The whole thing's got a smell to me. I don't like the looks of him. They said it was a guy in a brown check jacket, didn't they?"

"Oh, all right," Shanner said, "but we got nothing on him." He rose. Joe was trying hard to cover up his relief but just then they heard footsteps on the stairway. Shanner glanced at Maxwell. "You and your brown check jacket," he said. He turned to Joe. "Just say come in, natural like, won't you, Broff?"

Joe cursed his luck. He wondered who it might be. "Come in," he said. The door opened and Lucy walked in.

SHE looked uncertainly at the two strangers. "Maybe I shouldn't have come," she said to Joe. "I was worried, so I thought I would come and see if anything was the matter."

"It's all right," Joe said. His voice sounded hollow and thin to himself.

"Lady, why was you so worried?" Maxwell asked. "Tell us, lady, what was it?"

"Should I talk, Joe?" she asked. "Maybe I'll do wrong to talk."

"Don't be afraid to talk, lady," Maxwell said. "There's nothing to hide, is there? It's okay, isn't it, Joe, if the lady talks?"

"I had a date and I couldn't keep it," Joe began but Maxwell cut him short.

"Let the lady talk," he said. "She's capable of speech. Talk, lady, don't be afraid."

"I didn't think you were the kind of fellow to give a girl a stand-up," Lucy said to Joe. She was miserable, feeling that she was hurting him in some way and yet not knowing what to do. "I thought if you couldn't come, maybe something was the matter. The candy man told me you had a call to go to the Garagemen's Association. The candy man said when you came back, you looked like you was in trouble. It was on my mind, Joe, so I had to drop in and see." She stopped, her eyes looking troubled.

"That's that," Maxwell said. "Thank you, lady." He turned to Shanner: "There it is, you have it now. You still got doubts?"

Shanner was still unable to believe it. "Broff," he said, "were you really mixed up in this?"

"Well, you heard what the lady said," Joe answered. He knew exactly what this would mean for him but somehow it did not trouble him deeply. Somehow he didn't feel too bad over it.

"Joe, did I say something wrong?" Lucy asked him, and her face was twisted with pain. "Joe, tell me, what did I say?"

"You did nothing, kid," Joe said to her. "It don't matter so very much."

"I can't believe it, Broff!" Shanner exclaimed. "You were crazy to do it. For what? You lost your mind. Do you realize what this is, Broff? You're a Baumer! Did you forget that, Broff?"

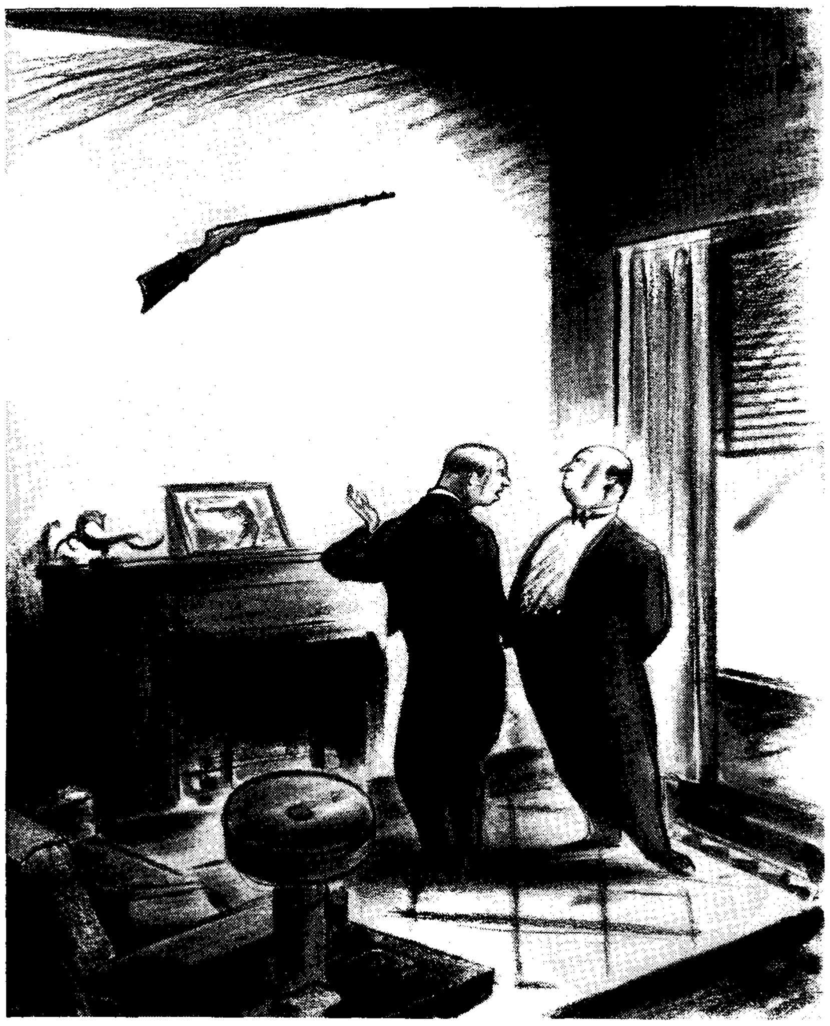
Lucy turned quickly to him. "What's a Baumer?" she asked the detective. "Tell me what it is."

"A Baumer, lady—it's a man with three convictions. It's the Baumes Law. This makes it Broff's fourth. He's a goner now. He gets put away for life!"

They heard a noise and looked toward the corner of the room. It was Whitey, standing before them in his brother's shiny old coat.

"Oh, why did you come out?" Joe asked him dully. "Why didn't you stay there, kid? It was working out."

"I feel like a louse, Joe," Whitey an-



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swered. His voice seemed choked. "I feel low-down and rotten. I feel like a heel, Joe."

It was quiet in the room after the detectives took Whitey away. Maxwell had wanted Joe to come along but Shanner had grown angry. "He's got nothing to do with it, Maxwell," Shanner had said. "He's okay. What the hell do we need him for?" They had gone away and now Lucy sat on the couch across the room from Joe, saying nothing for a long time.

"Do you like this kid brother of yours so much?" she asked him.

Joe roused himself to answer. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Yes, I like the kid. He is my kid brother but it wasn't just that exactly. It was, see, he was like me, the image of me when I was cocky and smart and tough in my young days, and I didn't want him to end up like me. And it's not like I was actually making some kind of a great sacrifice for him."

"No sacrifice?" she asked. "Going to jail for the rest of your life?"

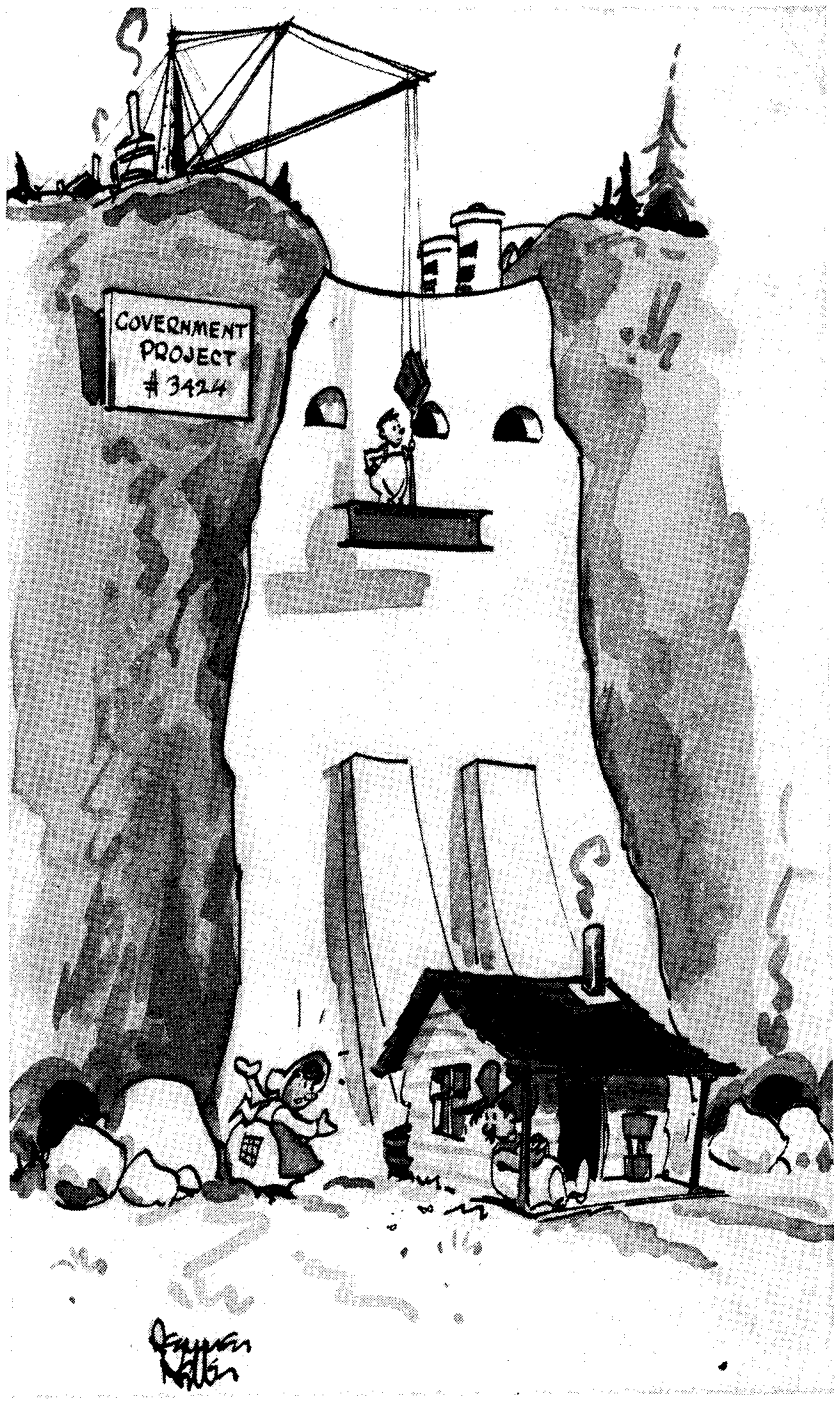
"Yes, I know it sounds terrible when you hear it, a man going to jail for the rest of his life. But it is really not so bad as it sounds. Because, after all, take me. What does a man in my position amount to? After everything he's been through, everything bad he's done and seen, what is there left for him? What does being free come down to in his case? He hangs around a candy stand all day. He reads the paper. He's finished, he's afraid to move, and he might as well be put away in some hole for the rest of his days. He's really got nothing to miss no more—"

"No, Joe! Don't say such things," she cried. "You're not finished. You got all kinds of good days ahead of you. You're not finished yet, Joe . . ." She couldn't go on. She was crying.

"HEY, what are you doing, kid?" Joe asked. "What is this?" He went to her on the couch and put his hand on her shoulder. "You don't have to cry, kid." he said. "Say, kid, it's not so bad a person has to cry."

It was funny, he was not used to these things but he sat down and put his arm around her. It made him feel good to hold her this way and feel the sobs shaking through her body for him. Even if she was crying, it made him feel strangely glad, for now the heavy weight that was always over him lifted and went away.

"Don't cry, kid," Joe said. "It's all right. Everything will work out, I guess. It will be all right, kid," he said.



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None But the Brave

Continued from page 44

"What sort of a feint?" he demanded.

"This way. When the preliminary barrage opens up, Fritz will be on the alert, expecting something. Now, my idea is to let him worry for a few minutes and then, at about zero plus five, to give him something to fix his attention and draw his fire."

"Yes, what?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, nobody is to get anywhere near him until after the barrage has started so that the racket of the bombardment will drown out the noise of our approach. We'll all stay well on our side of the gully.

"As soon as the barrage starts, you and I will go forward and work our way up the right-hand fork of the Y, and get as close to the block as possible. In the meantime the rest of the party, under Sergeant McLeod, will go up the left-hand fork and then crawl overland into the shell crater. And here again the bombardment will cover any noise they make. Incidentally, we'd better take McLeod out tonight and show him the way to that shell crater.

"At about zero plus five, then, when Fritz is wondering what direction it's coming from, you and I start throwing bombs out to our right—at a distance from the post at first, then moving them up closer.

"Fritz thereupon says to himself: 'Here they are, coming on our left and bombing their way in!' And he opens up in the direction where he saw our bombs bursting. We'll have to get behind that tree stump, which is the only piece of dead ground around there.

"And what's more, Dick, this is important. As it gets closer to zero plus ten, we'll have to show ourselves just enough to let him know there's somebody there all right. Otherwise he'll be beginning to suspect a feint.

"At zero plus ten, while you and I are engaging his attention, McLeod's bunch comes in on what will then be practically Heinie's rear, if we have done our decoying stuff successfully."

"Humph! Pretty dangerous," said Dick.

"I don't see any other way. A frontal attack would be suicide, with that machine gun firing right down the fork of the Y."

"I WAS thinking more of McLeod's party," said Dick. "If they got lost trying to find their left-hand fork of the Y, our whole end of the raid would go up in smoke, and there's no telling what effect it might have on the other groups."

"I won't let 'em get lost," I said.

"But you're going to be with me," Dick said, "and we've got to go first because we'll have to take it a lot slower working into our position so near the block."

"Yes," I said, "but the night of the raid I'll go out as soon as it gets dark and lay a tape right across that gully, which will lead McLeod's party straight into the left-hand fork. He won't be able to miss it. And I'll put another tape across the trench at the point where they climb out and crawl overland to the big shell crater. If they've got that far, they'll practically fall into it."

"Well, that's all right," said Dick. "Want me to come with you?"

"No, it isn't necessary," I said. "It shouldn't take me more than half an hour to get those two tapes down."

And that's just what I was starting out to do.

I got the two tapes placed without any trouble, and on my way back I stopped in at Dick's dugout to report.

"Pick me up here at 12 sharp, will you?" Dick said, when I was through. "McLeod and his bunch will meet us in the front line at 12:15."

"Tell him about the tapes?"

"Yes. 'Follow the tape,' I said. And I'll tell him again when we see him."

"He understands, doesn't he, Dick, that after we've cleaned up the post, we go straight in from there, following the communication trench?"

"Yes, and he's got a man in his bunch who knows some German and he'll yell to their front line not to shoot, as the post is coming in. Good idea?"

"Swell," I said. "I'll be back at 12."

I left the dugout.

I REACHED the Intelligence Section headquarters dugout a little before midnight. Shorty had already left for his rendezvous on our right and I found Dick alone, lying on his bunk, and lazily smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, hello," he said sort of dreamily. "Is it time?"

"Yes," I said. "Let's synchronize with battalion headquarters once more."

"All right," he said. "There's the telephone. Go ahead."

"Sergeant McLeod's watch is the important one," I said. "Wish we had it."

"We have," said Dick, pulling a wrist watch with a metal guard over the luminous dial out of his shirt pocket and tossing it to me. "He left it with me for a last-minute check."

"You damn' fool!" I said, half amused and half annoyed by his carelessness. "That's no way to treat a watch that our lives may depend on. Suppose I hadn't caught it?"

"I had perfect faith in you, Andy. Remember last Thursday, when we were practicing with the live grenades?"

I was busy on the telephone, so I didn't answer. But I certainly felt tremendously bucked by the complete lack of nerves that Dick was showing on the very brink of some of the most nervous sort of work a soldier can be assigned to. He just wasn't giving a damn, and he wasn't acting either. You can't fake that kind of thing.

He got up from his bunk and slipped into a regulation private's tunic, examined his black face in a little polished-steel mirror, and adjusted the cord of his automatic over one shoulder and under the other.

"The watches are okay," I said.

"Let's go, then," said Dick, and led the way out, carrying one of the bags of bombs I had brought. I picked up the other one and followed.

We met Sergeant McLeod and the men from his company in the front line and I gave him his watch. He strapped it on with the dial on the inside of his left wrist.

"Your men all here?" asked Dick.

"Yes, sir."

"All right, men," said Dick, speaking in a low voice to those near him. "Quite clear about your duties, are you?"

There was a general murmur of assent.

"I just want you to remember three things," Dick went on. "First, follow the tape. Second, after you get in the shell crater, not a move out of you till you get the signal from Sergeant McLeod, then let your bombs go and follow right in on top of them with the bayonet. Third, don't overshoot the post with your grenades because Corporal Paige and I will be operating on the other side of it. Is Private Vance here?"

"Here, sir."

"What are your instructions?"

"When the boys let their bombs go,

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I'm to try to pick off the squarehead on the machine gun with my rifle."

"Right. But don't look for a Heinie helmet. He doesn't wear one."

Dick went down the line a way and repeated his instructions to those who had been out of earshot. Then he came back.

"All right," he said, "I'll lead the way with Corporal Paige. You stay here, Sergeant, and feed the men out two at a time, close enough so they can keep in touch but don't let them get bunched up. I'll stop at the assembly position in the communication trench and the party can wait there, strung out behind me. When we're all assembled, you come to the head of the line and join me. Got it, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

Dick climbed up the scaling ladder with me behind him, then we slipped down the forward slope of the parapet and started through the lane in our entanglements. The next two men followed closely behind me and, when we were clear of the wire, we turned half left and crawled forty or fifty yards to where the old communication trench began. Dick dropped into the trench and advanced up it very cautiously while I kept abreast of him patrolling along the top.

After about fifteen or twenty minutes Dick came to a place where a dilapidated piece of camouflage hung like a torn curtain over a small gap that opened out to his left. This was the head of our assembly position and he halted there. I took a good look around from where I was up above. Everything seemed to be quite okay, so I slid down the side and joined him, sitting on the floor of the trench.

"You're a scout officer all right," I whispered to Dick.

"Yes?"

"Sure! The way you led us out here, and the way you gave the men their orders. We're as good a team as Shorty and Williams any day."

Dick didn't say anything, but pinched my leg for a reply. I could feel the trench back of us beginning to fill up and, after a while, Sergeant McLeod pushed his way forward and came and squatted down beside us.

"They're all here," he said, and Dick nodded.

It was a very quiet night and pretty snug in there between the protecting walls of the trench.

A GREAT flash of sheet lightning lit the western horizon, a piercing shriek filled the sky and seemed to tear it to ribbons, and a couple of seconds later our curtain came down—a curtain of fire.

"Come on!" yelled Dick.

We clambered to our feet and made off along the trench. No time now for caution or crawling. Ten minutes only, and then the barrage would lift.

There was a rending crash ahead of us, and a huge cloud of smoke plumed up from what looked to me like the position of the gully.

Dick didn't blink an eye. He kept right on going up the trench, McLeod and I at his heels, the rest of the party hotfooting it after us.

A couple of minutes later we debouched into the gully and Dick started to cross it at a run. There was a thin haze of smoke lying in it. At first I took it for mist, but when I got a sniff of it, I knew it was explosive.

McLeod suddenly lunged forward and grabbed Dick by the arm, whirling him round in his tracks.

"The tape!" he yelled. "Where's the tape?"

Dick and I both looked at the ground, then at each other. All that was left of the tape were some scattered shreds.

"That shell made macaroni of it," I shrieked at the sergeant.

"You're telling me!" cried McLeod, looking about him wildly but seeing only what Dick and I were seeing—the anxious faces of the raiding party who had caught up with and were clustering around us.

"Don't gang up here!" Dick yelled. "That was one of ours, falling short. There may be another one coming!"

"But the tape! The tape!" McLeod yelled back.

Our barrage, bursting about two hundred yards ahead of us, was making a terrific din. Fritz was shooting S O S rockets and star shells as if he were tossing up confetti. I heard a rattling over on my right front and knew that the machine gun behind the block had opened up.

Dick grabbed both the sergeant and me by the scruff of the neck, pulled our faces down to his mouth and shrieked in our ears: "Can't be helped. Tape's gone. But you know your way. No time to lose. Get going, Sergeant! Come on, Andy!"

McLeod started to say something, but we didn't wait to hear what it was.

DICK was absolutely right. It was the only thing to do. Time was slipping by very quickly and the Heinie post had to be mopped up before we could tackle his front line. Also, the minute the barrage lifted, we had to be ready to go through his wire and fall upon him before he had a chance to organize his defense.

Dick found the right-hand fork of the Y like a homing pigeon and we went into it fast. Then we slowed down and made our way forward to where the trench began to curve. We stopped on our side of the bend and took stock of the situation.

The curve, we knew, was a very slight one, but, if we hugged the inner wall it was just enough to give us protection from the withering fire that the Fritz machine gunner was pouring into its other side. He was aiming straight down the trench, and all you had to do to get a nice blighty was to stick your hand out to where the dirt was spurting along the opposite wall.

Dick dumped his bag of bombs and looked at his watch, then showed it to me. It was zero plus four.

Although we had discussed our plans many times, we began going over it again because there are always certain details that have to be settled on the spot. We talked to each other like a couple of deaf people. First I would put my mouth to Dick's ear and say something, then I'd shift and put my ear to his mouth for the reply.

"We ought to be getting started," said Dick.

"Each throw five as far and as fast as we can," I said. "Draw his gun over to his left. Then make a dive for it round the bend."

"Okay. I'll go first. You keep on bombing out there."

"No, me first," I said.

"Orders, Andy! Stay where you are."

"All right."

"The five yards just outside the block are dead ground."

"What about the ten yards before you get there, Dick?"

"You'll be drawing his fire off to his left."

"But if he puts a belt into the trench?"

"Be on my belly. See! He fires high." Dick jerked his head toward the dirt flying from the opposite wall.

"Okay," I said. "I'll keep on lobbing till I hear you begin. Then follow you around the bend."

"Right. Lob them as far out to Fritz's left as you can."

"You too," I said.

We bent down and started to take the bombs out of our bags. Dick took five,

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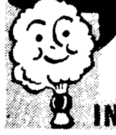
OLD MAN WINTER has two strikes on you, if you put anti-freeze in a dirty radiator. Rust and scale choke the cooling system. Your motor overheats. You waste anti-freeze. You waste power. And you risk costly engine repairs. SANI-FLUSH makes it easy and inexpensive to keep radiators clean.

Just pour 10c worth of SANI-FLUSH in the radiator. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.) Follow directions printed on the can. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with water and anti-freeze. Then you're all set for the winter. The delicate veins that circulate water are free and open. Motors run efficiently. SANI-FLUSH can't injure motor or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN Safe NOT CAUSTIC

Whiskers "easy come" that's so,
But Ingram's makes them "easy go!"
—MRS. K. E. BARTOO, MD.



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Why try to worry along with old-fashioned trusses or one which fails to hold rupture? You need the Cluthe. No leg-straps or harness. Automatic adjustable pad seals opening—follows every body movement with instant increased support in case of strain. Cannot slip. Holds rupture whether at work or play. Light, easy to wear. Waterproof. Can be worn in bath. Positively custom-made. Send for **FREE** 100-page, clothbound book "Advice To Ruptured" and details of liberal truthful 60-day trial offer. Also names of grateful patrons in your neighborhood. Write: **Cluthe Sons, Dept. 20, Bloomfield, New Jersey.**

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

and I took about a dozen and left the bag open at my feet.

Dick looked at his watch again.

"Let 'em go!"

We both squared off in good imitations of the discus thrower and let them fly.

Bang! Bang!

Again.

Bang! Bang!

We were now heaving them just as fast as we could pull the pins.

Bang-bang-bang! Bang-bang!

I felt the earth stop spurting back of me and heard the roar of the machine gun change in tone and sound less murderous as Fritz swept the blast out to where our grenades were bursting on his left.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Dick stoop, pick up his bag of bombs and disappear round the curve in the trench.

I was just thinking how well our feint was working when the Fritz machine gun suddenly stopped firing.

Hell! Had he heard or seen Dick, and was he going to move his gun?

I redoubled my efforts to get my bombs thrown, moving them up a bit nearer to the post.

Fritz was starting to toss his potato-masher grenades out and was sending them over in the general direction where my Millses were landing.

THE machine gun opened up again, firing off where the bombs were exploding, as before. Of course, he'd only been putting in a new belt!

Three star shells shot up from our front line and burst in a cluster, still farther to Fritz's left.

Whether Fritz thought that the star shells were some signal, or just that the raiding party was lighting its way in, I'll never know. But he swung his gun a couple more points to his left, and I wondered if he might not be clipping the other groups, particularly B, in the flank.

Anyway, this was the moment for me to take that curve, and I did, on two wheels and without waiting any longer for Dick to start bombing.

I went down that trench bent double and reached Dick just as he was heaving out his first grenade. He was right up against the block in the trench. He threw two more out, looked at his watch, then turned and stuck his mouth in my ear and yelled:

"McLeod's late. No time to lose. Get up behind that stump and go in on 'em when I do."

The din, the smell of explosives, the flashes of the grenades, and the flying metal around that post were something terrific.

I threw my bag of bombs up back of the stump and followed it with the best standing and clawing high jump that I've ever made.

Fritz saw me and started to swing his gun inward. But I was safe behind that stump.

I heard two shattering detonations so close to me that the concussion almost burst my eardrums, then silence, complete silence. Even the machine gun had stopped firing again.

I looked toward my left to see if they had lobbed one over on Dick.

They hadn't.

There he was, half crouching on the top of the sandbag block, holding his automatic in one hand, steadying it with the other, and obviously drawing a careful bead—

Crack!

His pistol spouted a little flash and jumped. The Fritz machine gunner's head snapped backward, then his whole body slumped and he toppled over sideways into the trench.

The next instant Dick had disappeared over the sandbags and I heard the tight little crack-crack-crack of his automatic at work.

By the time I'd jerked myself out of my transfixion by that tableau and had dived into the post myself, I found that Dick was sitting astride a prostrate Heinie, slipping a fresh clip into his pistol.

I gave the post a quick once-over. Six Heinies. Two pretty badly torn up, but living. Three dead, of whom one was the machine gunner, with bullet holes in their faces. One lying on his back under Dick and doing "Kamerad!" for all he was worth.

"What about this one?" Dick yelled at me, pointing with his pistol at the Fritz he was sitting on. The Fritz closed his eyes.

"It's the only thing to do," I said. "Can't leave him loose here with a machine gun behind us."

"God, I can't!" said Dick. "You do it."

I didn't like the job any better than he did, but since Dick had taken the post singlehanded I figured it was up to me.

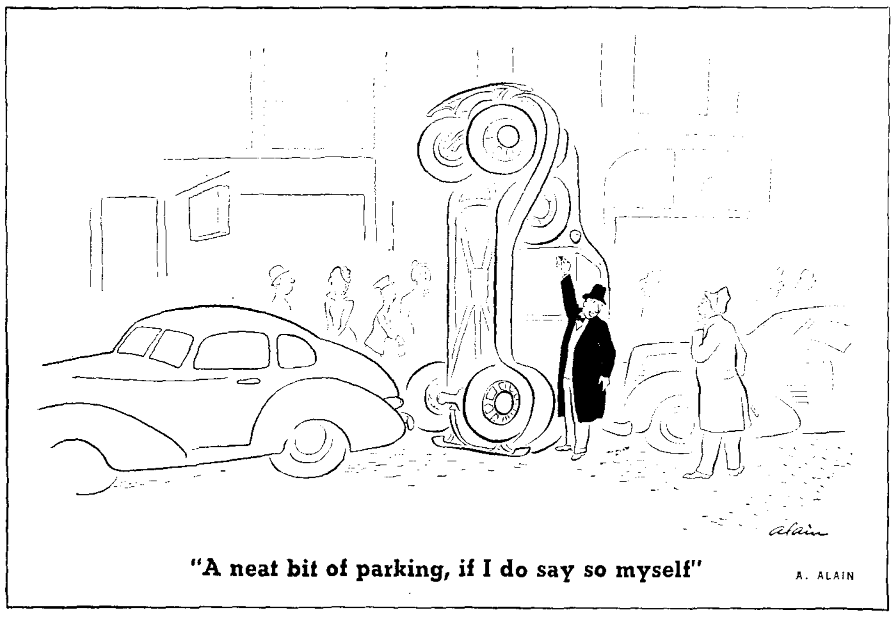
I stepped round back of the Heinie where he wouldn't see me and pushed his helmet aside. At that moment the barrage stopped as if it had been turned off by a switch.

"Here they are. Hold it, I said!" It was Sergeant McLeod's voice, bellowing into the sudden pocket of silence. I looked up and saw him standing above us, waving a hand in which he held a grenade. "Over here! Over he—"

His voice was blotted out again as the barrage re-opened—the standing box barrage on Fritz's second line.

The next minute McLeod and his men were jumping down in the post and crowding around us.

"Detail a man to stay here and guard



"A neat bit of parking, if I do say so myself" A. ALAIN

"Do You See What I See?"

HE: I see a young man who has just blown himself to his first Stetson to celebrate his first raise.

SHE: I see a "going-places" look about him that I never noticed before. Is it the raise or the Stetson?

HE: He never thought before that he could afford a Stetson.

SHE: If he keeps that go-getter look, he can afford anything he wants from now on.

That's a "Moose Brown" felt . . . one of Stetson's superb new range of "Rod-and-Gun" colors. Now being shown in the world's leading stores. $5, $7.50, $10 and up to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Stetsons made in Canada, from $5.50.

Step Out with a STETSON!

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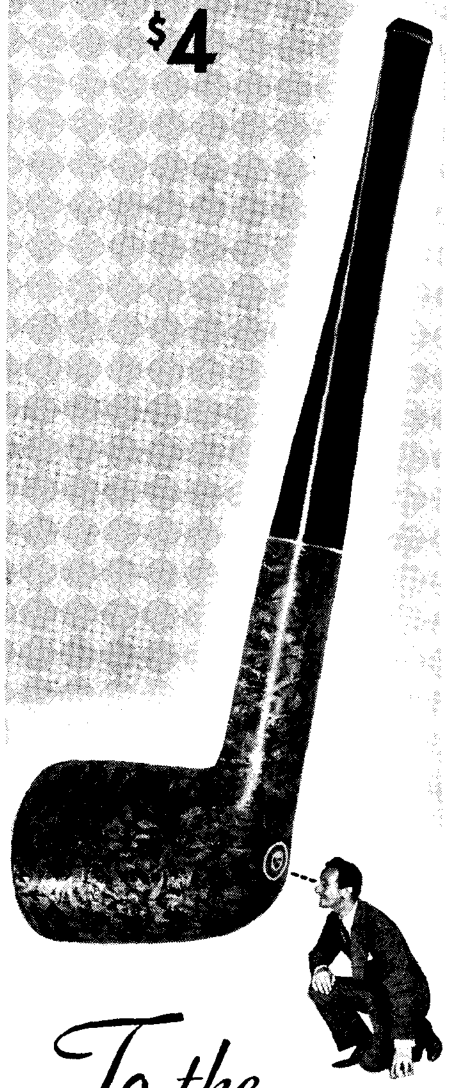


To the Rescue

On certain busy days, some smokers puff so hard on their pipes that the bowl, out of sheer sympathy, gets pretty hot. To these men, that little carburetor in a Carburetor Kaywoodie comes to the rescue like a long cool drink of spring water to the parched tongue. Yes, that little carburetor lets an *updraft of air* into the bowl, so that the harder you puff, the more air comes in, and instead of heating up, the bowl *stays cool*. And *your smoke* stays cool and your *frame of mind* too. Cool and serene! That little carburetor, indeed, has brought new pipe-smoking comfort to thousands of pipe smokers' tongues. Buy a Carburetor Kaywoodie *today*, and all your pipe-smoking *tomorrows* will take care of themselves.

Shape pictured No. 71B, called DUBLIN (Long). Slightly less than actual size. Color: "Tobacco Brown," an exclusive Kaywoodie color.

Super-Grain $5, Flame-Grain $10, Meerschaum $15, Matched-Grain Sets $100 to $1,000.

Yours for the asking: Pipe-Smoker's Almanac..interesting things about pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK *and* LONDON

this Fritz," Dick yelled at the sergeant. "Pick 'em up on our way back. Forward, everybody! Remember, we want prisoners, so no unnecessary killing!"

"Wait!" I shouted, having just gotten a bright idea. "Where's the guy who can talk German?"

A figure detached itself from the bunch and stepped forward.

I bent over and picked up the Heinie helmet and jammed it on his head. I fished around and found another one and put it on myself.

I felt the Heinie helmet being yanked from my head and saw Dick fitting it on his own.

"You and me first," he said to the man who could talk German. "When we get in their wire, we'll show ourselves and you yell at them not to shoot. They'll think it's their post coming in. Come on, everybody!"

After that things got a bit confused because we were operating on a wider front and in a bigger bunch.

I remember hearing a Fritz machine gun open up from their front line and start traversing. We were a little late, and now that the barrage had moved back, they were coming out of their holes.

Somebody in our party got hit, but we couldn't stop to see who.

Then, a minute later, I saw Dick and the other guy with the helmet standing up in the wire. Dick had his left hand up, palm outstretched, and I caught the sound of the other guy's voice crying: "*Nicht schiessen!*"

The machine gun wavered, hesitated, and then stopped firing. Dick and the other guy disappeared over the parapet, and again I heard the crack-crack-crack of the automatic working at close quarters.

"Take your helmets off!" I yelled at them as the rest of us swarmed into the trench on their heels. But there was really no need because the star shells had the whole place lighted up better than Broadway, and we could easily tell who was who.

For about thirty seconds there was a general free-for-all in the trench. Then, all of a sudden, it ended as quickly as it had begun, leaving us in possession of the place with two dead Heinies lying on the duckboards and two others standing there with their hands up.

"All right, carry on!" Dick shouted, again reloading his pistol and starting off along the trench to his right.

THIS was the point at which all the practicing we had done over the tapes began to show its worth.

Sergeant McLeod and about ten men, previously detailed, remained at the point of entry to gather in and guard the prisoners and to beat off any party that tried to come in on us from our left.

Two men with bags of bombs came forward and began to lob them over into the next traverse on our right—the one Dick was making for.

We rounded the corner, Dick leading. Nobody there.

Same business with the second traverse. Nobody there either.

We knew there was a dugout in the third one, and the bombers gave it plenty.

We came round the corner once more and this time, through the haze of smoke from our grenades, we made out a Fritz doubled up in the dugout entrance, hugging his stomach.

"Forward with the explosive charge!" Dick shouted. "Here you," he said to the man who could talk German, "tell this guy to yell down to his pals to come up and surrender or we'll let some sky down to them!"

But the Fritz was too far gone. All he could do was to moan and hug his stomach.

"Tell 'em yourself, then!" said Dick.

The rest of us were grouped around the dugout, rifles and bayonets leveled at the entrance. I could just make out a corner of the gas blanket from where I stood.

The man who could talk German moved over to yell down at them. He opened his mouth: "*Kommen zie—*"

Pffut!

He went over backward, shot through the eye.

One of our men pulled the pin from a bomb.

"No!" I yelled.

"Yes!" he yelled back at me. "They killed my pal!"

"The gas blanket, you damn' fool!" I shrieked at him.

"Lewis gunner!" Dick shouted.

"Here!"

"Pour a pan through that gas blanket! . . . Sullivan!"

"Right here, sir!"

"Explosive charge ready?"

"All ready, sir!"

The Lewis gunner stood to the right of the dugout entrance and let fly a blast from the hip that tore the gas blanket down as if it had been tissue paper.

"Let her go!" Dick yelled. "Stand clear, everybody!"

Sullivan heaved the thing he was holding and it went banging and bouncing down the stairs. Screams came up to us from below.

"Stand clear! Stand clear!"

Three—four—five—six seconds—

Whoo-oof!

The earth trembled and a huge cloud of smoke and dust belched from the dugout entrance and enveloped us in an impenetrable fog.

When the cloud had settled a bit I looked around and found that Dick had disappeared. The bombers were getting ready to clear the next traverse to our right.

"Hold your bombs!" I yelled at them, feeling sure that that's where Dick had gone and setting off in pursuit.

Coming at me along the trench as I rounded the traverse were two Heinies, hands well up in the air. Behind them was Dick, prodding them in the back with his pistol.

I let the Heinies pass me, then said to Dick:

"Nice work, kid. But we were just about to bomb the blazes out of this traverse."

"They were standing there, just like that with their hands up," Dick said, "waiting for somebody to come along and take 'em home."

"That's all right," I said, "but don't go off—"

A BEAUTIFUL shower of candy-green rockets burst high over our heads.

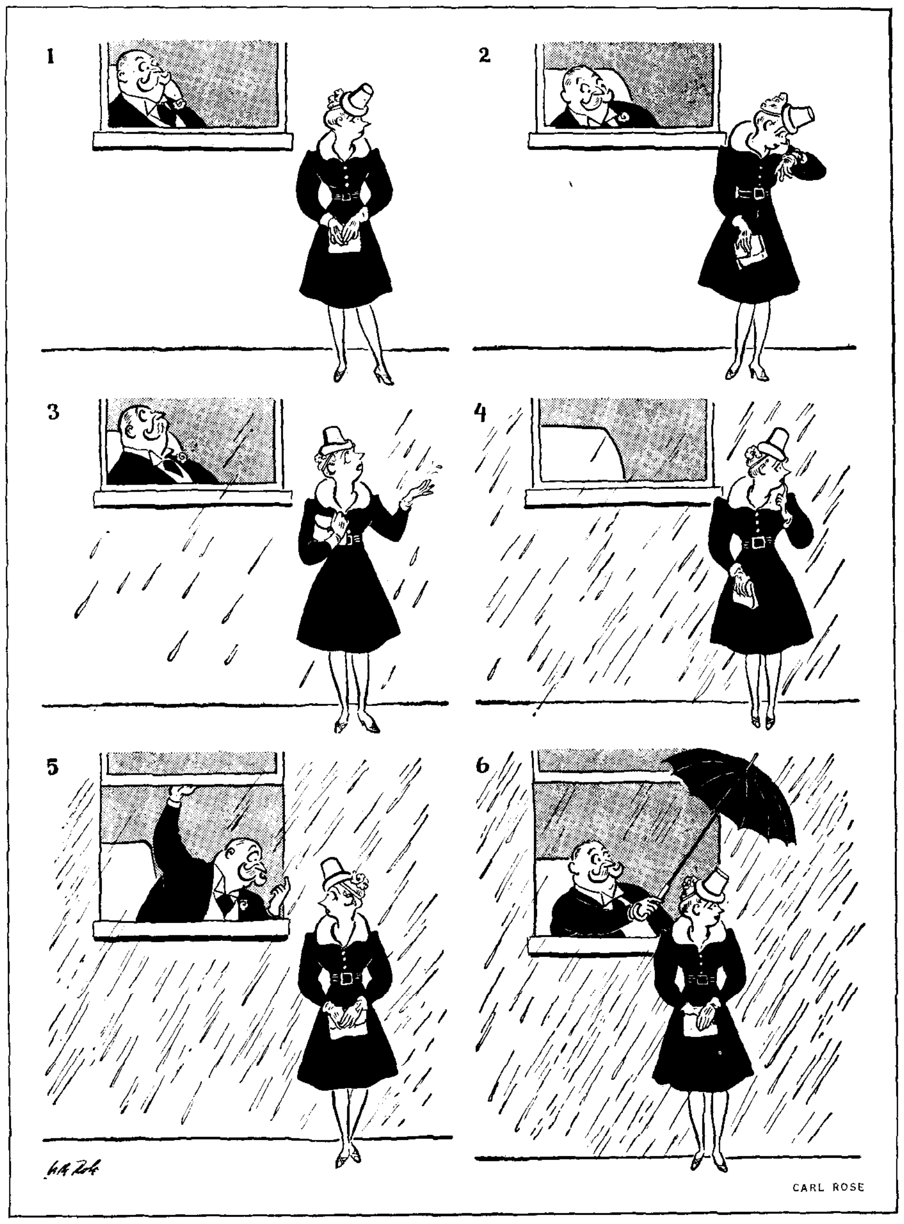
"Recall signal! Recall! Recall!" The voices of the raiding party took up the cry like a refrain.

"All right, boys!" Dick shouted. "Out the way you came in! And make it snappy. Two of you bring what's-his-name along." He was pointing at the body of the Canadian whose last words had been German.

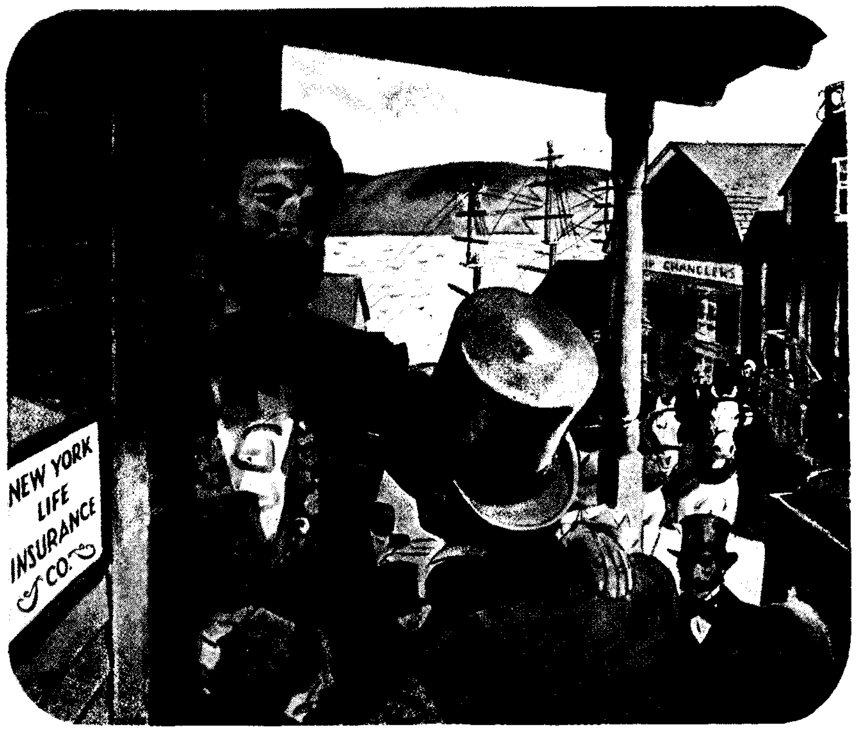
We made our way back along the trench, and Dick and Sergeant McLeod counted us out at the point where we had entered it.

Our haul—incidentally, the best of all the four groups—consisted of five prisoners and two machine guns, including the ones Dick had captured in the outpost.

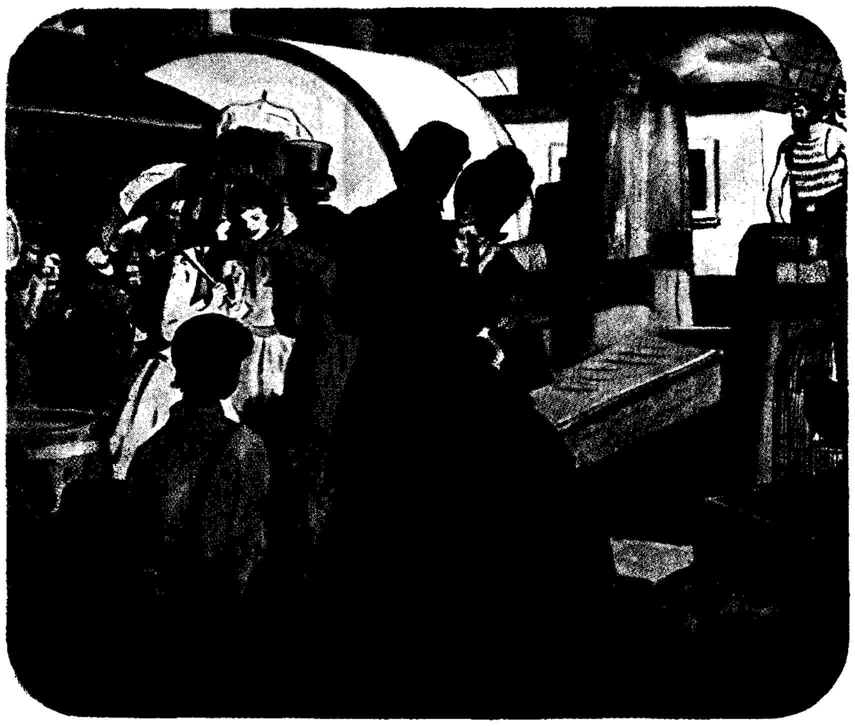
Our casualties: one dead, one wounded, and two missing—completely lost somewhere, trying to find the en-



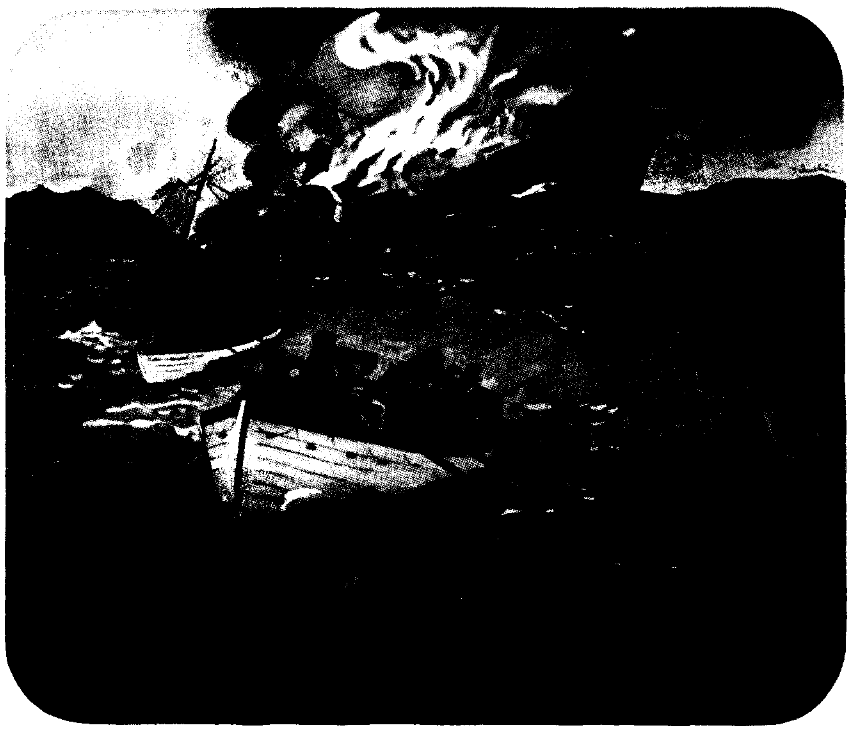
LOST AT SEA!


NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.
CHANDLERS

JULY, 1862 . . . A promising young pioneer merchant in San Francisco, Edward Roepke, wanted protection for his wife, Gretchen . . . obtained a $3,000 policy in the New York Life. This Company, even in those early days, had many policyholders and agents in California.



FOUR DAYS LATER Mr. Roepke said good-bye to his young wife as he started on a trip for New York. He embarked on the ill-fated "Golden Gate," a sailing steamer which carried passengers and cargo for the Isthmus of Panama, where the shortest crossing could be made to the Atlantic Ocean.



FIRE BROKE OUT when the ship was six days out of San Francisco. Of the 347 persons on board, 219 lost their lives. One of them was Mr. Roepke. *Only ten days after he had taken the insurance,* his $3,000 policy had become a claim! It was, of course, promptly paid in full.

THOUSANDS of policyholders, in the long history of the New York Life Insurance Company, have died within a short time after taking insurance. Last year alone this Company paid over one million dollars to beneficiaries of policies in force less than one year. So often the uncertainties of life . . . an automobile accident . . . a sudden fatal illness . . . overtake an active person in sound health. That is one reason why the taking of life insurance is not a matter that can wait . . . Aren't *you,* perhaps 'putting it off,' on the chance that what has happened to others will not happen to you? Shouldn't you really do something about it *now,* before it is too late?

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION : : : NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

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A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

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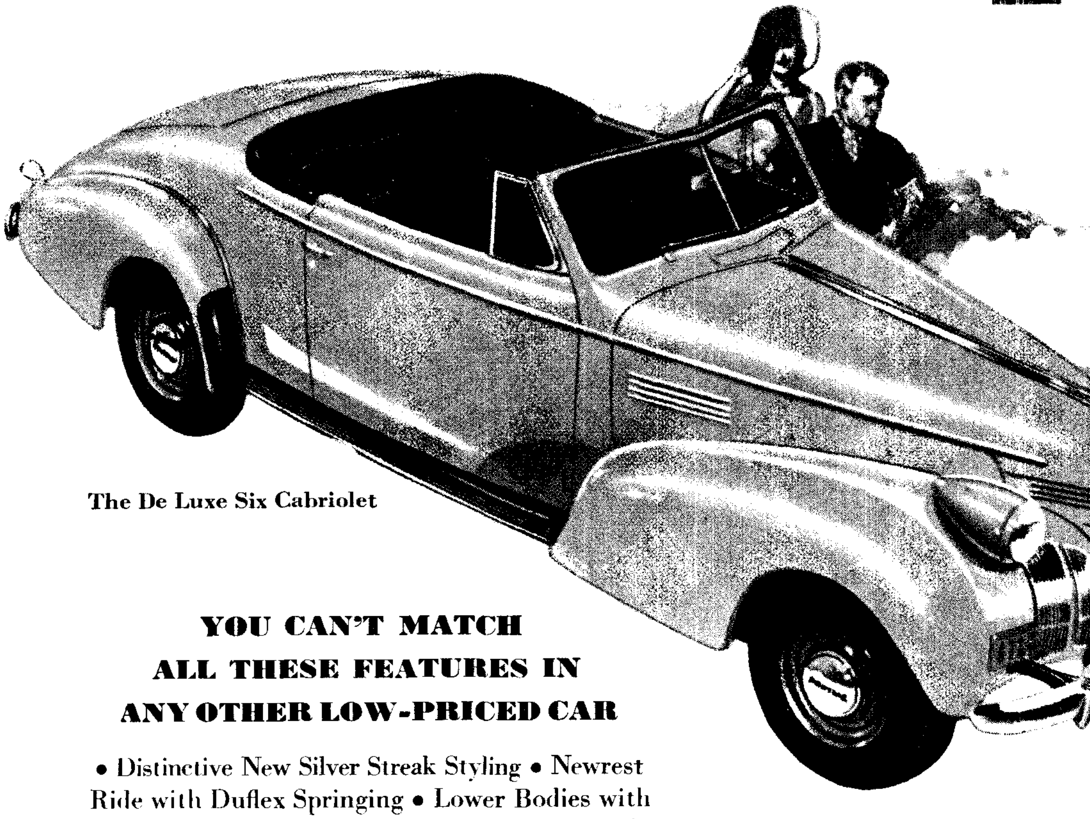
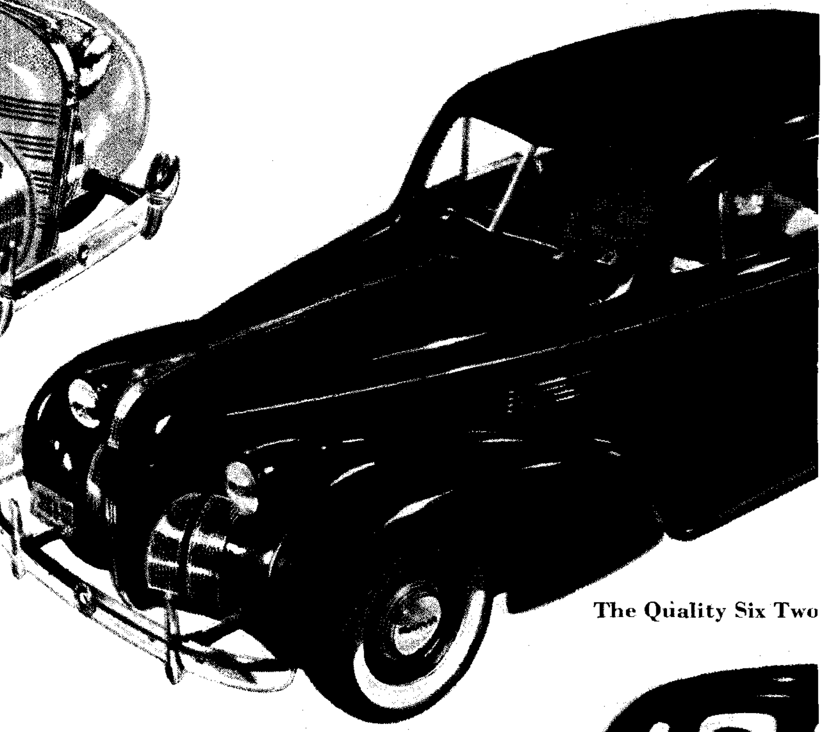


The De Luxe Six Cabriolet



The Quality Six Two

YOU CAN'T MATCH ALL THESE FEATURES IN ANY OTHER LOW-PRICED CAR

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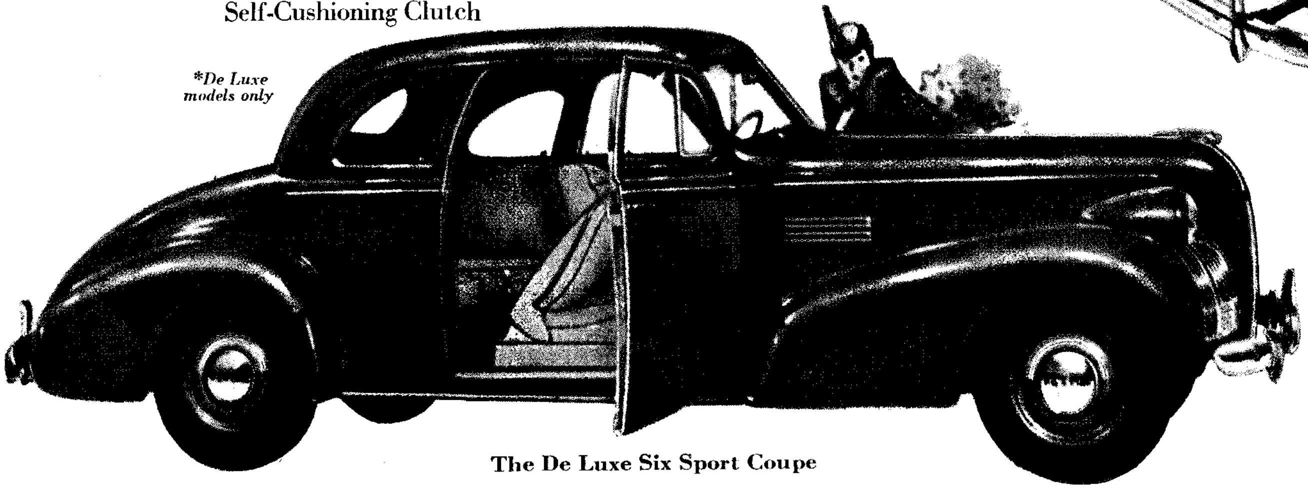
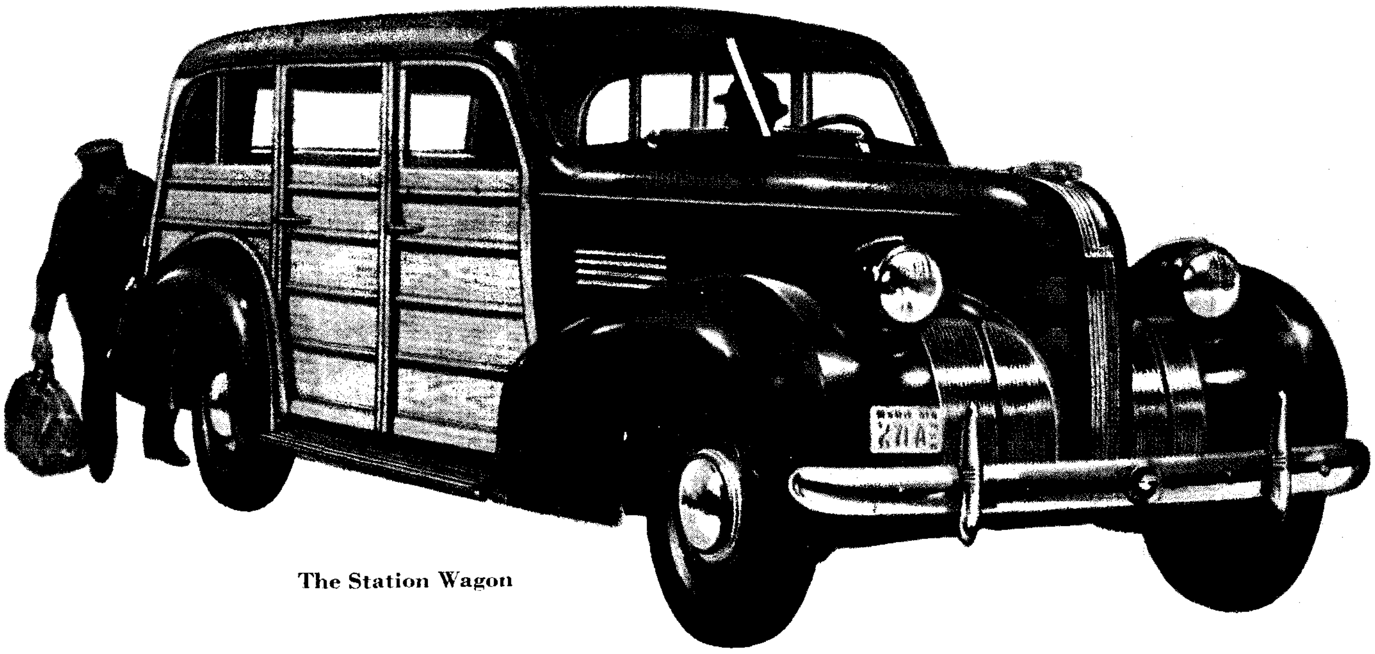


The De Luxe Six Sport Coupe

The De Luxe Eight



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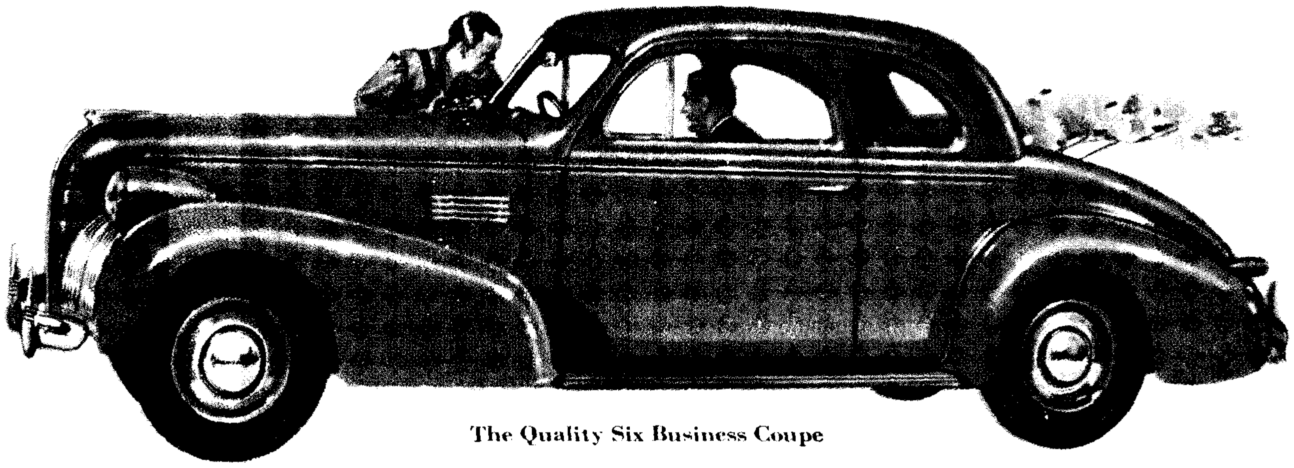


The Quality Six Business Coupe

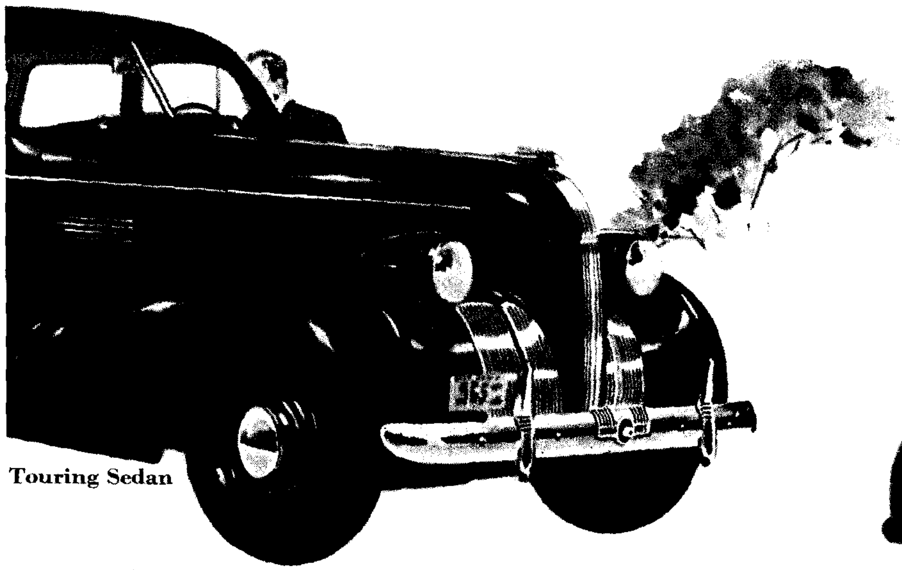
ing Sedan

Presenting Three New for 1939

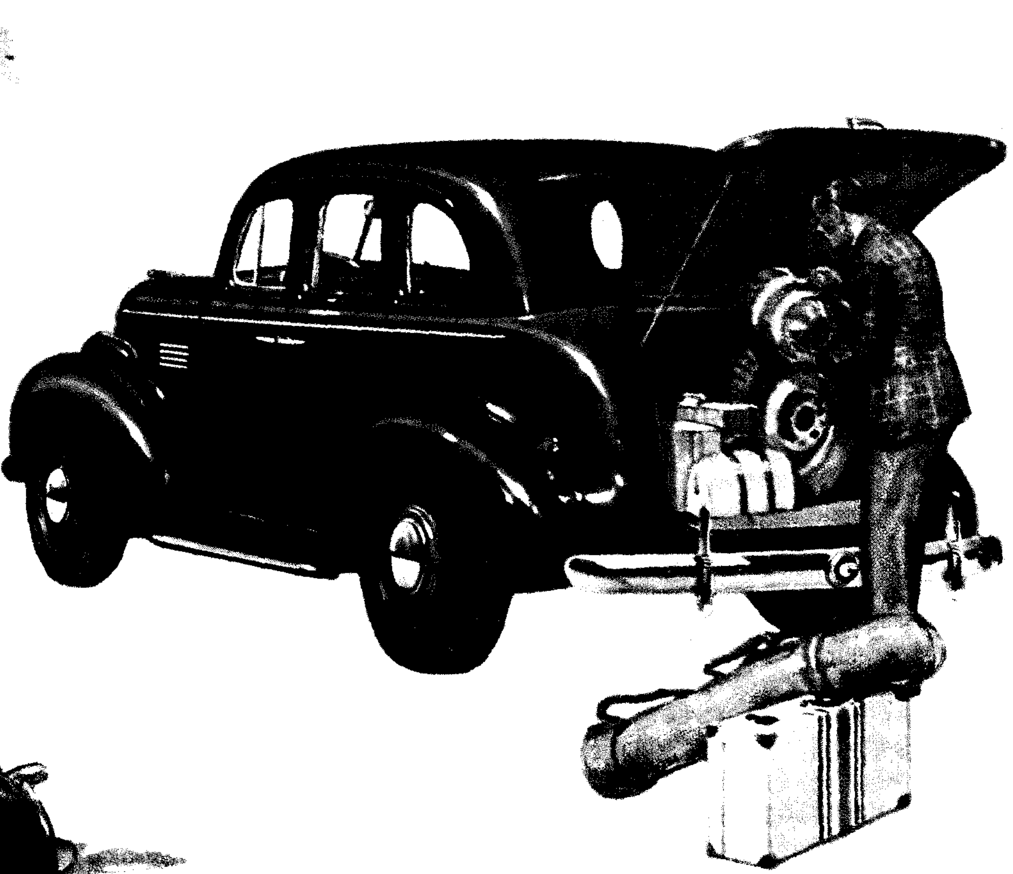
SO ADVANCED IN DESIGN . . SO MUCH LOWER IN PRICE, YOU'LL BE *AMAZED* AND *DELIGHTED!*

If you're one of those up-and-coming people who's longed for a low-priced car that you could drive with pride—you and one of these 1939 Pontiacs should be getting together! Because at prices beginning *down next to the lowest*, they give you just about everything your heart could possibly desire. Just look at the sparkling beauty and richness pictured here! Then study that list of mechanical advancements on the opposite page. And once you get behind the wheel and the car starts to whisper its way to your heart—you'll know why they're already beginning to say, "*This* year, it's Pontiac—and we don't mean maybe!"

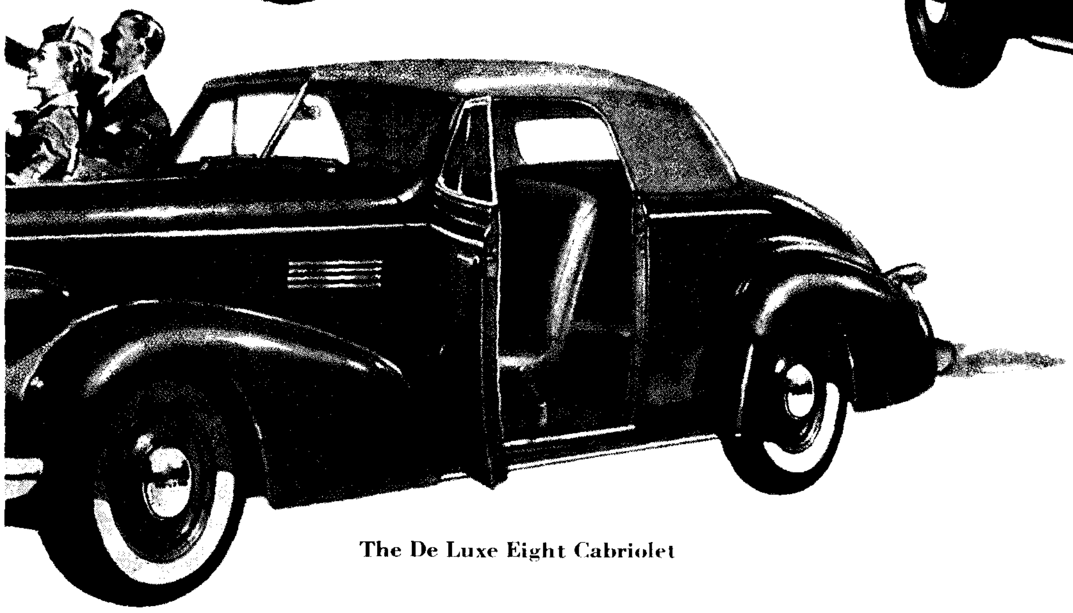
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Touring Sedan



The Quality Six Four-Door Touring Sedan



The De Luxe Eight Cabriolet

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100% SCOTCH WHISKIES ALL EIGHT YEARS OLD
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The world knows no finer Scotch than Haig & Haig. Its exalted reputation is built upon magnificent quality that has been consistently maintained. In this celebrated liquor you'll find Scotch at its glorious best.

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trance to the left fork of the Y—and probably dead.

The next day copies of a telegram from the Army Commander were circulated. The telegram contained a full line of K.C.B.'s, K.C.M.G.'s and D.S.O.'s after the Army Commander's name, and one word of text: "Congratulations!"

But it was not until that night, when we were relieved by an Imperial battalion and went out under a hell of a retaliatory bombardment, that I remembered my hunch about Dick.

That is, I remembered that throughout the preparations for the raid and all during the raid itself even when Dick was exposing himself recklessly on top of the sandbag block while drawing a bead on the Fritz machine gunner, the hunch had never crossed my mind.

And when I thought about his utter self-possession while crouching there on the block, then jumping right into the Heinie post, and later, standing upright in his wire and again diving into his front line, I realized that if my hunch had missed so many opportunities to come true, it must have been a very wrong one indeed.

"Thanks be to God!" I said to myself, and felt that I had somehow been relieved of a most onerous load.

THE battalion spent two nights at Guilford Camp again and then we marched to the village of Estreville, about twenty miles back of the lines, where we went into Army Special Reserve.

It was while we were at Guilford Camp that I had a long talk with Shorty Turner in which he asked in detail about our end of the raid.

I thought this was a bit strange at first because he must have hashed it over fully with Dick, and no doubt helped him write his report of it. However, I knew Shorty was keen as hell about anything that had to do with patrols and raids, always liked to chin about them, and was intensely proud of the record of our scout section, no small part of which were the exploits that had won him his four decorations—the Military Medal and bar when he was in the ranks, and the Military Cross and bar when he became an officer. The British army was like that: it had separate decorations for officers and men.

I told Shorty about the raid, exactly as I have written it here, and he asked me innumerable questions. I gathered that nothing spectacular had happened in his group on the right and so he was getting a vicarious kick out of hearing what we had been up against on the left.

"We'll be sorry to have you go, sir," I said as I got up to leave.

"Patterson's a good man," said Shorty, and that was high praise from him.

"Yes," I said, "he carried that post singlehanded and took practically all the prisoners we got."

"You never would have guessed it from his report and from the way he described it to me," said Shorty. "What you've told me puts quite a different light on it."

"Well, it's the truth," I said.

"Yes, I can see that."

Shorty paused for a minute while he took out that huge aluminum cigarette case of his that held forty cigarettes and offered me one.

"Paige, why don't you apply for a commission?" he said.

"What would I want a commission for?" I said.

"I didn't ask whether you wanted it. But just suppose that I want you to have it?"

"I'd rather have ten days' leave," I said.

"So would I," said Shorty, "but that's out of the question for the time being. How about the commission?"

"What's the matter with Di— with Lieutenant Patterson?" I countered. I had all the responsibility I wanted with my corporal's stripes without taking on those of a second lieutenant, particularly in a scout section.

"Nothing whatever's the matter with him," said Shorty, "but he may be called away."

"Called away? I don't get your drift, sir."

"Well, I'm going to Divisional Intelligence," said Shorty. "That's being called away, isn't it?"

"Yes, but Dick has only just rejoined, and—"

"Anyway, think it over, Paige. And if you decide you want to apply, let me know. I'll always be glad to recommend you."

"Er—thanks," I said. "Thanks a lot for the compliment."

"Good luck to you, Paige."

"And same to you, sir. I suppose next time I see you you'll be wearing the red tabs of the staff."

"Yes, but rest assured of this: I'll be keeping my eye on my old section, even if it is from behind a headquarters desk."

We shook hands and I left. There was something about the way he said "my old section" that quite convinced me he would be keeping a damn' keen eye on us, no matter where he went. And I knew that whenever we went out on patrol, or into a raid, or over the top, a short, gimlet-eyed, scrappy and damn' nervy little phantom would always be along with us, aluminum cigarette case and all. That's the way Shorty Turner felt about his scouts.

And the way his scouts felt about Shorty Turner was demonstrated by a bottle of cognac for which we took up a collection among ourselves and which we slipped into his kit just before he left.

We wrote a message on the label of it which said: "To Shorty. 'Thank God we've got a Navy!'"

He'd know whom it was from all right because that remark about the Navy was the one he always yelled at us when we weren't so hot on parade.

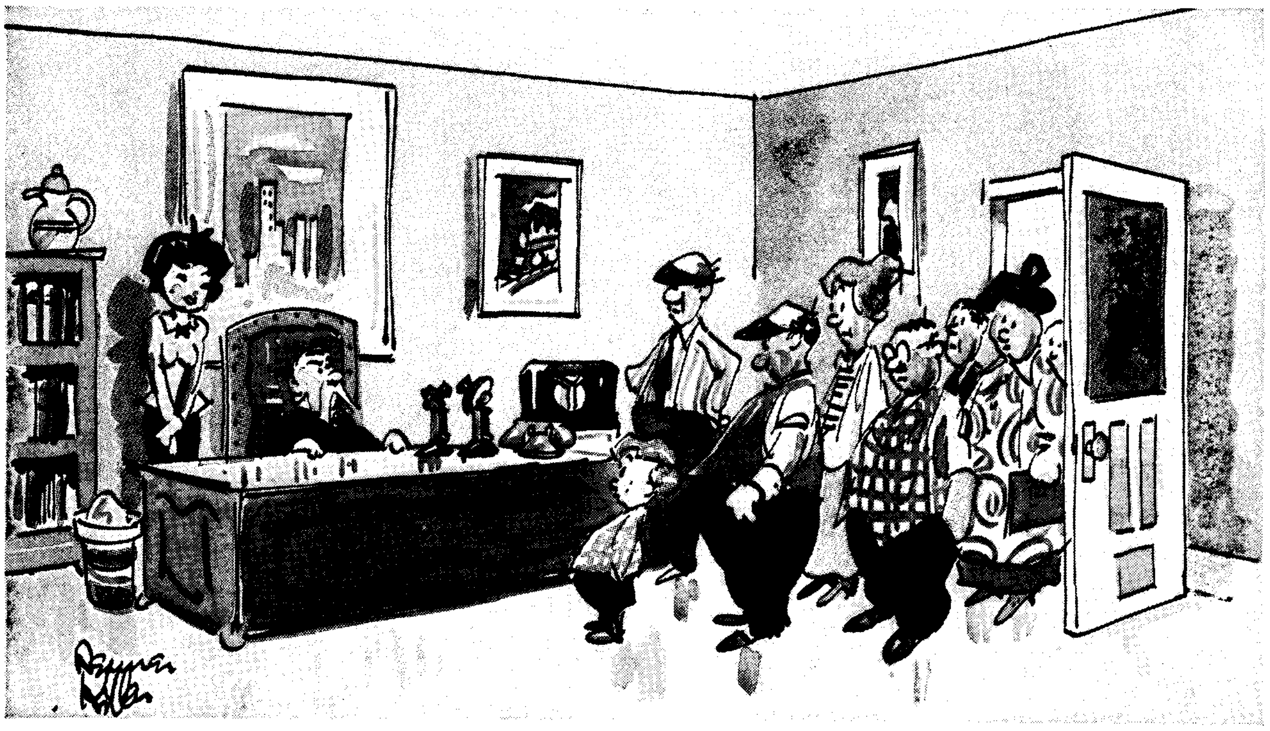
BEING in Army Special Reserve was a pipe dream after so many long months spent up in the artillery zones. The whole Canadian Corps was out of the line and billeted in villages similar to Estreville, way back in the rear and not bothered by anything except the Gothas at night, and not very much by them either.

Officially, summer was about a month off, but unofficially it was here already. It was training, route marches and maneuvers from morning till night, with days set aside now and then for inter-regimental sports or a divisional jamboree of one kind or another. Then back to the new tactics of practicing attacking machine-gun nests in depth.

We knew what it meant all right. It meant open warfare. We were assault troops, together with the Australians and a couple of the Highland divisions and one or two of the Guards, and all this training and maneuvering wasn't being given us to pass the time. Some big attacks were being planned, perhaps a general offensive. The countryside was lousy with staff officers and brass hats watching us go through our paces.

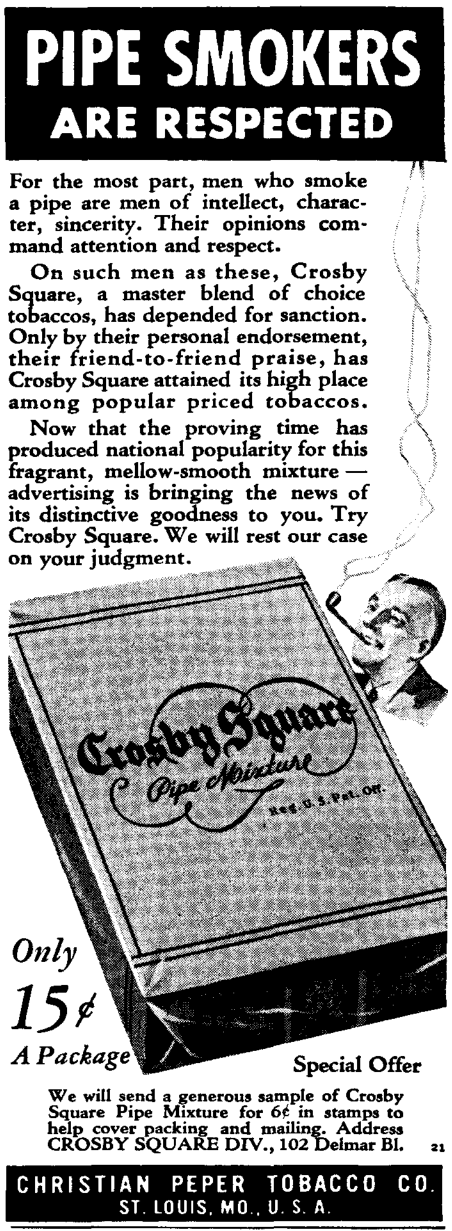
Soon . . . ?

(To be continued next week)



"Miss Skelly and I were married over the week end. Anyone catching me kissing her hereafter need not apply for a raise"

REAMER KELLER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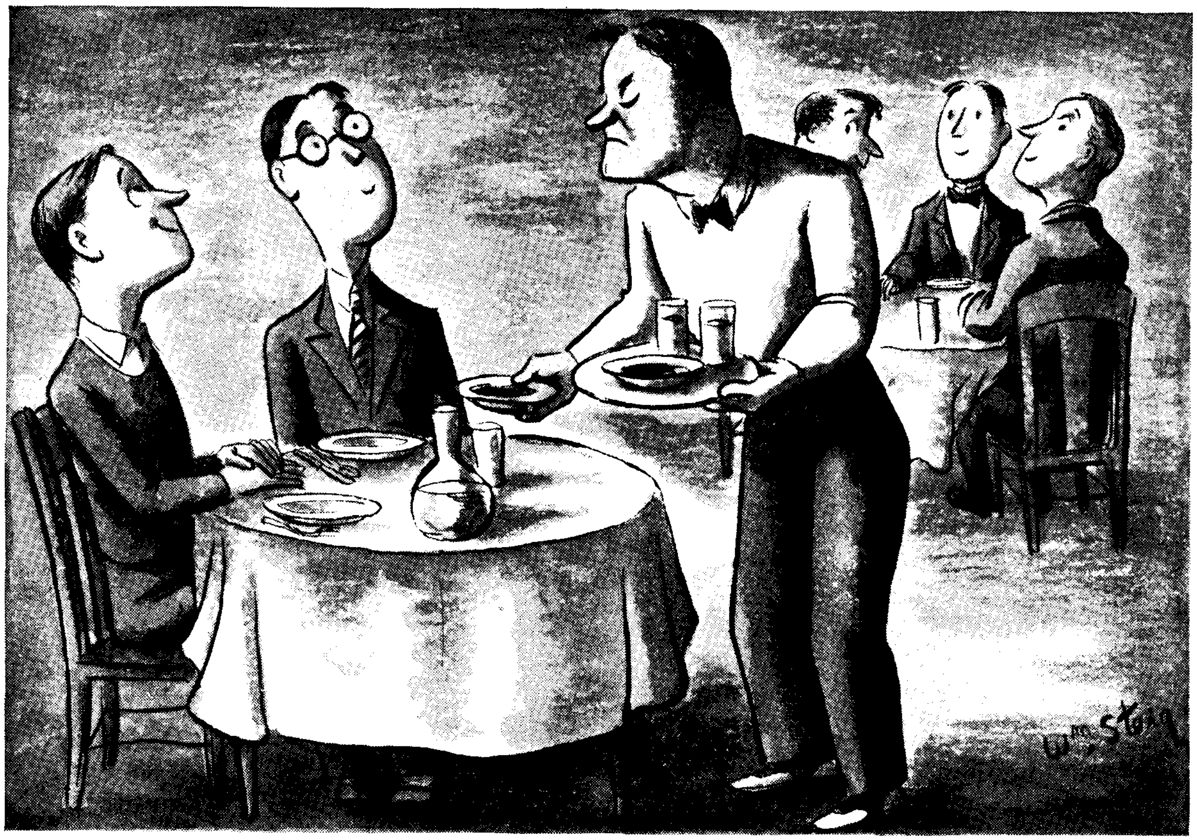
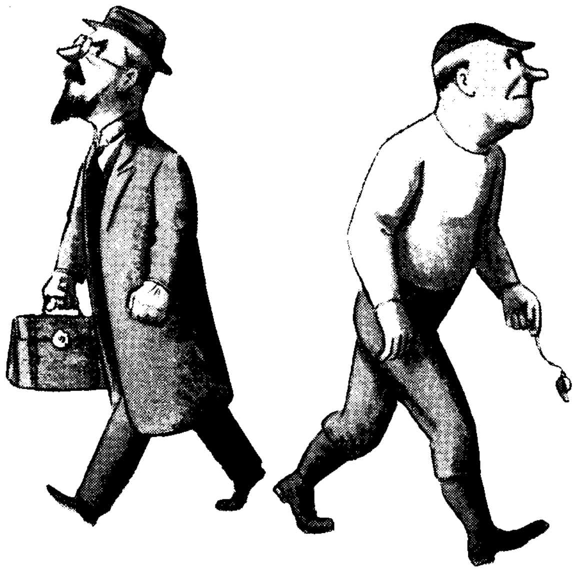


WILLIAM STEIG

Can a boy of 21 go through a hard football season, hold down a job, and still find time for classes? Mr. Atherton would like to know



Professors grow sternest when they compare the football coaches' salaries to their own

Gridiron G-Man

By Richard L. Neuberger

The young athlete from U.C.L.A. was identified by knife scars on his back. He had, in addition, three complete sets of names. All this was irregular, and Ted Key was ruled ineligible. This incident, together with a few score more, made the professors (who run football on the West Coast) uneasy. They hired G-man Edwin N. Atherton to look into irregularities. Mr. Atherton is now at work, and apprehension among alumni everywhere is acute

Enthusiastic alumni have always done their share in maintaining the "gravy train" for the athletes

Investigation of subsidized athletes has caused some uneasiness on certain West Coast campuses

ALONG the sundown rim of America, where eight football teams are locked in a tense struggle for the championship of the Pacific Coast Conference and an invitation to the Rose Bowl, mention of Edwin N. Atherton makes fervent alumni shudder and hard-boiled coaches blench. His arrival in any college town on the Pacific seaboard sets 200-pound fullbacks to mopping their foreheads and hiding in the closet, and starts football fans wondering what might take the place of their favorite sport these crisp Saturday afternoons.

Yet the name of Edwin N. Atherton appears in neither football programs nor newspaper line-ups. Multitudes never rise to hurrah his achievements on the gridiron.

This leads to the conclusion that Atherton must occupy a unique position indeed. He does. He is the first Federal Bureau of Investigation graduate ever assigned to ferret out the low-down on college football proselyting. And he has official sanction for the job. The faculties of the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Athletic Conference have hired him to discover how and why behemoth young men suddenly appear at their colleges, perform mightily on the gridiron and do not become ill-fed, ill-housed or ill-clothed during the process.

In simpler language: Where do the heroes get their money? The professors want to know. They have commissioned Atherton to find out. So right from the beginning he has a different status than anyone else who ever pried into intercollegiate football. Previous muckraking of the athletes' financial affairs has had to be conducted from the outside. Much of it has been on the sly. The investigators have had to resort to snooping. Atherton, however, can arrive on a campus as conspicuously as he pleases. No keyhole sleuthing for him. His task has faculty approval. Any nimble halfback or colossal guard who refuses to reveal to him the source of the money that pays for T-bone steaks, corduroy trousers, college tuition and tickets to the junior prom may find himself nervously holding down the carpet in the dean's office.

On the Trail of the Gravy Train

The inquiry into the finances of the gridiron heroes was authorized late last December at the 1937 meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference. The "gravy train" is the way some cynics refer to the practice of bestowing slight emoluments on young men of football prowess, and the gravy train formed the meeting's No. 1 topic of discussion.

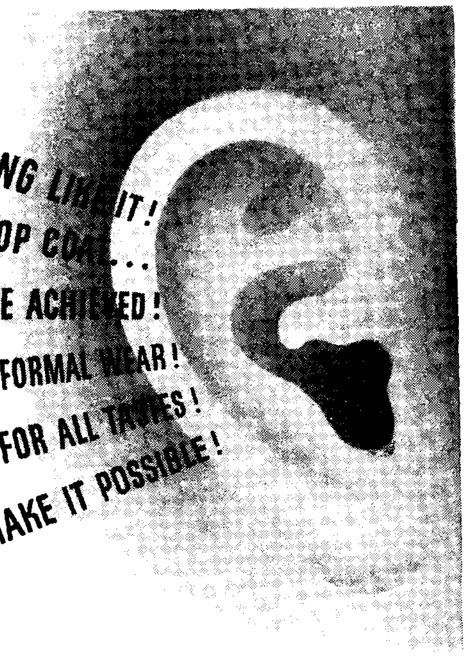
Edwin N. Atherton, after being in charge of the F. B. I. offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles, had resigned to go into the investigating business for himself. He had just made a sensational report on graft in the San Francisco police force and he was the chief investigator for the Better Business Bureau of Los Angeles. Here was the fellow to do the job. The professors would put a veteran of the G-men on the trail. What better way to find out who was financing what athletes, and why, when, where and how?

To understand these occurrences, certain circumstances must be explained. The Pacific Coast Conference is governed not by coaches and athletic directors, to the intense disgust of those individuals, but by professors. One professor represents each of the ten schools in the conference. The schools are University of Southern California, University of California at Los Angeles, Stanford University, University of California, Oregon State College, University of Oregon, Washington State College, University of Washington, University of Idaho and University of Montana. The last two institutions, however, do not compete for the football championship.

The whole probe has the coaches in such a funk that Atherton repeatedly assures them his information will not be used to declare ineligible the athletes performing at present. Whatever he uncovers will apply only to future situations.

"My investigation," said he not long ago, "is for research purposes and not to dig up evidence of professionalism that will disqualify from amateur sports any player now competing in the conference."

Atherton, who is forty-two years old and who spent eleven of those years in the service of Uncle Sam, is about halfway through the prowl of the Western athletic scene. He has been surveying conference sports since January. The task will be completed late next spring, when he will present to the professors



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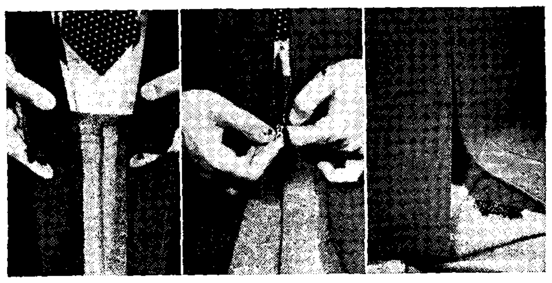

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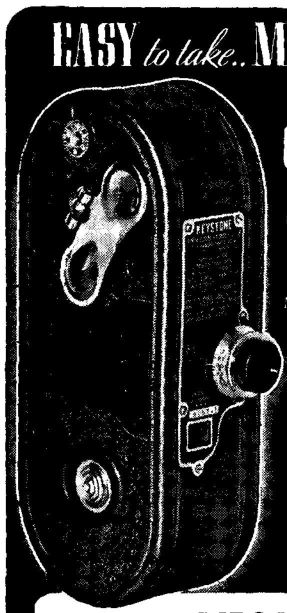

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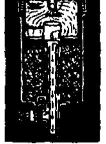
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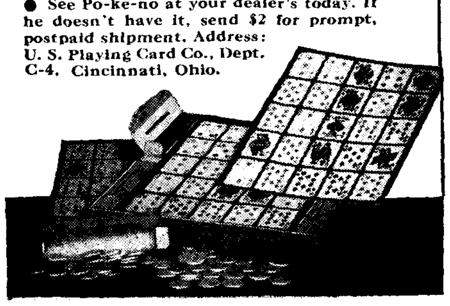

what they hope will prove to be the most detailed and authentic report ever compiled on the financing of college football players. The report will be presented in secret, but it unquestionably will require Grenadier Guards to keep every newspaperman west of the Rockies from listening at the keyhole. Each college town is morally certain that the most scandalous portions of the report will concern its bitterest athletic rival.

The general trend of the questions has seeped out, and the public has gathered at least an inkling of what the inquisitive professors seek to know about the gravy train.

The Players' Catechism

Here are some of the questions, as passed on by the athletes who have had to answer them:

How did you happen to go to this particular college?

Did you pay your own transportation here? Were any special inducements made to you by alumni?

Why did you select the courses you are taking? Did anyone connected with athletics tell you to register for easy subjects? What were your average grades in high school as compared with your grades in college? Do you have a tutor? Who pays him?

Have you a job on the campus? Who got it for you? Do you actually have to work at it?

Where do you get the money for your college tuition? For your board and room? For your clothes and other incidentals? What special favors are shown you because you play football?

How many complimentary tickets do you get for each game? Do you sell them? To whom? What do you average each Saturday from the sale of these tickets?

Have you a job in the summer? Who got it for you? Would it be taken away if you no longer played football?

What is the total amount of assistance you receive each month in the college year from any source whatsoever? Do you get a scholarship from the college? Is this help entirely contingent on your participation in football?

Atherton resorts neither to threats nor bombast in getting replies, although some of the coaches and athletic directors think the specter of faculty disapproval is threat enough. He merely makes it plain that his next move will be to check the truth of the answers.

What is the cause of all this? What made the professors start talking about the gravy train at that conference meeting last December on Del Monte's sunbright shore? Why is the Far West the scene of the country's first faculty-sponsored, detective-conducted investigation of football proselyting? What started the whole rumpus?

Tempting, indeed, are the rewards of football success on the Pacific Coast. The team annexing the conference championship automatically represents the region in the Rose Bowl. This usually adds about $85,000 to the athletic coffers of the college that gets the bid. Then there are all sorts of other post-season games—and the weather is balmy in California when New England is sheathed with ice. There also are gold watches and movie jobs for winning players, and fatter pay checks and greater glory for winning coaches.

Some of the Pacific Coast Conference athletic departments have whopping incomes from football. Numerous big games attract as many as 70,000 people. Even in the frontier Northwest, the teams of Oregon and Washington usually meet before a crowd of 35,000. And always at the end of the gridiron trail the treasure-trove of the Rose Bowl awaits the conference conqueror.

None of this money goes to the athletes whose performances bring it in at the turnstiles. They get help from other sources. Some of them are given preference at actual jobs, such as mowing campus lawns, waiting on dormitory and fraternity tables, sweeping out buildings and stacking books in the school library. Usually college towns reserve as many public pay-roll spots as possible for the lads who roll up touchdowns.

Private jobs are also set aside for the football heroes. Captain Butch Morse of Oregon got a choice assignment taking charge of a busy service station. Mitchell Frankovich, a triple-threat U. C. L. A. quarterback, was chauffeur for a while for Joe E. Brown, the wide-mouthed movie comedian. A mighty youth named Stanley Kostka followed Doc Spears from Minnesota to Oregon. He washed dishes for a while in the Far West. Then Spears quit as coach at Oregon. Kostka turned back toward the rising sun, and ended up in his home town as an All-Big Ten fullback for the Minnesota Gophers.

In most conference colleges, athletic scholarship funds augment the money from jobs. The word "scholarship," of course, refers exclusively to capacity on the gridiron rather than in the classroom. In some instances the "scholarships" are paid directly to the players. At other times they are applied in the form of vouchers against such routine expenses as campus tuition, fraternity dues and dormitory bills. The scholarship funds are obtained not out of football gate receipts, but are solicited from patriotic alumni and fervent sports fans. The University of Oregon Webfoots recently tried to get proselyting money by asking graduates to "give a buck for a Duck." Alumni were canvassed with regular subscription blanks. Many of the athletic scholarship funds are thus financed with five- and ten-dollar dribbles.

Occasionally wealthy "angels" pour in a whole golden stream at once. A few weeks ago several prominent industrialists added $2,700 in a single chunk to the gravy-train coffers of a conference team.

All along the Pacific seaboard, particular colleges are reputed to have individual angels who are more than generous in keeping nimble athletes off the WPA. The Doheny oil family has been partisan to the football success of Southern California, and Joe E. Brown is a zealous enthusiast for U. C. L. A. An important oil magnate near Long Beach is reputed to have considerable to do with the number of California boys scoring touchdowns for Oregon State.

A Way to Eliminate Hypocrisy

And so the story goes. This is the background of the situation into which the professors have intruded Atherton and his investigation of athletic proselyting.

There is one group of football fans in the Far West who look at Atherton's survey with considerable optimism. They think it may be the means of eliminating hypocrisy from intercollegiate football. Once all the facts about the gravy train are known, they believe an effort will be made to adopt uniform standards for assistance to football players. This would do away with the camouflage of giving financial aid in the form of soft jobs and outright donations. The fans who take this position insist that some sort of help is necessary if a boy is to play football and keep up in his studies and at the same time meet the expenses of an education. Why not the same amount of assistance at each college? Why let the size of a school's gravy train determine the quality of its football team? If Atherton's peek into the proselyting problem does something about this situation, one group of fans, at least, will regard his enterprise as a success.

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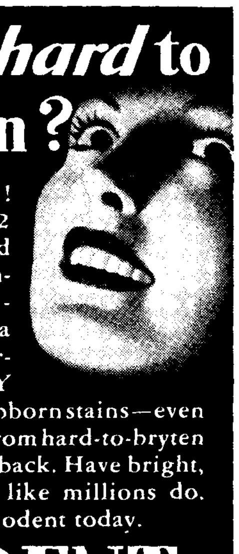

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The fruits of failure are not so alluring. In the rough-and-ready jamboree of Pacific Coast athletics, character-building and ivy-covered traditions do not compensate for 21-0 pastings. The coach who loses soon finds himself with walking papers stuffed into his reluctant hands. No jobs as movie gridiron heroes await players over whose prostrate forms touchdowns are scored. Unsuccessful teams stock no college treasuries, and neither do they build stadiums, basketball pavilions or tennis courts.

So the pressure to win is terrific. That means plenty of pressure and competition in the gentle practice of inducing young men with broad shoulders and sinewy muscles to matriculate at Dear Old This-'n'-That.

The New Wild West

In the past five or six years, the scramble among the conference colleges for star prep-school athletes has been about as grim and savage as were the old wars on the coast between cavalry dragoons and hostile Indians. From their cloistered classrooms, the professors have watched in horror as rival coaches, athletic directors and alumni have fought over ace halfbacks like starved wolves at a caribou feast.

This melee over prize football material is not necessarily confined to such near-by colleges as Oregon and Washington. Frequently it extends vast distances into the Far West.

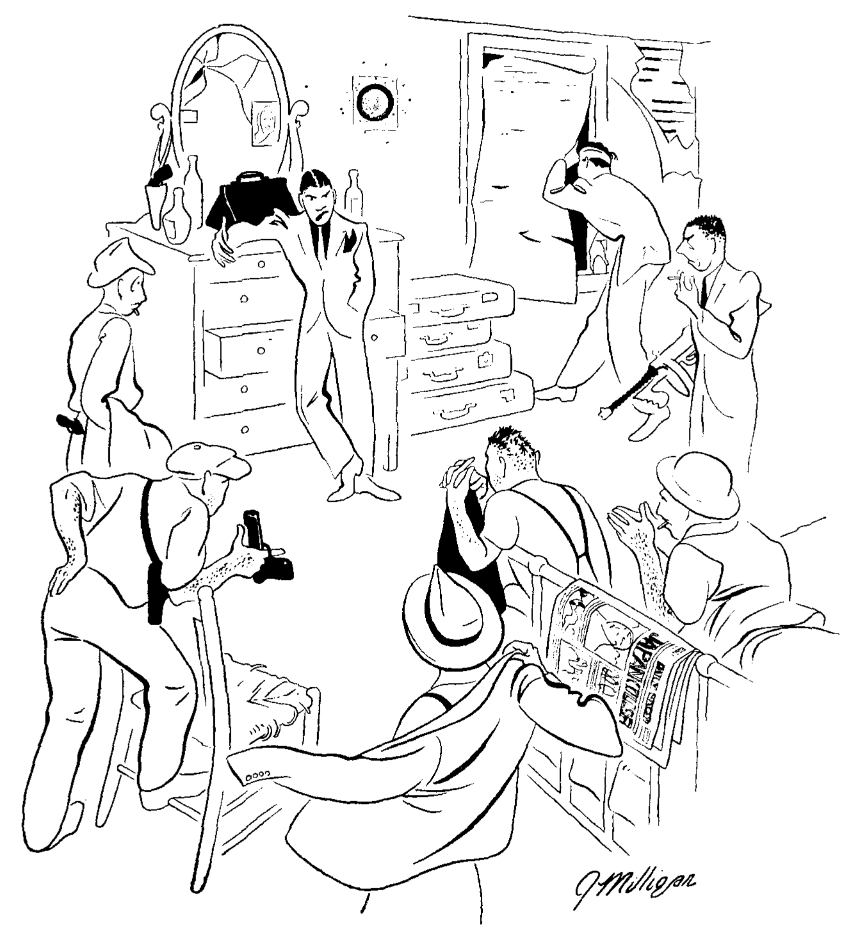
The greatest high-school athlete in Portland's history was Bobby Grayson. He was heralded as the boy who would make Oregon State the conference champion, for surely he would go to the campus where his brother had been before him.

But Stanford, 700 miles away, was not unmindful of the unstoppable quality of Bobby's line smashes. Stanford alumni in the Portland area scurried about busily. Oregon State saw its dream of football conquest fade. Pretty soon Bobby turned up at Palo Alto—and his family, too! Needless to remark, when he came back to Portland as an All-America and rammed Oregon State around like a locomotive nudging empty boxcars, boos and hisses were plentifully mingled with the other noises of the trouncing.

In 1933 the University of Oregon had a hard-driving team that tied for the conference championship. Then some prying professor noticed that of the eleven varsity performers, both tackles, both halfbacks and a guard were from California, a guard and the fullback were from Minnesota and an end was from South Dakota. This left three players from the state of Oregon. And the beards of several scholarly professors trembled perceptibly when it was discovered that the football players from afar had been spared the out-of-state tuition fees required of other students.

Eligibility squabbles rock every football circuit, but those in the Pacific Coast Conference have been especially volcanic. They have had all the tumult of the frontier West and none of the restraint of the genteel East.

Not so long ago a line-pulverizing fullback for U. C. L. A. was found to have played football elsewhere under two different names before he began performing in the Pacific Coast Conference. The other nine colleges raised a din of protest that sounded from the Mexican border to British Columbia, and the professors ruled ineligible one Ted Key, alias William Gelhausen, alias Tex Maness. The affair assumed a bizarre and garish tinge when Professor J. Earle Miller of U. C. L. A. established identification by scars on Key's back from knife wounds suffered when he was a deputy sheriff in Texas. With Key rolling majestically through opposing forwards, U. C. L. A. had gone through



"Okay, here's the setup: Finger and Louis watch out front; Manny, Lips and Frank bring the cars around back; Stink and Rossi lug down the bags and the arsenal; Joe comes out with me and the dough, and Nino leaves a note the milkman shouldn't leave no more milk"

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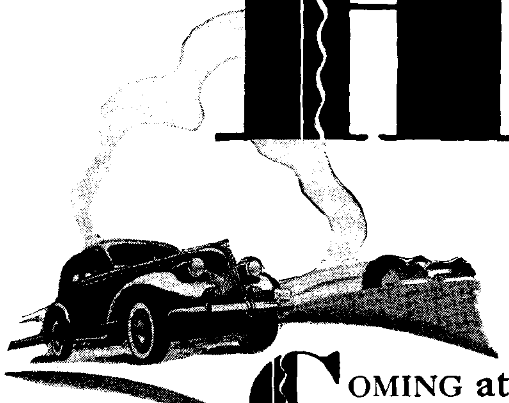

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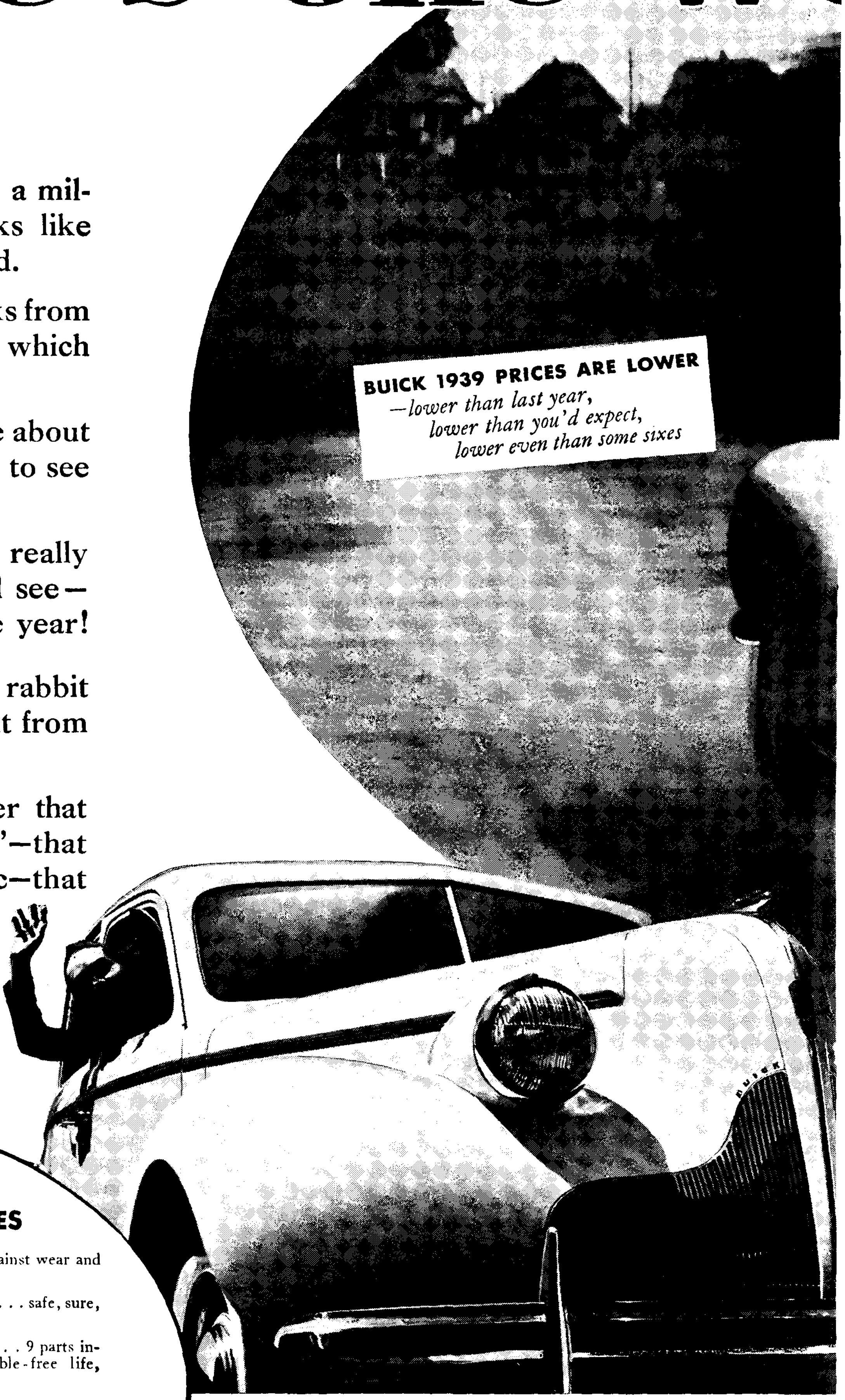

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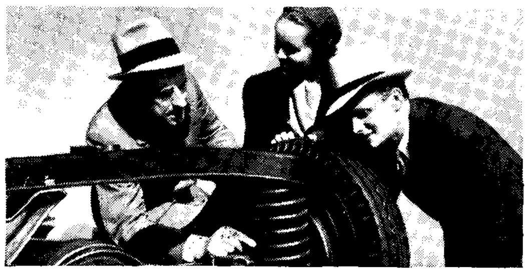

GENTLING EVERY JAR, BuiCoil Torque-Free Springing is this year even softer, smoother . . . still a vital safety factor. It reduces skid risks and makes rear tires last longer.

ABLEST OF THE EIGHTS is this mighty Buick Dynaflash Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight, with a cyclone in each cylinder to squeeze full power from every drop of fuel.

Other things you'll like: A gearshift out of knee-way. Front wheels that "bank" the curves for you. Brakes that stop on a dime—and leave nine cents change.

Go see this lovely lively traveler. Drive it—feel its magic yourself, first-hand.

You'll find it beautiful in action as in aspect—you'll go for the way it goes for you.

You'll find it obedient and willing, a car that holds its marks in cross-winds, bears sharp around curves without slide or slew.

In fine—we think you'll like all of it—from its looks to the way it lives up to them. Won't you try it out—and see?

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NEWEST SHAPES

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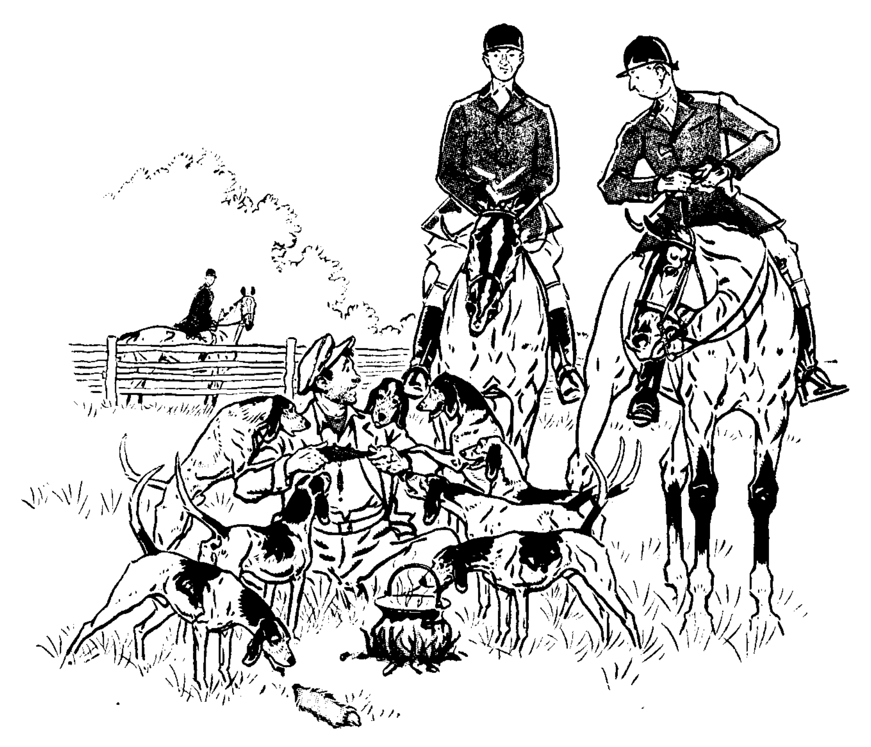


"Lookin' fer somethin', Bud?"

PAUL BROWN

the conference unbeaten, but its adversaries did not demand that it forfeit those games.

Football teams in glass houses seldom throw stones, and in recent years on the Pacific slope California, Stanford, Southern California and Oregon all have won victories with ineligible players. Stanford marched to the Rose Bowl in 1934 with a lineman who had extended his years of ineligibility one season too far.

Imported Elevens

Washington, in its turn, has been the target for catcalls and hoots because of the numerous young men on its football team from Chicago, two thousand mountain-strewn miles away. Such illustrious and mouth-filling names in recent Washington athletic history as Fritz Waskowitz, Matt Muczynski and Steve Slivinski have been those of Chicago citizens.

Oregon State had its turn being roared at when some of its gridiron stalwarts were on the public pay roll for work done in college buildings the same day they played football in New York City on the other side of the continent. This seemed an impossibility even in an era of rapid transportation, and a state political administration wobbled perilously for a little while.

The enlisting of Atherton to get to the bottom of the proselyting system came as the climax to this long series of developments. There have been a multitude of conjectures as to why the professors from all the colleges agreed to have him pry into the heretofore undivulged secrets of the gravy train.

One possible reason for the unanimity with which the former G-man was added to the conference pay roll is that the rubbish in the other fellow's yard always seems dirtier. Another is that teams such as Southern California and Stanford, located near large centers of population, have watched their adversaries from the outpost Northwest roam afield like explorers in search of football players. Coaches of the Oregon and Washington teams hover hopefully around the gridirons of California's numerous junior colleges, waiting to corral or ambush potential All-Americas.

There, hint the California partisans, is something to get at! And the conference members in the Northwest wilderness have long had the notion that in the California cities the money spigots of the athletic departments discharge a perpetual golden flow. Many of the conference colleges have what are called Commonwealth Scholarship Funds to finance hard-pressed football performers. When these funds themselves are hard pressed in the Northwest visions of contrasting wealth in California are the most rampant.

But more significant than jealousies among the various colleges, so far as Atherton's assignment is concerned, is the fact that between faculties and football enthusiasts no enormous quantity of love has ever been lost. Professors' faces are sternest when they compare coaches' salaries with their own, or when they learn that swift quarterbacks and gigantic tackles get favors and privileges not granted Phi Beta Kappas and scholarly thesis writers. On one conference campus dissension sprouted out of the fact that the football coach got $12,000 a year and the dean of the law school $3,600.

This lack of affection between classroom and gridiron had a unique manifestation at the University of Oregon a few years ago. Athletics at the Pacific Coast Conference colleges are managed not by the colleges themselves, but by separate entities known as Associated Student corporations. Not without some faculty advice, several undergraduates in the law school suddenly contended that it was illegal to compel students to pay dues into these corporations.

A Jolt for the Conference

The athletic department, not to be thus confounded, hurried to the legislature and got a law passed making it legal. The law students, also not to be confounded, drafted referendum petitions to put the law on the ballot. Faculty members gleefully chipped in fifty-cent pieces and dollar bills to help pay for the printing. A state-wide campaign ensued. In mournful tones, the athletic department warned the people that if the law did not pass the University of Oregon might have to evaporate from the football scene. On election day the law got 50,971 votes, but 163,191 were cast against it. In the university town it lost by a margin of almost 6 to 1. A significant point was it got scarcely any votes in the precincts where the professors voted.

The rest of the conference looked at the Oregon election returns and gave a collective shiver. Was that what the voters thought of intercollegiate football on the Pacific Coast? Would the Oregon incident spread elsewhere? This fear seemed valid, for similar legal proceedings have just been brought by budding young lawyers against the Associated Student corporation at the University of Washington. Not since the voters canceled the Associated Student dues has Oregon's football team been in the first division. And the professors, prior to hiring Atherton, implied that the whole episode was a hint to do something about the gravy train.

Will the investigation result in that something being done? Probably all the big colleges in America will watch intently for the answer to this question, because Atherton himself maintains, "The Pacific Coast Conference is not faced with any peculiar problems of its own but is confronted with the same difficulties which beset college athletics all over the country." The one-time F. B. I. agent makes it clear that although the gravy train may be diluted, it most certainly will not be emptied out. He believes that most of the lads who play football must earn their way through college.

Making the Gravy Train Legal

How, he asks, can they do both these things and also keep up in their studies? Intercollegiate football is a rigorous game. It requires intensive practice and rigid conditioning. Trips are long and games give hard knocks. Can a boy, twenty-one or twenty-two years old, go through all this and still hold down a job and go to classes? Atherton thinks such a schedule would impose a strain on the constitution of an African elephant.

"The results of my survey," the former G-man says, "will be carefully analyzed by the faculty men and from this analysis the conference hopes to be able to establish definite and reasonable rules concerning legitimate financial aid to athletes. These rules will be enforced by an organization set up by the conference for this purpose."

Such words are reassuring, but the coaches and athletic directors are holding their breaths and waiting to see what happens. Some of them are not so sure that an incident that occurred a short time ago might not have been the culminating event in persuading the professors to hire Atherton.

Reed College is a completely academic little institution in Oregon, from which its young president, Dexter M. Keezer, likes to take pot shots at big-time football and condemn the conference schools for being "immersed in commercialized athletics." One day he was scheduled to address an alumni meeting. He had no particular message to impart, so he addressed them humorously—or at least he thought it was humorously.

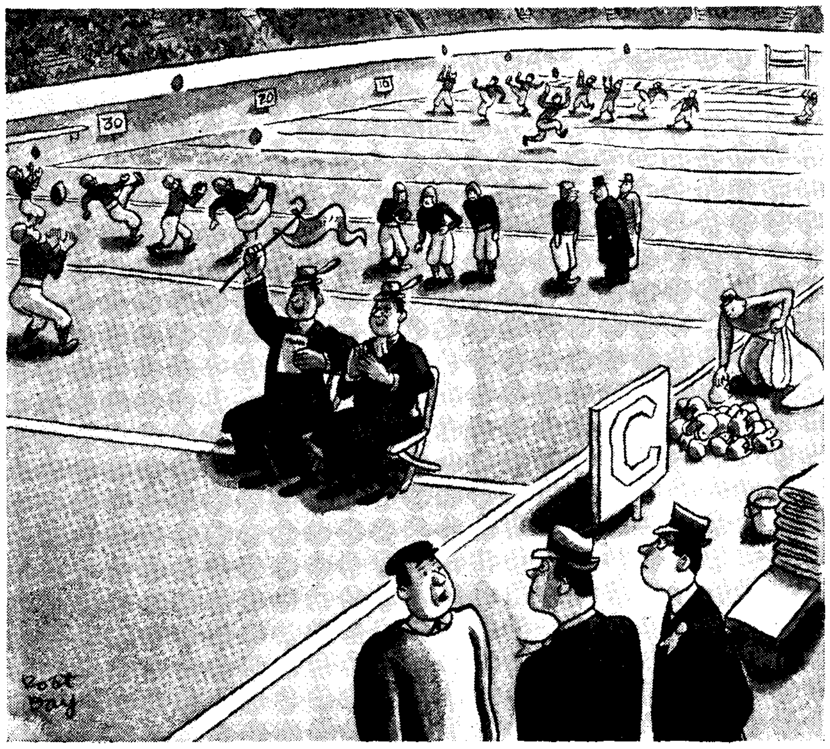
He said Reed College had stayed out of big-time football long enough. The situation would be remedied by hiring the best team in the country. Players would be paid a going wage for their services, getting from $70 to $100 a month. There also would be a special faculty solely concerned with the duty of doing the players' lessons for them. As an added inducement to the athletes, the profits from football games would be divided on a 50-50 basis, with half going to the college and half to the players. The athletes' share of the gate receipts would be impounded in a trust fund, with each player getting his cut on graduation day. The boys would be rewarded in direct proportion to their value to the team. A touchdown would net so much money, a tackle so much, a completed pass so much, and right on down the list. Keezer expressed the hope that this would result in a do-or-die spirit and a will to win never before seen on a football field.

These words were duly reported in the press.

The next day the Reed College gymnasium swarmed with brawny young men. They jammed the place to the doors. All wanted positions on the wonder team of the age. Hundreds of letters came from coaches desiring to lead this super-aggregation. In the early morning hours Keezer was dragged out of bed by an urgent long-distance telephone call.

"Say, is this Doc Keezer?" asked the voice of a football coach of some fame in the Far West. "That idea of yours is great stuff. It'll have all this other two-for-a-nickel business beat a mile. Let me coach 'at team of yours and we can lick our weight in mountain lions. Any kid who gets $100 a touchdown is gonna score. 'At's all—he's gonna score!"

Keezer hung up the phone sadly and went back to bed.



"They say they bought tickets on the fifty-yard line and they're going to sit on the fifty-yard line" ROBERT DAY

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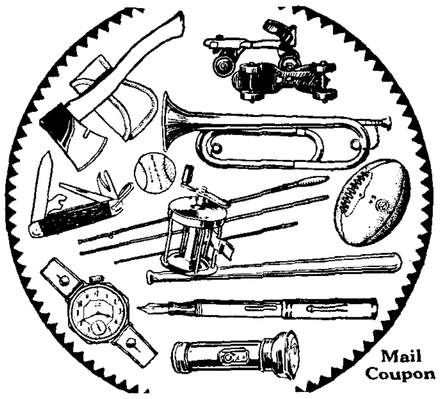

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Dear Jim: I want to earn PRIZES and make MONEY. Start me off and send me a Prize Book.

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NEXT time you are in a food store pause and look admiringly at the meat and dairy counter. Bound up in the glass and chromium cases there is a story of science triumphant, as glowing as anything that ever issued from a laboratory. The parsley-decorated steaks are probably tender. Just luck, you may think. A far more likely explanation is that those steaks were well born, their fathers being able to trace their ancestry back farther than any Mayflower descendant.

The lamb chops are cheap enough to indicate plenty. This is another way of saying that sheep diseases have been held in check. The pork shoulders are almost surely free of trichinae, the ugly little eels that embed themselves in man's muscles, and the milk is happily uncontaminated with *Brucella abortus,* the micro-organism that gives human beings that frightfully debilitating disease, undulant fever.

For making these things so, you can thank a doughty little band of cow, sheep and hog doctors who have put on a magnificently co-ordinated campaign to make the United States the safest place in the world for a farm animal. The odds against them have been terrific. Congress at times has refused them the money they so desperately needed. Farmers have been obstructive, sometimes even to the point of getting out the squirrel gun.

Still, the campaign is a winning one.

Men from the Bureau of Animal Industry can't go about asking cows and hogs how they feel—can't, that is, and expect to get very good results. They have to rely on external signs and on tests that are masterfully delicate. Any veterinary can—and will—tell you that in his profession a man has to be a better diagnostician than any medical doctor. One world-famous clinic admits this. Its chief diagnostician is a vet.

A New Terror

The biggest job the bureau men have at the moment is stamping out a new terror. It is called Bang's disease. It is transmissible from animal to man via cow's milk. And there is, apparently, one way only to stamp it out: slaughter.

The wail that arose from farmers when the bureau began eradicating bovine tuberculosis by killing infected cows is again reaching a high pitch. Why go to school, you scientific fellows, if all you learn to do is kill? Why don't you find a way to prevent, a way to cure? It is hard to find an answer to these logical complaints. "We are trying," sounds helplessly weak and ineffectual. Yet ground is being made. Let us see.

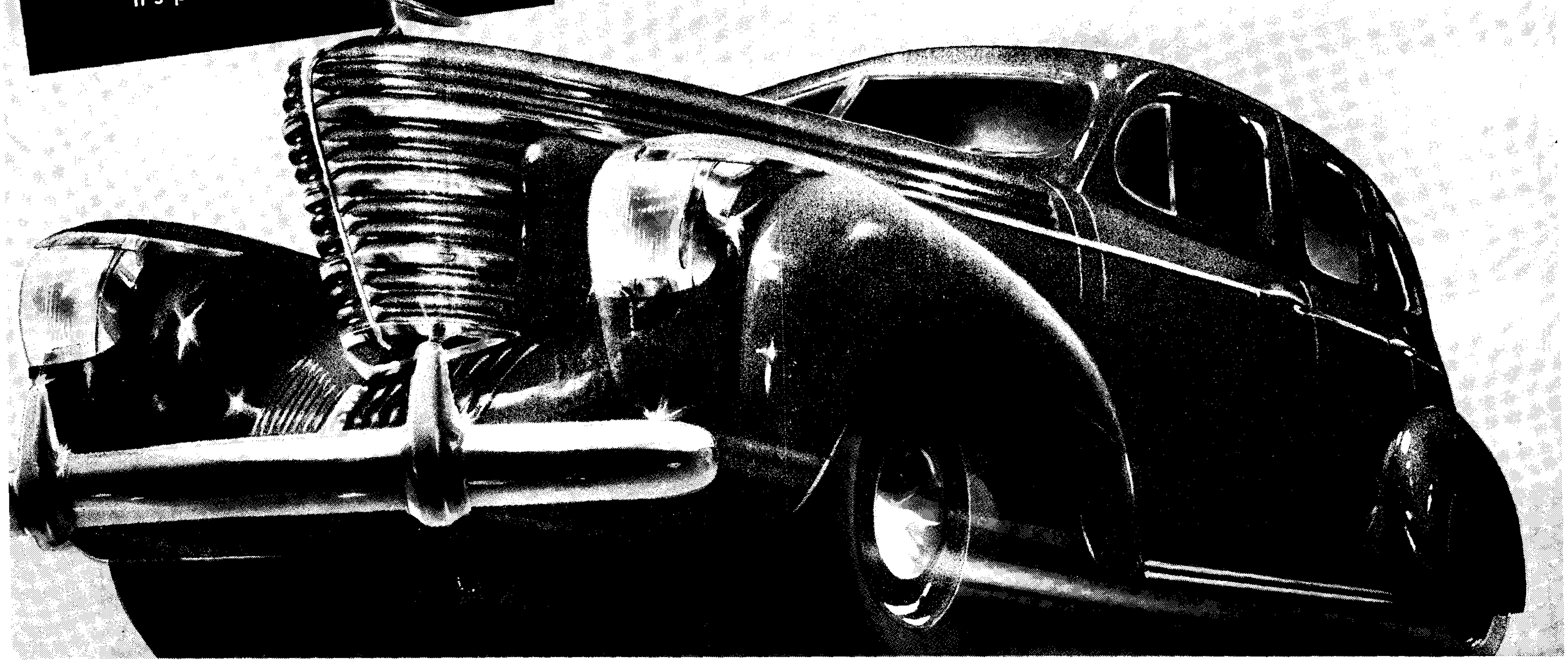
Bang's disease makes one of the greatest tapestries of scientific work yet produced. The job covers a triangular patch of the globe, points being Denmark, the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean and the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Working at Malta in 1887, David Bruce, a British army doctor, found in goat's milk the rod-shaped microbes that were killing off islanders with a crazy cyclical fever that would go sky-high, then drop to normal, in a few hours' time. The sickness was called Malta fever.

In 1900, in Denmark, an investigator named Bang found a similar microbe that was devastating the dairy herds of his country, causing them to lose their calves after only a few months of development. In 1921 a Department of Agriculture investigator, Dr. Alice Evans, put these two discoveries together and found that to all intents and purposes the microbes were alike; that in cows they caused infectious abortion, and in man undulant or Malta fever. And that man could get this disease from cow's milk as well as from goat's milk.

GLOBE

New 1939 Graham again sets the pace for streamlined styling!

LIKE THIS SPECTACULAR NEW GRAHAM, OUT TODAY, most 1939 cars have sleeker streamlined bodies . . . wider tread . . . lower center of gravity . . . fender headlights. See Graham today—the foremost expression of modern streamline design. It's priced at only $965!*



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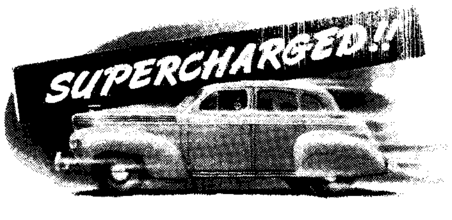
But regardless of exterior design . .

ALL OF THE NEW CARS WILL AGAIN BE DIVIDED INTO 2 CLASSES—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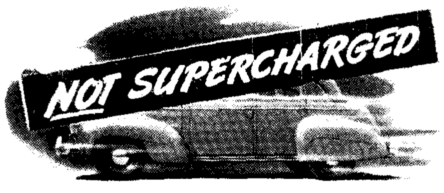

Most cars in a given price class will LOOK pretty much alike. *Graham* —the only American car offering a *Supercharged engine*—again stands alone as the one new and different driving "thrill" left to the buyer who is fed up with ordinary automobiles!

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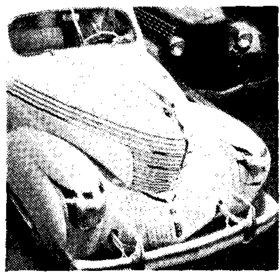
Combination Coupe $940, 2-door Sedan $940, delivered in Detroit completely equipped including federal tax and all standard accessories. Only freight, state and local taxes (if any) to be added.
SUPERCHARGER MODELS AT ADDITIONAL COST.

WHAT A SUPERCHARGER IS AND WHAT IT DOES [illegible] AN ADVENTURE AGAIN

BURNS MORE AIR—LESS GASOLINE! The Supercharger is an engineering miracle, pioneered five years ago by Graham. Proved in more than 100 million miles of owner operation! A Supercharger breaks gasoline into a fine, misty vapor. Mixes it with *air* under pressure. Then forces evenly into the cylinders a "leaner" mixture of far greater efficiency.



UNBELIEVABLE PICK-UP SPEED, PERFORMANCE! The acceleration and pick-up of a Supercharged engine is simply amazing. Even at 50 m.p.h. and up, where ordinary engines become sluggish, Graham pick-up is astonishingly fast! You get instant response at all speeds . . . pass other cars more *safely* because you get back in line more quickly.

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GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

If your throat's tormented with irritation, a Vicks Cough Drop dissolved naturally in your mouth will give the troubled membranes a soothing, medicated bath—for 12 to 15 minutes! Relief comes fast because Vicks are really medicated . . . *medicated* with the throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub—famous for relieving coughs and discomforts of colds.

MEDICATED
VICKS COUGH DROPS

Don't think that bureau officials were hardhearted or dull-witted not to go to work on this disease as soon as this momentous discovery was made. Remember that at the time they were up to their necks in the campaign against bovine tuberculosis—one that was taking all their time, money and energy. So the eradication campaign against Bang's disease had to wait until 1934. Then money was made available for the inevitable slaughter that was to follow—money to recompense farmers partially for their losses.

Fortunately the field men were armed with a test that gave a positive answer as to whether a cow was infected. They simply jabbed a needle in a cow's neck, drew off half an ounce of blood, and let it clot. The colorless serum—the white portion of the blood—left in the tube held the answer. To this was added an antigen—a growth product of the germs—and from then on it was easy. After forty-eight hours in a nice, warm incubator the microbes—if the disease was present—bundled themselves up into little knots easily visible to the naked eye. *If these little clumps were absent* the cow was all right. If they were present that meant one less cow in the United States—and tears from the farmer's wife when bossy was hauled away.

At present hundreds of men are in the field, men who are running about 700,000 tests a month. Four crews of seven each are touring in beautifully compact, efficient trailer laboratories. They park in a central location, then five men start collecting blood and tagging cows while two men stay behind to joggle test tubes.

So much for the destructive side of the work. While this has gone on, a big giant of a man with a mop of white hair has stayed behind in a laboratory at the National Agricultural Research Center at Beltsville, Md. Dr. John M. Buck *drew the assignment of finding a vaccine* that would protect cows and allow them to have normal, healthy calves no matter how contaminated their barns or fields.

A Hopeful Approach

He finally turned up one that looked promising—looked promising in a test tube. It had all the right elements in it and should protect cows. But would it? Old Doc Buck set out to discover. He pumped his vaccine into fourteen young heifers. Then he picked nine animals to act as controls—a control being an animal that would not get the juice that Buck hoped so desperately would protect. All twenty-three animals went to the breeding pens. Dr. Buck deliberately shot enough of the *disease* microbes into them to give them a full-blown case of Bang's disease. If the vaccine was any good at all it would have to wrestle with that stuff and tame it.

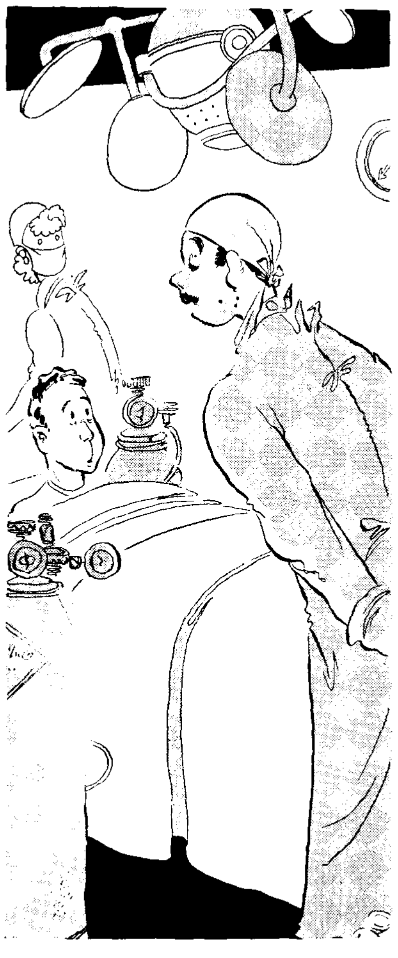
Within a few weeks the unvaccinated cows began losing their babies. Buck watched anxiously. He kept telephoning the animal sheds. How were the others doing? Fine, just fine, came the reply. He hovered about those cows. Every few weeks another unvaccinated cow would lose her calf, but nothing seemed to happen to the ones that had got his protective stew.

When it was all over the unvaccinated cows produced only three weak, spindly calves. Those that got Buck's protection delivered the expected fourteen, only one of which was weak!

Later work revealed undeniable flaws in the vaccine. It did not give 100-percent protection and it didn't seem to work on older cows. To be thoroughly trustworthy, it had to be shot into heifers four to six months old. Yet it represented the most hopeful approach to a problem that grows larger each day. Field results that are just now coming in would have delighted Dr. Buck, who died last year. Out of 5,621 vaccinated calves, only eight have aborted.

Don't think that this is the only problem confronting the men who try to see that we get all the good meat we can eat. Take the parasitic diseases: intestinal threadworms, liver flukes, trichinae, kidney worms. These pests, of the same general order as those that cause malaria in man, can kill meat animals as effectively as any bacteria.

Trichinosis—principally because of its public health aspect—is the most interesting disease. This one is caused by a minute worm called the trichina. Pork infested with these parasites can pass the disease along to man only if it is uncooked or poorly cooked. Hence the disease is largely confined to poor Southern blacks and whites who don't take all the care that they should with their cooking, and to Germans, Scandinavians and Italians who find raw pork a very acceptable dish if mixed with enough onions and vinegar. The worms thus eaten lay eggs in the intestine, and the hatched young pierce the intestinal wall, are picked up by the blood and carried to muscle tissue. Embedded in muscle, trichinae cause a kind of rheu*matic pain and swelling. Severe infec*tion often causes death.



"Now—what seems to be the trouble?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Pigs almost invariably get this disease from garbage—from bits of uncooked pork trimmings that came from infested hogs. This disease would present no problem at all if it weren't for a new and growing seaboard industry: garbage feeding of hogs. An owner of such a piggery—one of which has 65,000 animals—will contract with a hotel, restaurant, or *even a city for garbage. Then the vi*cious circle will begin. He will sell his trichinae-ridden meat, and trimmings will come back to infest his hogs.

Cases have turned up where one out of every ten hogs in one of these dismal establishments was infested with worms and in the usual course of things they have the disease five times as often as Western grain-fed hogs—the animals preferred by large packers.

The bureau has begged owners of these suburban hog ranches to cook garbage—which will destroy the worms. They reply that the hogs don't like cooked garbage. Then bureau men have asked them at least to sort the scraps and boil the pork leavings. Too much trouble, the ranchers have replied. Since the United States hasn't seen fit to require them to give the public this protection—something that Canada has *done—it is likely that this problem will* be increasingly important. The most annoying feature of the whole business is that trichinosis could be completely eradicated if proper precautions were taken. But until this step is taken pork eaters can have at least one consolation. If they get the disease they have only themselves to blame. Proper cooking will prevent it.

Stamping out other parasitic diseases in hogs is largely a problem of sanitation. The solution, briefly stated, is this: keep pigs free of parasites for the first six weeks of their lives and they will then have resistance enough to throw off most invaders. How is this done? Simply by taking to the farrowing house lessons learned in the maternity ward.

The bureau advocates scrubbing the expectant sow with an antiseptic solution and then moving her into a thoroughly de-bugged pen. As soon as her young arrive they are moved by wagon—not allowed to walk along contaminated roads—to a fresh field, a field that was in crops the year before. Possibly this seems like much ado about a pig's confinement. But in cold, hard figures this procedure saved the state of Illinois a million dollars in a single year; the extra money coming from increased size of pigs and lowering of mortality rate.

A Campaign That Got Results

The most heroic campaign the bureau has put on is against a disease for which *there is no preventive—bovine tubercu*losis. And there is no cure either, since you can't send a cow to Saranac, or Denver, or Albuquerque.

In 1917 about 32 out of every 1,000 cattle examined had tuberculosis. Whitish nodules in their carcasses gave mute testimony to the presence of tuberculosis. At that time about 23,000 people died each year of bone and gland tuberculosis—the disease contracted principally from milk. Then came the campaign destined to bring howls from the farm population.

Inspectors—state as well as federal—marched into the farmyards, often over the owners' protests. But no matter how much objectors fought, reacting cows were pulled out of the herds, ap*praised, loaded on trucks and taken to* the slaughterhouse. Altogether 3,700,000 animals have been disposed of since the campaign began.

This hardship on the farmer isn't as great as it appears. Last year, for example, destroyed cows had an average appraisal value of $86. To offset this loss the farmer got an average salvage value from the carcass of $29; and an average bounty from his state of $12; and an average federal bounty of $22. His loss, therefore, stood him only $23.

The results of the campaign, the greatest systematic eradication program of its kind ever undertaken? In not a single year since the campaign began has the death rate from milk-borne tuberculosis failed to decline! Today it *causes less than a quarter as many* deaths as it did when the bureau began beating out the disease that people used to describe euphemistically as the captain of the men of death. And the incidence of tuberculosis in cows tested is only about a fifth of what it was when the work began. One beautiful feature of this job is that the disease will not return. Too many wise cities have passed ordinances requiring dairies that furnish them milk to have "accredited"—tuberculosis-free—herds.

The gift of 3 Wise men!

We held a heavy conference on mother's Christmas present. Bobby said it must be "smart." Dick said, "something she'll be proud of." And I said, "useful." So we decided to pool our money and really go to town.

After several hours in the store, Bobby pointed and yelled "Look!" Dick and I dashed after him, and there we stood before it, silent, yet unanimous that here was the gift that filled the bill for all three.

On Christmas morning, mother's delight and her three big thankful kisses told us that we had been three wise men in choosing a Toastmaster* Hospitality Set. Friends dropped in that afternoon, and Mrs. Byrd said she simply must have one for her Sunday supper parties. Jim Paterson said it was a swell idea for his new game room. And mother just beamed and said there'd be no end to the ways she would use it.

They chose the new *De Luxe* Hospitality Set. And what a beauty it is! A stunning large tray of mahogany or walnut; four individual lap trays to match; a clever toast-trimmer; three appetizer dishes in exquisite Duncan crystal—and the automatic pop-up type Toastmaster toaster, newly styled and improved.

It's the "master mind" of toasters. Set the indicator for *your* kind of toast—and the Flexible Timer takes charge! It allows more time when the toaster is cold, less when it's hot. When both slices are toasted to a T, up they pop and off goes the current. No watching, no turning, no burning.

There's another beautiful Hospitality Set, with colorful Stangl peasant-pottery appetizer dishes; and a new Toast 'n Jam Set that's the talk of the town. See them all, wherever the best appliances are sold!

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Illinois. European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford St., London, W. 1, England.

TOASTMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Hospitality Set

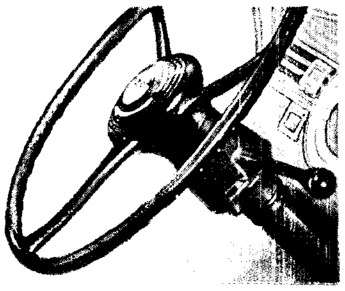
JUST LIKE HOME—*Most good restaurants and hotels serve delicious toast made on Toastmaster Toasters.*

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS: 2-slice automatic pop up type toaster, $16.00; 1-slice, $10.50; Hospitality Sets, $19.95, $23.95; folding stand, $5.95; Toast 'n Jam Set, $17.95; Junior non-automatic toaster, $7.50; automatic waffle baker, $12.50

AMERICA'S NEW
Luxu

A Bigger
Finer Dodge
at a
Surprisingly
Low Price!

PROUDLY Dodge presents the new Luxury Liner ...the greatest car ever to bear the famous Dodge name! Startlingly new in design, sparkling in its new beauty of form and line, this new Dodge marks an outstanding achievement in motor car history! As Dodge's Silver Anniversary Creation, this brilliantly conceived new car is a milestone in automotive progress...a triumphant climax to a 25-year record of fine car building.



NEW easier way
shift gears—with a
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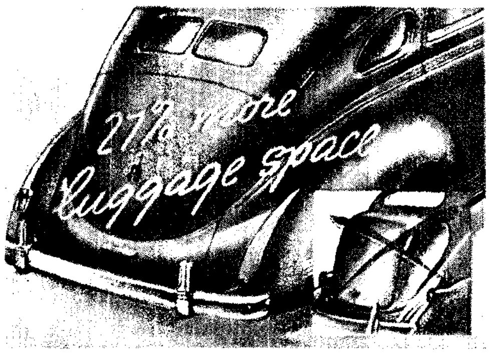
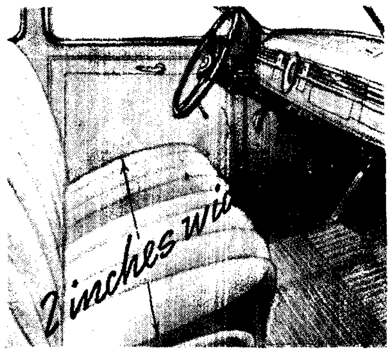
near the steering wh
You shift in the s
standard "H" patte
nothing new to le
Not an "attachme
but a sturdy, relia
integral unit of the
Front floor is clear
unobstructed!

Styling of Rear Ensemble! Graceful sloping lines, which flow from top of windshield back to taillight in one smooth, *unbroken* contour, *completely conceal* the new-type Dodge luggage compartment which is actually *27% larger* than old "trunk style" compartment. Think of it —23 cubic feet of space in addition to spare tire and wheel!





THE division superintendent of the bus company was speaking.

Merry stood in front of the desk, turning his hat in his hands. You couldn't escape the voice but you didn't have to pay attention to the words.

". . . examination of the facts convinces us . . . innocent of criminal conspiracy . . . deliberate infraction of the rules . . ."

Outside it was still raining. Merry looked down three stories at the hesitant traffic on Detroit Street. If only he'd get it over with, he thought. If only he'd come right out and say he's running me off the job, and not be so damned pompous about it.

". . . consideration of the best interests of the company . . . no choice in the matter . . . dispense with your services . . ."

"All right," Merry said.

He put his hat on. The voice stopped him at the door.

". . . understand that the matter is not personal . . . sake of discipline . . ."

"Yes," Merry said.

He got the hell out before that went any farther. That left-handed sympathy was something he couldn't stand. When he hit the street he fell apart.

It wasn't the job so much. One thing was he'd been jamming gears on some sort of bus for six years, and he hated to spoil a good record. Another thing was it tore you apart to find out you'd made a fool of yourself over a woman.

He lighted a cigarette and took two or three drags of it before he stepped outside. There was a cold wind booming up Detroit Street. He pulled his hat down against the whip of the rain and started walking without thought and without any destination.

It was dusk when he got back to his room. Earl Maguire, who was taking over his run, knocked on the door and came in.

"Well, kid," Earl said, "how'd you make out?"

"I'm washed up," Merry said. He tried to imitate the superintendent's deep pompous voice ". . . innocent of criminal conspiracy, but the best interests of the company . . ."

It wasn't very funny. He went over and lay face-down on the bed.

Earl said, "What you going to do now?"

"I don't know," Merry said. "The way I feel I won't ever do anything again."

He spent his twenty-fifth birthday in a strange room, in a strange boardinghouse, in a strange town. At dinner the redheaded girl who sat next to him at the table made an effort at conversation. Merry didn't pay any attention to her. He had noticed her before in the impersonal way you notice any pretty girl, but that was as far as it went. He had his mind made up then. If one woman was a tramp they were all tramps.

After dinner he went up to his room. He had a bottle of whisky in his bag and he dug that out, and sat on the edge of the bed and had a few drinks to celebrate the occasion, and it was dull as hell.

At ten o'clock somebody knocked at the door. When he opened it the redheaded girl was standing there.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she said, "but my window's stuck and I can't open it. I wonder if you'd mind . . . ?"

The casing was swollen with dampness and locked tight. Merry knocked it loose with the heel of his hand, and propped the window up with a stick. The fresh air felt fine in the room. After that he stayed and had a cigarette with her.

He sat in the only chair in the room and she lounged on the bed facing him, leaning back against the pillows with her arms above her head.

"It's a little awkward," she said, "trying to talk without names."

He told her his name then. Merrick Holden. "Merry," he said. "The kids hung it on me when I was in school."

"My name's Ware," she said. "Tamsin Ware. Tam to my friends."

"It's none of my business," she said. "Maybe I'm just getting curious out of turn. You can get mad if you want to; but you've been here in the house for ten days or two weeks and you haven't spoken a friendly word to anyone. . . . You can't hate people that much, can you?"

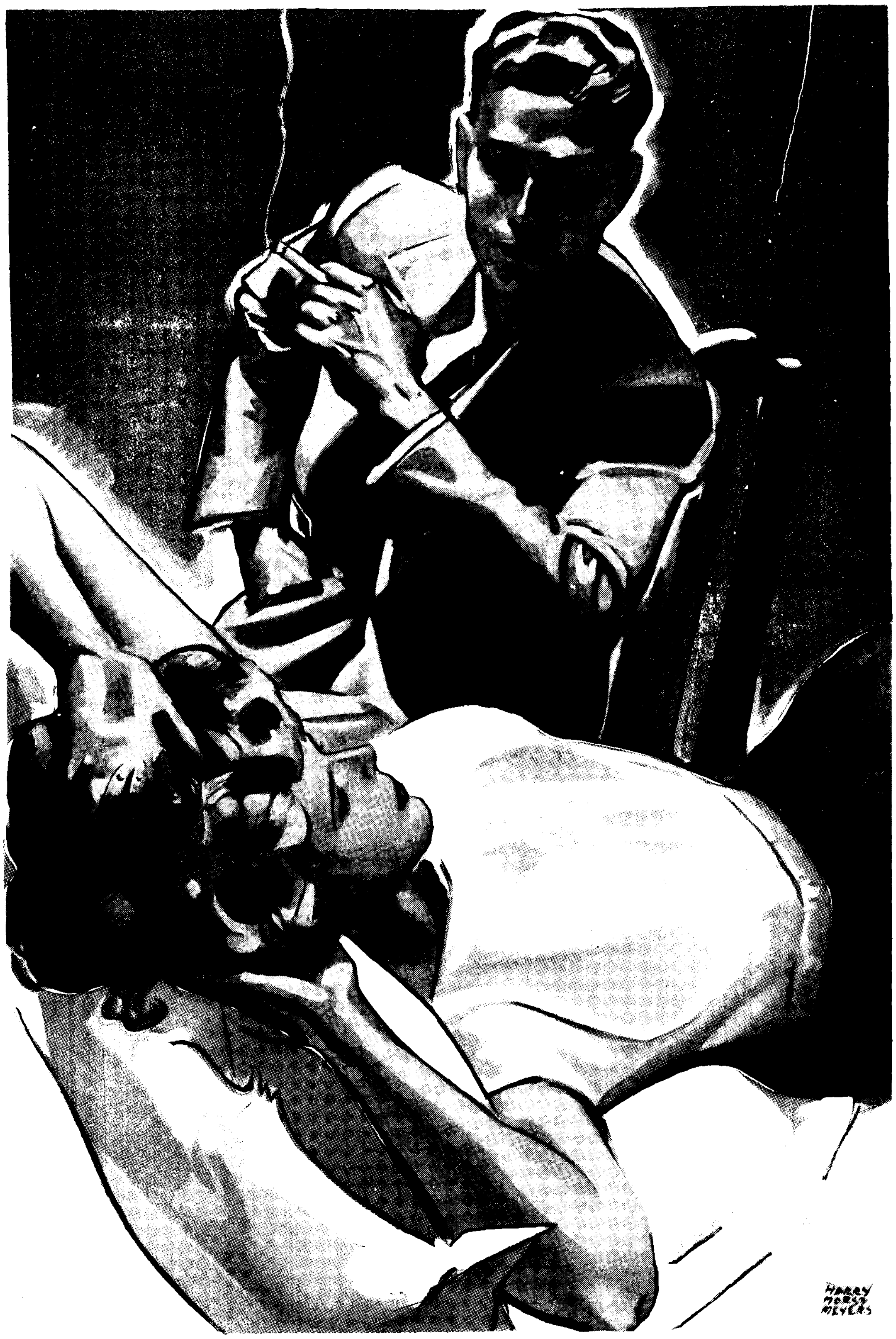
He told her about it finally He wasn't exactly sure why he did it, and he made no effort to explain it to himself, but he knew it was a relief to tell it to somebody. . . .

That night he checked in off his run and went into the hole in the wall where the drivers usually ate, and they had a new girl at the cashier's counter. He noticed her first because the woman they had before was fifty years old and built like a boxcar. The new one was young and sort of cute. Besides that, the man talking to her was making a lot of noise. He was dressed up in a derby hat, and a black overcoat that was too wide in the shoulders and too tight at the waist, and you could spot him for a small-time racketeer as far as you could see him.

Merry tapped him on the shoulder and said, "If you want to bawl her out, buddy, why don't you take her home and do it?"

HE DIDN'T mean to start anything, but Derby Hat got tough about it. Merry knocked him down, and threw him out in the street on his face, and threw his hat out after him. He thought he was doing a favor for a lady, and when he came back inside, the new cashier slapped him so hard his teeth rattled.

Well, it was funny. For a week every time he came in she looked at him as though she'd like to put arsenic in his coffee, and then one night she thawed out for no reason at all; and maybe he should have known what it was right there, but he didn't. She said, "Say, you aren't still *(Continued on page 104)*



The Ford Motor Company

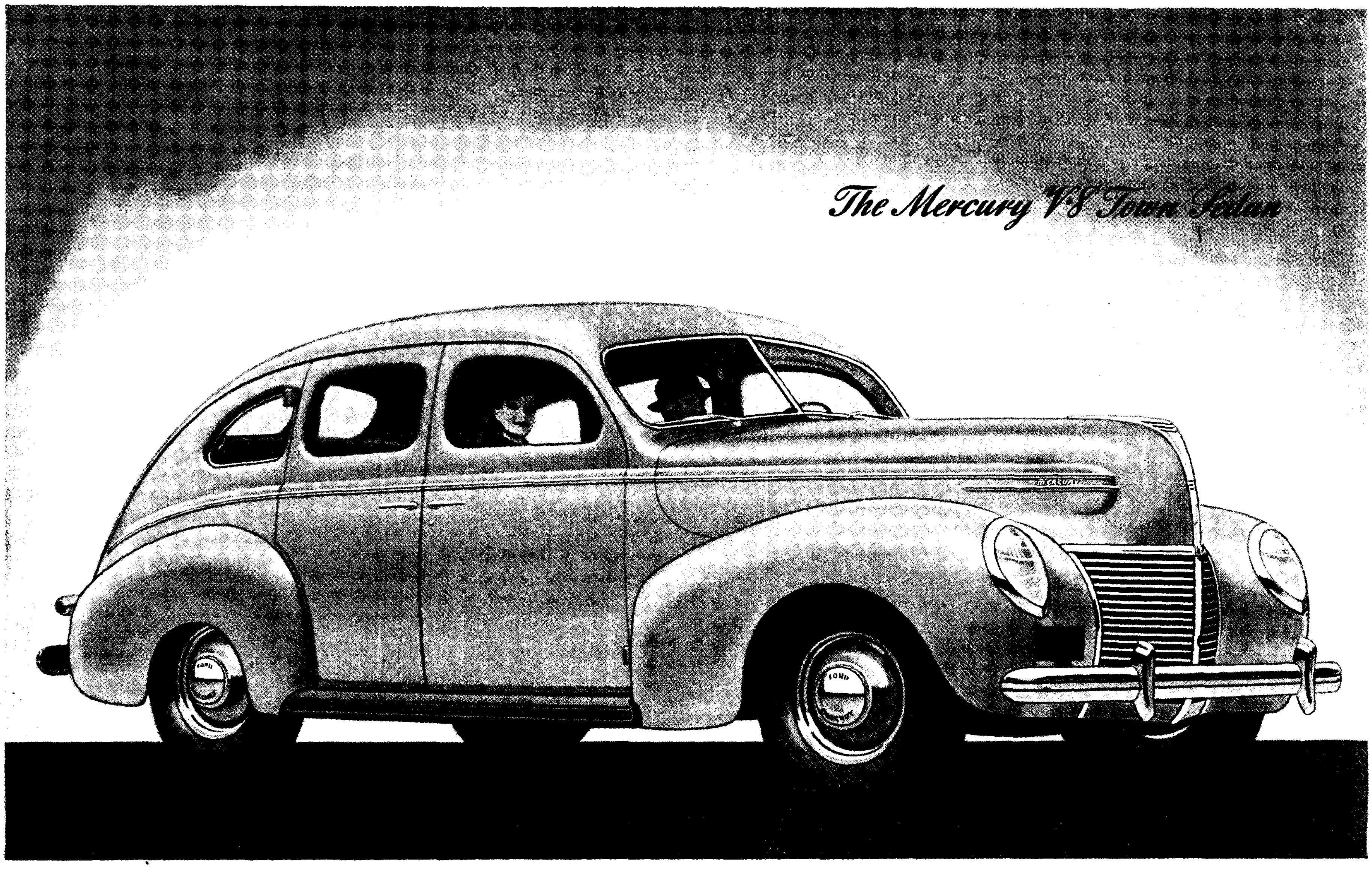
THE NEW MERCURY 8

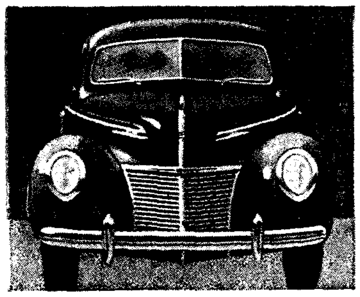
THE new Mercury 8 has been built to provide Ford standards of quality and performance in a larger car, at slightly higher price. It is a new name—a new car—and above all, a new value.

Skilful streamlines and a wide, roomy body give the new Mercury something of the character of the Lincoln-Zephyr. Rich interior appointments reflect its outward beauty. Advanced engineering makes it unusually quiet and comfortable. It has a new 95-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine and hydraulic brakes.

The extra value and modern design which distinguish the Mercury are equally evident in the new appearance and new features of the two 1939 Ford cars.

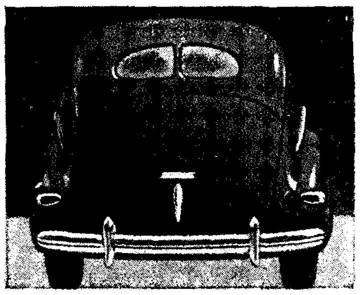
TWO NEW FORD CARS . . . Both the Ford V-8 and the De Luxe Ford V-8 have graceful, sweeping lines, though they differ





SOME OF THE PLUS-VALUE FEATURES OF THE NEW MERCURY 8

Large bodies • 116-inch wheelbase • New powerful V-type 95-hp. 8-cylinder engine • Positive, easy-action hydraulic brakes • Luxurious interior appointments, including new soft seat construction • Modern streamline styling derived from the Lincoln-Zephyr • Evenly distributed weight and center-poise design give "cradled" riding comfort • Scientific noise control that insures extremely quiet operation • Four beautiful body types and a choice of eight colors.



Announces

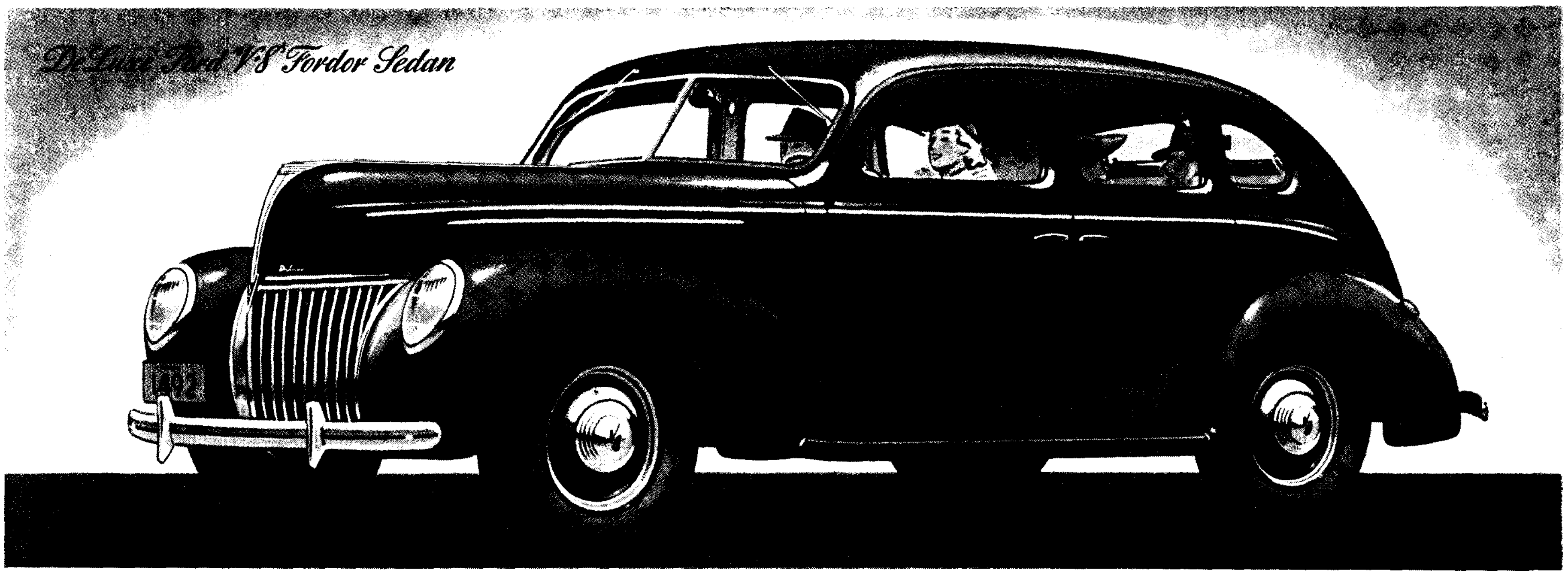
AND TWO NEW FORDS FOR 1939

in design. Both are generously proportioned, inside and out. Both have new hydraulic brakes, built to strict Ford standards. And both . . . by reason of scientific sound-proofing and new seat construction . . . invite you to enjoy a really restful ride.

The Ford V-8 offers either the 60-horsepower engine for rock-bottom economy, or the 85-horsepower engine for top-notch performance. The De Luxe has the 85-horsepower engine only.

THE FORD QUALITY GROUP . . . Beside these two new Ford cars, and the new Mercury, the Ford Motor Company also presents the 12-cylinder Lincoln-Zephyr and Lincoln—five quality cars—each representing the remarkable value and performance for which the Ford name stands.

With this broad range of cars and prices, our dealers are better prepared than ever before to serve your individual needs.



1939 FORD FEATURES

V-8 ENGINE: thrifty 60 horsepower or brilliant 85 horsepower in Ford V-8. 85 horsepower only in De Luxe Ford V-8.

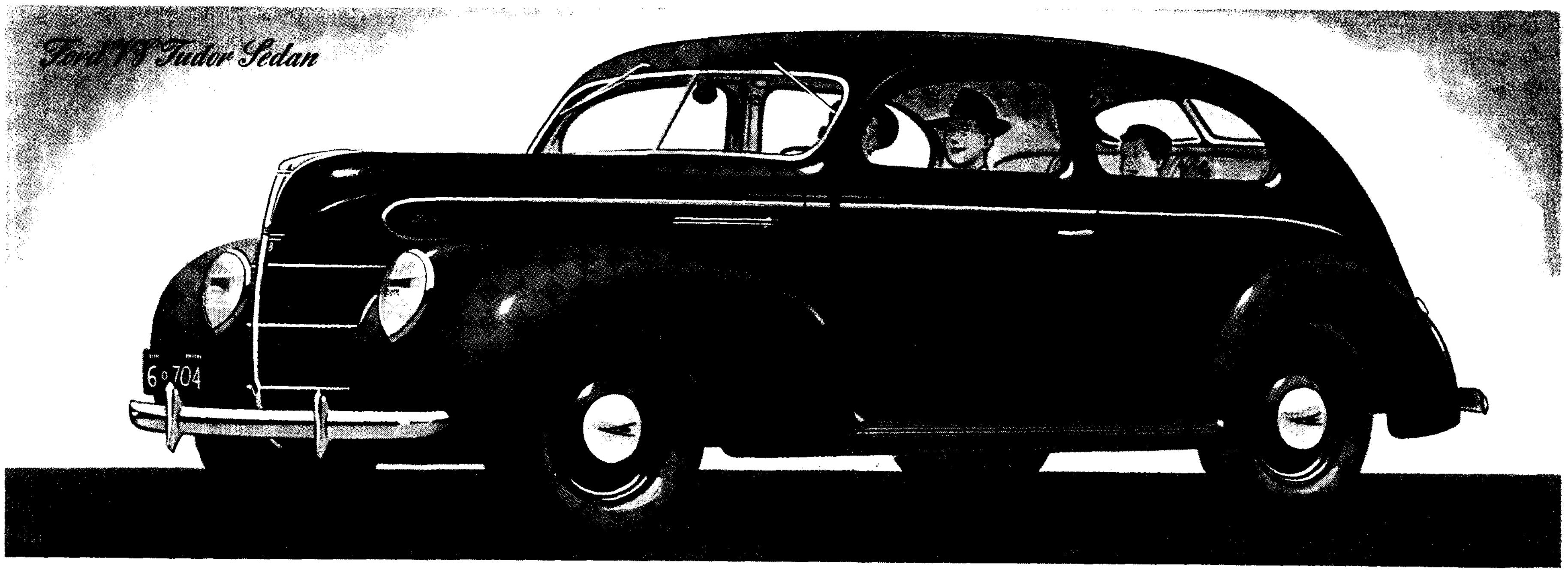
HYDRAULIC BRAKES: built to strict Ford standards of safety and precision. Even, easy pedal action. Big drums and large lining areas for fast stops and long life.

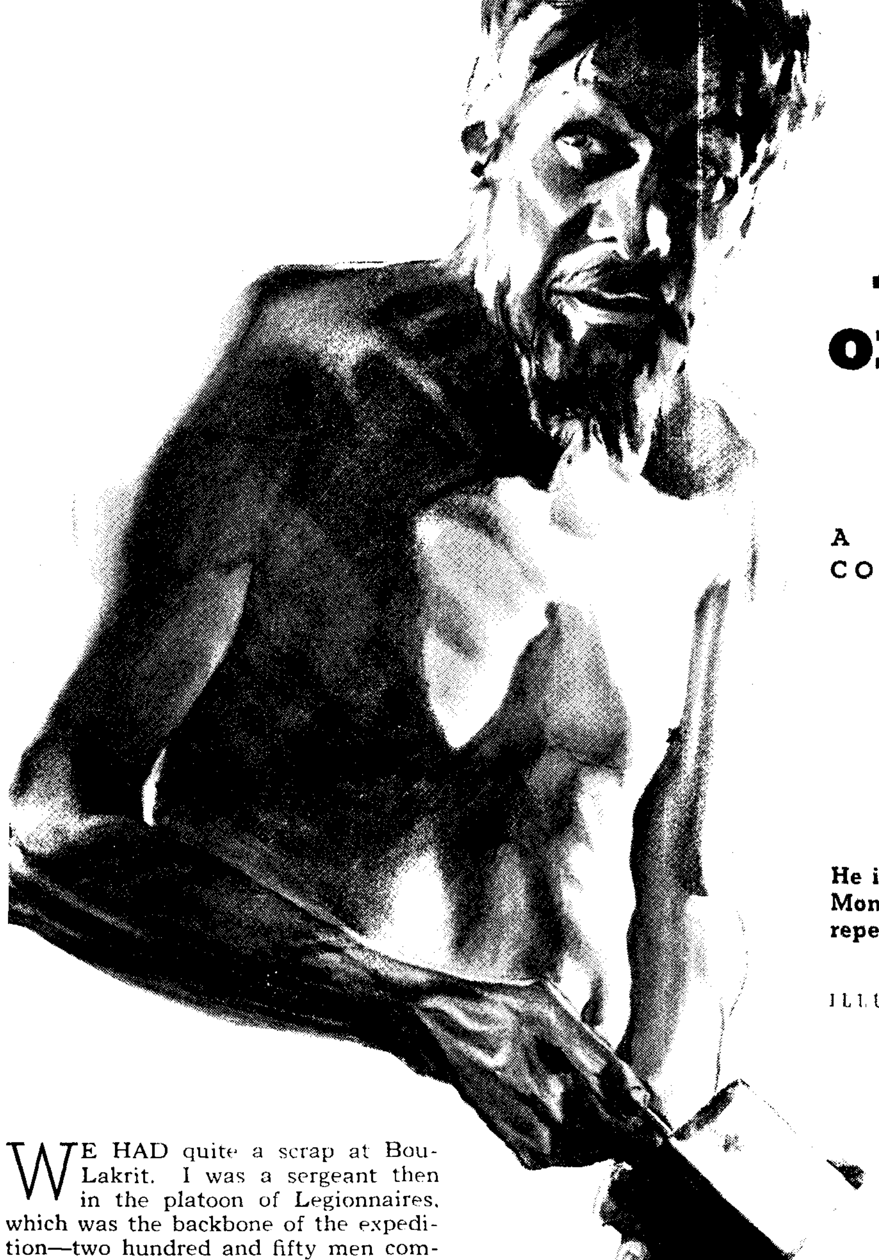
INTERIORS: spacious, pleasant, well appointed. Mohair or broadcloth upholstery.

QUIET: car noises almost completely silenced by thorough, scientific sound-proofing.

COMFORT: new seat construction, soft cantilever transverse springs, big double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers.

ALL-STEEL BODIES • LOW PRICES





A Change of Weapons

By Georges Surdez

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

He inserted the key in the lock, turned it. Montbel asked for the performance to be repeated. The man appeared more bored

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

WE HAD quite a scrap at Bou-Lakrit. I was a sergeant then in the platoon of Legionnaires, which was the backbone of the expedition—two hundred and fifty men commanded by a smart little captain of the Native Intelligence Service, Montbel.

After the row was over, we learned that the gang we had met, and beaten, was that of Gerbach, the deserter. And Captain Montbel was sure that Gerbach had not been killed, had not escaped, but was among our prisoners.

Out of the lot, nine chaps had been picked out who answered his general description. Eight were African mountaineers, the ninth must be Gerbach. But which was the ninth?

They had been stripped, examined, questioned. Bribes had been offered them for information. All we got out of the nine were grins and grunts. After a while, Captain Montbel called his officers together in the big marabou tent erected on the hill, into a sort of informal council. I was there because, being senior sergeant with a brevet, I acted as an officer for the time.

"Gerbach is here," Montbel declared. "And I intend to find him. I am positive he is here, because that machine gun kept firing to the last, at a cadence I should know. Gerbach is a German-trained machine gunner."

Those of us who had served in the World War agreed with him. It may seem odd to outsiders that there is a difference in the firing of an automatic weapon. It's like the individual "touch" on a piano—you can't describe it in words, but you can't mistake it when you hear it.

"I was watching that machine-gun emplacement carefully," Montbel resumed. "So I noted that we rounded up every single man within thirty yards of it. And Gerbach would not have been among those who escaped, nor among the dead, or the men we took would so inform us, lead us to the body, and so on."

The little captain paused. Then: "Has anyone a suggestion to make?"

A young cavalry lieutenant, not long in Morocco, said something about taking the whole bunch back to Fez or Taza and bringing in officers and sergeants who had known Gerbach well.

"No," Montbel said. "Gerbach is a smart man and would manage to escape. And I have a personal reason for wanting him punished. He was the man who commanded the band that stormed an outpost some months ago, permitted the survivors to be massacred. One of my colleagues in the Native Intelligence, Captain Chabeau, was taken and tortured for hours by women. Gerbach was looking on, and when our comrade asked him to end it mercifully with a pistol shot, he said very politely: 'A thousand regrets, Captain. However, my prestige and popularity would grow precarious should I interfere with their pleasures.' And Chabeau was my best friend."

THE nine prisoners were brought in one by one, stood in the middle of the tent, answered a few questions. They all appeared at ease, fearless, and all had the same smile of scornful amusement. They were justified, for a dozen Europeans who could not pick out one of their own kind did *not* show themselves very bright.

And it was the same youthful cavalryman who spoke after the ninth man had come and gone without result.

"I have heard that Gerbach once was a Prussian officer. It would be amusing to inform his colleagues back home that after a few years one of them could not be distinguished from a lot of mountain tribesmen! The mark of an officer, eh? Nine guys in Moorish *burnouses* and we can't spot the one who once wore the *uhlanka!*"

Montbel started, stared at him for a moment.

"Many thanks, Lieutenant," he snapped.

"What for, *mon capitaine?*"

"You have solved the question." We stared at one another. No one seemed to guess what Montbel had in mind. He opened one of his tin trunks, lifted out a little green box of metal, placed it on the folding table in the center of the tent, laid the key near by.

"Have the prisoners brought in again, one by one," Montbel ordered. "Have them stripped to the waist."

We wondered what the captain was about. Nobody thought he was fooling.

The first prisoner was led in between two armed Legionnaires. He was grinning, and scratching his chin through his beard.

"*Ahall!*" Montbel snapped, indicating the box: "Open."

The man picked up the key, inserted it in the lock, turned it.

"Dismissed," Montbel grunted. "Next!"

He relocked the box, laid the key on the table again.

Six other men, one at a time, took the test. Then the seventh was brought in. He was a tall, rangy beggar, with an unkempt beard, fierce eyes and a nasty smile that showed strong, stained teeth separated by unsightly gaps. He did not appear very intelligent. At the order he picked up the key, inserted it in the lock, turned it. For the first time, Montbel asked for the performance to be repeated. The man appeared more bored than puzzled.

Then Captain Montbel spoke in a changed voice.

"That will do, Gerbach."

"*Manarf?* I don't get you," the prisoner grunted, shaking his head. "I know little French—"

Montbel cut him short with a hint of weariness in his manner.

"Drop it, Gerbach. You must understand that I did not commit myself until I was sure." Montbel looked at his fingernails a moment, then up at the prisoner. "I give you my word that whether I am right or wrong you will be executed in a few minutes. I'll chance responsibility for a mistake."

MOST of us thought that this was a trick to trap the man into admitting his identity. Yet Montbel, an officer of the old school, had passed his word that he would have this chap shot. The other grinned vacuously, as if he did not understand a word spoken.

"I see no particular motive, however," the captain continued, "to treat you with unnecessary cruelty. I shall allow you a few minutes to write to anyone at home you may wish to inform of your end. Have a cigarette?"

The man standing before the table stared at Montbel in silence for thirty seconds. Then the perspiration started to trickle down his face. He had realized, before any of us, that the captain meant what he said, was *sure.*

He reached out, picked a cigarette from Montbel's silver case.

"Thank you, Captain." He managed a creditable smile. "I am in no mood for letter writing. But I believe the usual thing is to offer a glass of rum in addition to the cigarette? I haven't had good liquor in months. As a convert, I had to be a stricter Moslem than my chaps."

"I'll send for—" Montbel started.

But someone handed Gerbach a flask, one of those little bottles with a tin socket protecting the bottom, that you carry in your hip pocket. The prisoner drank most of it with one gulp.

"Very nice, thanks." Gerbach tried to laugh easily. "And now, Captain, tell me—what gave me away? What made you sure of my identity?"

Montbel rose.

"Pick up the key, Gerbach. Set it in the lock. Turn it. Now, look down at your arm, here—" The captain laid a finger on a lump of muscle that had appeared to distend the tanned skin, just above the elbow. "You see that knot of muscles? That made me sure."

GERBACH turned his wrist several times, causing the lump to vanish and swell again.

"Why? Hasn't everyone—"

"No, Gerbach, everyone hasn't that lump. I was reminded that you had been a Prussian officer. Consequently, you had spent long years in military schools, in service. An officer is trained to handle weapons, the foil among them. Fencing develops that lump; nothing else does to that extent. As Riff mountaineers do not fence, there would be eight men without that lump and the one with it would be the ex-officer."

Several of us unconsciously felt the right arm above the elbow, turned the wrist. Gerbach dropped the key.

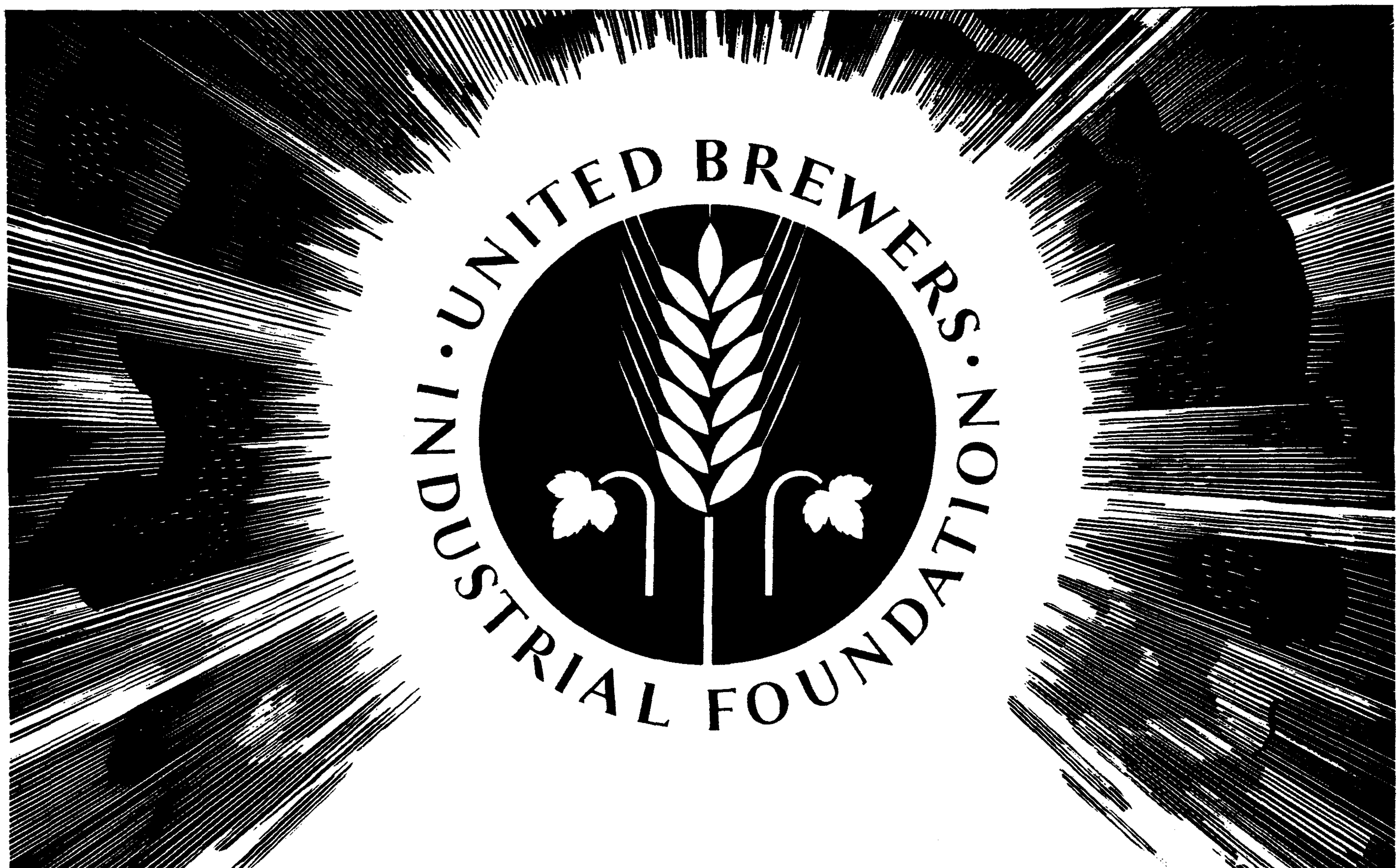
"Why the key?" he asked.

"You'll understand soon. If I had asked the first man in to take a fencing position, word might have got back to you in time. You might have guessed. You are too smart a man to be given time to think of a subterfuge, such as using your left hand. So I tried to think of a gesture that would cause you to hold out your arm and turn wrist and fingers, somewhat as in a quick battlement with the foil. Worked perfectly."

"Thank you for the explanation, Captain."

"Don't mention it, I beg of you." Montbel smiled. "Corporal, take away the prisoner."

Gerbach nodded to all of us and walked out firmly between his guards.



WHY responsible brewers are adopting this symbol

It identifies the members of this Foundation who have pledged themselves as scientific brewers to maintain "exacting high standards in the brewing and packaging of beer and ale."

It stands for good citizenship . . . because all members have pledged their support "to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."

Used in the advertising of Foundation members therefore, this symbol identifies products and practices which merit the support and approval of all thoughtful citizens.

United Brewers Industrial Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Retailing is not a direct responsibility of the brewers...and, what's more, the vast majority of retailers of beer operate respectable, legal premises.

But whenever retail beer licenses are used to screen the sale of illegal liquor, or to operate illicit resorts . . . wherever beer is sold to minors . . . or after legal hours . . . or to persons who have drunk to excess . . . beer, the beverage itself, suffers.

So the brewer-members of the Foundation ...in their own interest, and obviously in the public interest also...have inaugurated a wide campaign of cooperation with public officials and with forward-looking private citizens.

They invite the support of authorities, retailers, and consumers everywhere.

With cooperation from each, enforcement of existing laws can eliminate the conditions now causing us concern.

And beer, as the bulwark of moderation, can continue to deserve its age-old high place in men's affections.

Consumers particularly are asked to do these things:

1. Take the lead in arousing public opinion—see to it that existing laws ***are*** enforced.
2. Restrict your patronage to legal, respectable retail outlets. This can and ***will*** raise retailing standards.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation.

BUY BALL-BAND
FOR EVERY MEMBER
OF THE FAMILY

SMARTER STYLE
•
GREATER COMFORT
•
LONGER WEAR

Women's 1-Snap
Rubber Oxford

Men's Savoy
Rubber Oxford

It doesn't make any difference whether you choose Ball-Band footwear for extra comfort or for extra wear—you'll get both. And you'll get this double satisfaction because Ball-Band builds these most important qualities right into every pair. That's why we say you'll feel more comfortable if you see your Ball-Band dealer and buy Ball-Band. Look for the Red Ball.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
471 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

BALL-BAND
FOOTWEAR

Uptown Boy

Continued from page 10

over her crossed legs, seeming to streamline the motion of the bar. Her hair was natural blond and very pretty and coiffured erect like a bunch of asparagus. She was graceful and tony and tidy and the picture would have been spoiled without her. Patsy and Katherine approached the bar.

They arrived, but they had not arrived. Even though Barry Edwards stood up, the circular bar rotated, and moved away from Patsy and Katherine, who were required to follow, Patsy with his mouth open.

He knew with alarm that there was indignity in trailing after the people who rode the mobile bar, but he took a few steps anyway, beginning, "Georgie, I would like you to know—" and had to take another step. Then Barry graciously stepped down from the platform, as a conductor leaves a slowing train, and his left hand was taken by Georgie, who hopped nimbly. The four of them were assembled and Patsy was able to say what he had begun to say.

He gazed with hollow wonder at Georgie, who was holding court and who yet had time to say to Katherine, "I can understand why Tarzan has been so mysterious these past few days, Miss Dowd. He had you in store for us. He's a clever Tarzan."

"Do you call him Tarzan too?"

"All the time," said Georgie. "He's the strongest man in the world. Aren't you, Tarzan?"

"Or maybe he's just up a tree," Katherine said, and laughed together with Georgie to Patsy's additional pain. And laughed, incidentally, with considerable charm, and with a knack for displaying herself that was not outdone by Georgie's special talent.

THEN Georgie said aloud, "I'm so glad you brought her, Patsy, and I won't call you Tarzan any more. You're down out of the tree. I just wanted to know what she was like. I knew there had to be someone, and she's lovely; honestly she is." After which Georgie went about her professional task in the middle of the floor, and a blue light breathed out of the walls and left her framed for all of them to see.

"*I knew there had to be someone.*" The words remained when she had gone and turned Patsy's ego inside out. It nearly compelled him to run out on the floor and tell Georgie that it wasn't so. That this wasn't the idea at all, that she couldn't swindle him with such merry convenience. It wasn't finished and sewed in the bag like this. He wanted her to know that Katherine was only scenery, just exceedingly pretty scenery, an old pal.

But Georgie was in her act now, a monologue concerning a mother and her son and a streetcar conductor at which Georgie was tremendous. Her pretty throat was a grab bag of dialects and only the laughter from the tables challenged her voice. There was no other sound.

Patsy could just sit there and look at her. He could see her in the pretty wrapping of spotlight and it might have been distant starlight for all the accessibility it afforded him now. And yet he had kissed this girl hotly and held her actually and close to himself on a rather recent night; and now he was in fear that she had forgotten that night, as though she had a right to, when the skyride was unfinished—as though she could forget any such night and go on to seek more of them with other men. When the act was done, he was first from the table to greet her in an awkward plunge that knew no shame. He walked back with her to the table and garbled foolish things that sounded like Barry, himself, in one of Barry's brighter moods. He helped Georgie into her chair and when he sat down Katherine kicked him soundly in the ankle and Patsy knew why. He had not been successful; he had been a dope. His deportment was counterfeit and it hurt him very much to know it now.

Georgie moved her eyes from Barry to Patsy. "You boys must be very weary," she said. "Barry is young, of course, and doesn't show wear, but Tarzan, you look positively like a chopped steak."

"He's a tough steak," Barry said gaily. "He's the toughest steak in the league. He played a lot of football this afternoon."

BUT Patsy wasn't grateful. He wanted to hit Barry, in spite of the young man's gentle concern for his feelings, because Barry had played a lot of football, too, but didn't get tired, and didn't look like a man whose head had been lightly chipped with an ax.

"The foolish part of it is," said Georgie, "that they are playing again next Sunday. I don't know why, either, do you, when they've played two games already?"

"Uh-huh," said Katherine, "I know. It's big stuff. The next is the play-off, and also the pay-off. That's good, isn't it?"

"That's wonderful," Barry said. "That's the only woman in America who understands how we work. We do work, Georgie; we work very hard."

"Yes, I know you do, you big bums. C'mon dance, Barry," and Georgie arose with Barry while Patsy continued to sit and stare.

Katherine said, "Hello, chump."

"What do you mean—chump? I'm doing all right."

"You're doing all right like the Eskimos. You're out in the cold. The big man of pro football is out there dancing. You know that."

"I don't know any such thing. I'll be in the ball game Sunday."

"You're not in the ball game now."

"I don't understand."

"You understand, all right. You're sitting on the side lines now. Barry's got the game in his arms; he's walking off with it. He'll walk off with it on Sunday, too. You wait and see."

"I won't wait and see. I won't—aw, I'm tired, Katie, can't you see? I've been trying too hard. It hurts."

"That's not like you, Patsy. It didn't always hurt. They used to blow the whistle twice to slow you down when you were with the Washington Heights Tigers."

"But I'm not with the Tigers any more. I'm tired, Katherine. I'm so tired I could die." There was no use lying to Katherine. It didn't make sense. Professional football is not easy. Professional football is legal and acceptable murder. It is a vicious schedule. It means twenty games, maybe more. His eyes trailed off after Georgie.

"Why don't you give up, Patsy?"

The question brought his eyes back to Katherine and the soft sympathy that was in her face but which she washed swiftly away when his gaze had rested too long upon it. "I can't give up," he said. "I haven't got a dime. Next Sunday means everything, shoulder or no shoulder. There's a five-grand bonus for me if we win, Katie, and it's a miserable little 'if.'"

"You've been making muscles too

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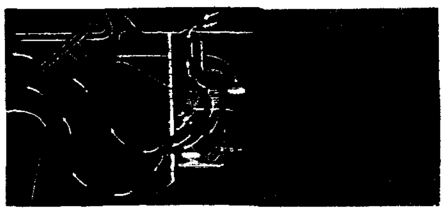

long," she said. "You need a place to lie down. You should grow that beard you used to wear with the House of David's team. You could hide in that."

"The House of David? That was seven years ago."

"That was eight years ago," she corrected. "You batted .203 and they heaved you out of the bushes. Football is your business, Patsy," and Katherine seemed to know all about it. She started to rise from the table. "You just sit here and make faces," she said. "I have to call Mr. Abrams again."

"Don't bother with Mr. Abrams," Patsy pleaded. "Whoever he is, let him lie. I'd feel too silly here by myself, so don't leave me!"

She didn't leave him; she stayed, and after a while the music stopped. But Georgie and Barry did not return, for they must have had other occupation, and Patsy's searching gaze went unrewarded until she came back with the act again, after which she departed into the many glad and social hands that would receive her, particularly Barry's. Unattended, Patsy suffered and clinched many cigarettes and was terribly unhappy and very ashamed in the fine leather chair.

He was especially ashamed before Katherine who said, "If I thought I could hold you up, we might dance. We are beginning to look like a chess game."

"Okay," said Patsy, "I give up. Let's get out of here."

GOING home in the cab they were silent for several blocks and Patsy was locked in his own embarrassment. "That's how it goes, Kath," he finally attempted. "She's a fast league and I should have known better. She's a great girl but she's society. There's a difference."

"The only difference is that you're a snob and Georgie is not! Maybe it's not your fault, but I don't know. I think a lot of your trouble began up at Amherst. Do you remember that time, Patsy?"

He would never forget it, although he had hoped that others would. Patsy was not a college guy. Professional football took him in from the sand lots only because he was inordinately skilled in busting up football games. They would sanction his name on the programs as being from the School of Hard Knox, or something worn and worm-eaten like that, damn them, and maybe they never really knew that it hurt. But that time up at Amherst, though; that was a time. Gene Tunney had successfully lectured on Shakespeare for the Yale boys, and then along came Patsy as a wrestling champion, at twenty-two years of age. Patsy had unloaded on literature, too, but in the middle of the thing he knew the jolly college boys were laughing. He knew they had guessed what he was trying to do, impress them. He had fought since then to regain that stubborn ground, but he had lost, and Georgie Brown was just another hurdle that had been skin off his knees.

But he couldn't admit this to Katherine. "I was just screwy about Georgie, that's all."

Katherine said, "I wonder. Or maybe you wanted your beautiful body in the rotogravure, instead of in the sports sheets, huh, Patsy?"

"She's a fine girl, Georgie is; she's different."

"You said that two blocks ago. Of course she's a fine girl, but she's not the least bit different. She reminds me of girls I know in school—at Municipal College, and not at Smith. They wear their hair the same way. It's just that you can't see straight, Mr. Smart Aleck. You have too many muscles, not enough brains. Georgie was your audience, that's all. Every athlete needs a personal as well as a general audience. It makes them work harder, and that's why you're going to flop on Sunday. Tarzan."

"You can't talk to me like that!"

"Can't I, though? Well, who cares? I'd rather talk to a fire hydrant, see? You can tell the driver to go faster!" She was magnificent in anger, Patsy perceived, and she did not scream like an uptown girl. She could quarrel with quiet modulation and it was high-class anger, the very best. He felt scarlet with shame for tonight's exhibition before her critical eyes. She hadn't asked for it. He had paraded it before her. What was that she had said about a man and his personal audience?

THEY were passing some goal posts in a vacant lot on Amsterdam Avenue, and they were the thin ghosts of a dozen years ago, when Patsy had played on the Washington Heights Tigers. Who had been his audience then, and who had been constant on the side lines? Who was the gal who had sewed on the numbers? He wasn't such a foul ball then, in those very happy days.

The cab hustled busily along as directed. The few remaining blocks fell away and Patsy's tongue was folded with indecision. The cab stopped and Katherine stepped out swiftly and tidily. He paid the fare and they went silently up the stairs where she said good night.

He went into his mother's house and sat on a bed and felt like Mr. Chump, indeed, and swore for the unholy joy of the thing and Amherst and Smith and Harvard be damned! Outside in the night it was plain Washington Heights; it was uptown Manhattan where the neighbors were free of the social devil; they were smarter people than he was, and he felt like a very bad neighbor.

Often when men grow old or broken in the football harness there are things for them to do. There are coaching jobs, for instance; but these, Patsy reflected, are mostly for the distinguished ex-collegiates—not the boys who come out of the sand lots.

There were a lot of people in the Polo Grounds for the Giants' final struggle with Detroit; there were just about as many people as could stand up and sit down inside the place.

Joe Granly, the Lion coach, called his men into a tight little huddle on the north side of the field, out of which Patsy went to midfield, as team captain, to toss a nickel or a dime with Barry Edwards and the referee in his white knickerbocker pants.

Barry called, "Heads," and heads it was, with Barry choosing to defend the east end of the field, after testing the wind. It meant the Giants would receive.

THERE was the moment when the Giants broke from their side line, all ten of them, to join Barry Edwards on their portion of the grass. Then there was the whistle, and Patsy brought a big foot into the ball and watched it ride deep into the arms of Barry Edwards, who moved to the twenty-five, very nicely, until Toots Grossman sat rudely upon him. But Barry was very fast today; Patsy could see that.

The Giants went into a double wing and shifted to the right and McGinnis broke from the formation and hit the short side for three yards. The Giants assumed kick formation on the next one and a foot went up in the air, but no football. It was being hustled toward an end by a large man named Tully, thence lateraled with competence to Barry Edwards, while Mr. Tully took the legs from under the end. Patsy, back of the line, set himself for the advancing Barry, who was as shifty in a broken field as a weasel. Barry offered him one leg, then artfully pulled it away and swiveled. Patsy was more practical. He just let himself go with his arms spread out and hit Barry in the middle and

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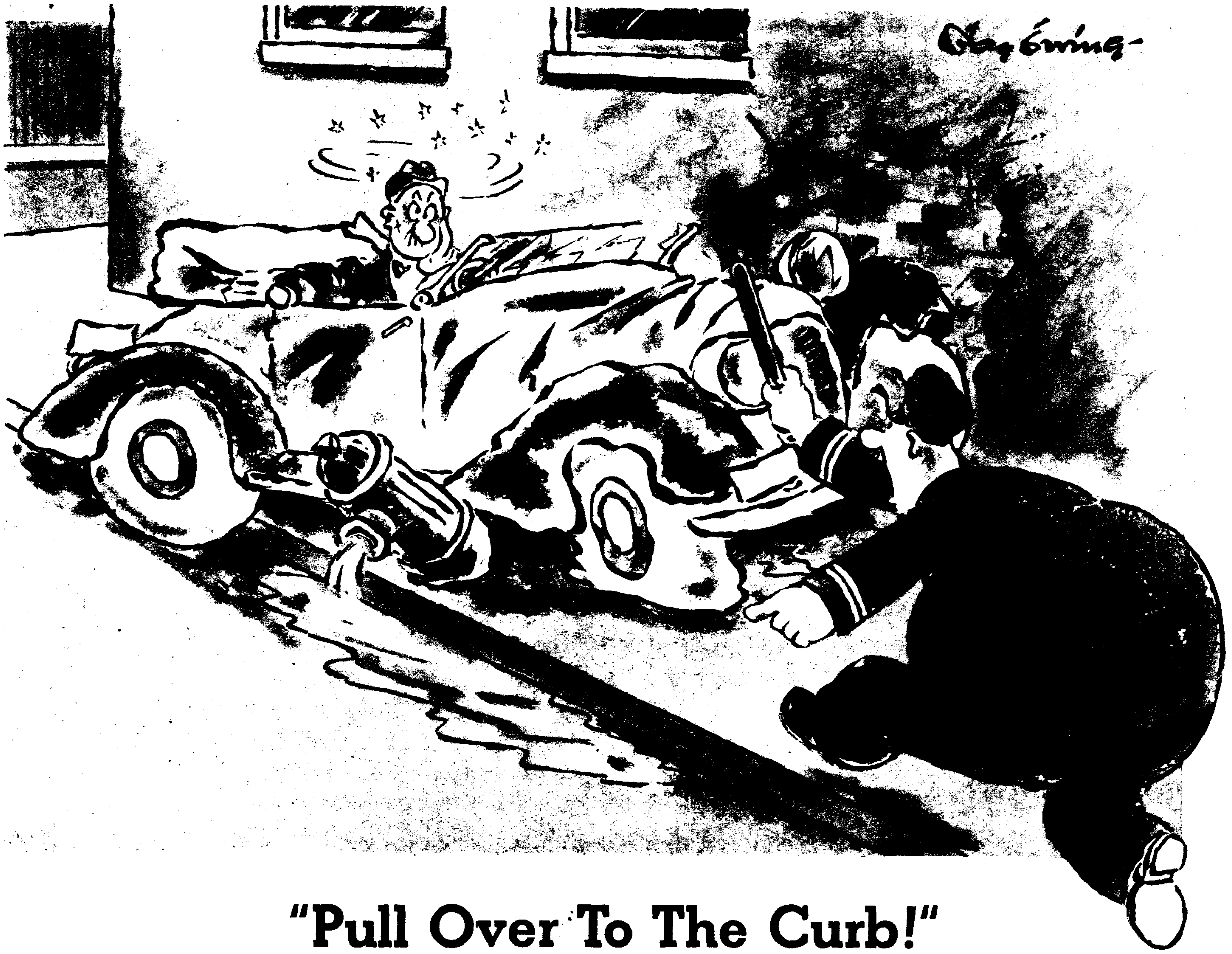

"Pull Over To The Curb!"

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the two of them went down together.

They were slow in getting up. Barry because he had never been hit any harder before, and Patsy because his shoulder was a flame and the rest of his body was kindling wood for the pain.

Barry was forced to kick and he booted deep and outside on the Detroit thirty. Soon Patsy began to pack the ball for the stubborn yards, with Toots and Danny Zarro clearing the way. They got a first down and then another, but Patsy was punchy by now. Something hit him during a tackle slant and he wondered if there were any baseball bats left over from the summer before. He was a very groggy lad at the moment, and when next he pounded the middle, the ball got away from his numbed, uncertain fingers, and a Giant was smugly coiled about it on the grass. Giants' ball, and it hurt very much.

Barry and the Giants began to move a bit and got themselves a first down. Then Barry faded deep while the Lions chased him back of the line, and heaved a long one down the middle aisle. Twoomey, the Giant end, took it over his shoulder for the score, and Edwards added the extra point, while Patsy looked about for a convenient place in which to bury himself.

HE WENT a little screwy after that and the next thing he knew he was looking at the sky and there was cold water in his face. There was a replacement for him and he stumbled and half fell toward the side line and heard the mob yowling. "Who gimme the business?" he asked Joe Granly, and the Lions coach said nothing for a moment, just kept wiping the blood off Patsy's face.

"Nobody gave you the business," Granly said. "They were just anxious to get you out of there. You've been dumping Edwards all over the lot. You knocked out three guys already."

Patsy didn't remember any of that, but in his tired way he thought it was fine. He glanced at the scoreboard; it read: New York 7: Detroit 6. "Who did it, Joe?" he asked. "Who made that score?"

"You did, Dopey, an' nobody else, but talk to somebody else. I'm busy."

"One lousy point and it can cost five thousand bucks!" Patsy was unhappy both practically and spiritually. Practically for himself, and spiritually for Toots and the boys. It was the fourth period now and the minutes were running away with the night shadows of early December. A little snow was falling, and the flakes were light and pretty and playing with the wind, which had grown less violent.

Patsy was gone in the middle and in the legs. He had played fifty minutes of football. The referee brought the ball out from the side lines and set it down for the Lions to see what they could do. Patsy stared across the line and waved at Barry who waved back with a tired grin. He rather liked Barry now, for the upstart young punk from Harvard was a fighting man. Barry was fading fast and could just about stand on his feet. Patsy knew that he, himself, was stronger, and there was a separate victory in that. Tarzan had a few more coconuts to throw as the Lions went in and out of their huddle and the ball came back to him. He threw himself at the tackle and his legs kept churning on the hard earth. He broke free and shot ten yards ahead before he came down under the pile.

The snow came in greater flurries and the ball grew soggy and wet and bad for passing. The referee's towel dried it off a few times; the boys were lining up again.

Patsy kept on working while the minutes were eaten by the advancing clock and he learned to love Toots Grossman, who was valiantly clearing the way. Toots was out of James Monroe High School in the city of New York, and Toots had never, never been to any college. But he was a great soldier, Tootsie was, a brave and a dangerous one as well. Patsy took the ball and cut for the end; his legs worked hard; he was a running horse. The Giants closed in but he flipped the ball back to Toots, and Toots threw a beautiful little pass of maybe a dozen yards to Gilroy, the end. And nobody could run any faster than Gilroy, except maybe a man with four legs.

They dumped Gilroy on the Giants' ten, and there were the goal posts up in front of Patsy, as big as life, and what could he do about it? What did he have left after ten years in the big time? What did he have besides bruises and a beautiful wish and the persistent notion that Katherine was fighting with him across the stubborn yards? The ball came back and he sliced through the tired opposing tackle, drove and bulled his way to the five-yard mark where he fervently prayed he would be able to get aboard his feet again.

That last one hurt and he was all gone now. Just one more stab at the line and he'd never want to see a football again. But he was calling the numbers, the same old numbers, and here was the ball and here was the job to do, and maybe Toots gave him a helluva shove from behind. He went over the goal standing up, and then he fell like a broken horse on all of his four limbs, and the kind snow kept coming down and touching his face. His pals were behind him and a man is rich when he has so many pals.

When he went in off the wet grass to the showers he knew his last game of football had been spent on the field, and he was glad it had been a good one. He had made the customers happy, or unhappy, according to their choice, and he had done very nobly by the Washington Heights Tigers, too. But a man can't eat those things, he told himself, and you can't buy any Georgie Browns for five thousand bucks, as if there was ever any Georgie Brown outside of a dream, the newspapers and the magazines.

Later they helped him into his clothes and happily he was able to walk, but not too far. So he sat down on a bench to think about things and a little man came through the huddled crowd, a bright little man who wanted to see him.

"I'm Mr. Abrams," the little man said. "Miss Dowd has spoken to you about me?" Mr. Abrams' smile conceded those details had been long completed. The man had a kind face and Patsy was disposed to be nice, even though it hurt. He could tell the little gent was not Katie's romantic interest, and that was in the positive favor of Mr. Abrams.

Patsy said, "Certainly. She's mentioned you often."

"A fine girl, Katherine," said Mr. Abrams. "She's done some excellent work at Municipal, some very fine work. She's been pressing this matter with me for quite some time now, and the university board has finally let me have my way."

Mr. Abrams flourished and blew vigorously into a large handkerchief. It gave Patsy a moment to think and Patsy was very fast on the uptake. "Yes, Mr. Abrams?" he said. He said it with actual charm.

"We're a young university," continued Mr. Abrams, "but we expect you'll like it uptown at Municipal. We have thousands of healthy kids up there and if anyone can make a football team out of that material, you should be the one. I'm certain we can make the contract satisfactory."

PATSY gripped the bench with a big hand and his face was rather blank. But he had heard all the words; he wouldn't forget them.

He said, "It's just fine, Mr. Abrams; it's just fine. I want a few days to—no, it's perfectly all right, Mr. Abrams, if you'll excuse me." He tried to get up.

"It was a very grueling game," said Mr. Abrams.

Patsy couldn't find his hat, but he went out in the street and found a taxi.

Katherine's mother said Katherine was in the bath. "How soon will she be out?" Patsy wanted to know.

"How should I know?" remarked Mrs. Dowd. "She's big enough to wash herself."

"I'll wait," said Patsy, and he waited. He waited a half-hour before she appeared. She looked fine; she looked tremendous, and Patsy couldn't get the golf balls out of his throat.

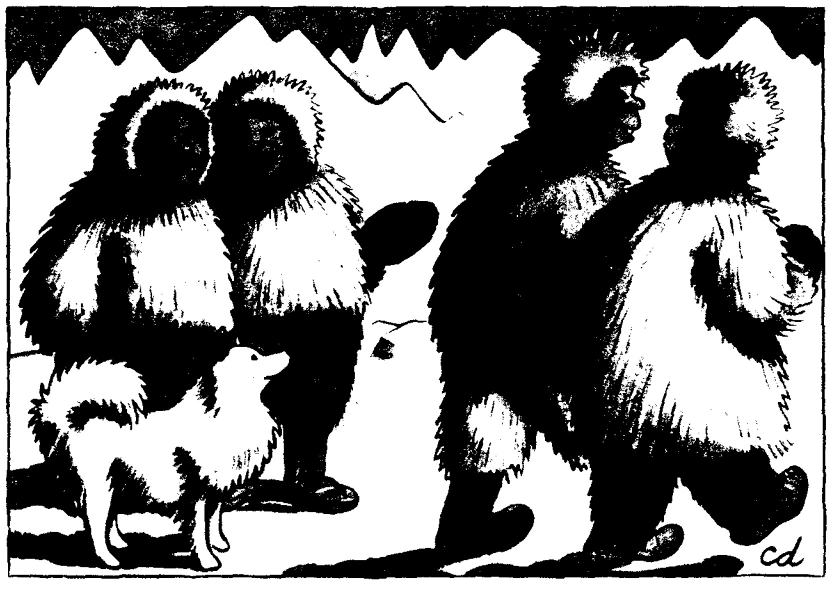
"You look as if you should be dead," said Katherine. "Go in and go to bed."

"Not me," said Patsy. "I'm not going to bed. I'm going to stay here forever."

Katherine smiled slowly. "I hope you can keep Mother amused," she said. "I hope you don't break any furniture." Then Katherine walked along the foyer and out of the door while Patsy hollered, "Hey!"

"She's going to a lecture," said Mrs. Dowd. "She's a very studious girl."

"She's no dope," said Patsy, and folded up on the couch, and he knew that a man must have an audience and that there must be stairs for him to climb, and that at the very, very top of his personal stairs lived Katherine.



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HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE

Eyes of Blue

Continued from page 17

Hadn't she really interested him? This was a novel and impossible misgiving. No; he was sick; he had had to go out of town unexpectedly. A week passed. Cairnsy seemed to read her thoughts and it made her furious; Lloyd's devotion became presumptuous and irritating. At last she made up her mind she didn't care, she disliked Paul Farr, had disliked him from the first. And when a crowd of Cairnsy's newspaper and advertising friends dropped in one evening, she lavished her attention upon a Mr. Edgar Gillette, a writer on economics.

She pecked at her typewriter in Mr. Lindeman's outer office the next morning. She could remember with some pleasure the frank admiration of Mr. Gillette, who had interesting, close-cropped sandy hair and wore metal-rimmed glasses. But she frowned at her machine and brought her fists down on the keys, piling up the type bars and getting her pink finger tips stained with ink in the process of separating them. She bit her lip in vexation. Perhaps he would have occasion again to call on Mr. Lindeman—no, she didn't care to see him ever! Querulously she answered her telephone.

"How about going to see Swing Lady tonight?" came a drawling, Southern voice. "If you'd like to I'll get seats for it."

She stiffened. She must keep her voice calm, she must even appear to be indifferent. She drew a deep breath, and fluted. "Well, I'm not doing anything. . . ."

Francy's fingers flew over her typewriter keys. Oh, she had known all along that he would call her again, knew it, knew it!

He roved around the living room that evening, whistling and talking to her through her bedroom door while she patted her nose and smiled jubilantly at her reflection. He had brought a great bunch of chrysanthemums—for Cairnsy, he said. She loved it. She pattered out, wagging her hand at him, and rushed into the kitchen where Cairnsy was searching for a vase that was large enough.

"Darling — aren't they lovely?" Francy's voice dropped to a whisper. "If Lloyd comes, tell him some of mother's friends unexpectedly arrived in the city—" and before Cairnsy could demur, rushed out again.

WOODEN-FACED, Cairnsy carried the flamboyant bouquet of copper-colored chrysanthemums into the empty living room. She had been delegated as usual to do the lying. At any rate, this would end Francy's sulkiness—she was thankful for that. She set the flowers on the table and, although she was about to go to supper, decided to wait.

She was not surprised when Lloyd arrived half an hour later. His face fell when she quoted Francy. "I told her I was coming down tonight," he said unbelievingly. "Funny she didn't call me up. We were going to supper and the movies."

Cairnsy shrugged. She had always taken the attitude that Francy was a chapter men might as well learn, then they would know enough not to repeat it. So Francy really had a definite date with him. "She didn't have time to phone you," she said vaguely. "Have a drink? I was just going to."

She put some rye and water in front of him. Lloyd was no child; he was a mature man who had known a lot of life and its meanness but not much of women and theirs—the kind of man who would be an easy victim. He had worked for his collegiate and medical school education, and his lean, drawn face showed some of the effects of high ambition and slender financial resources. Francy had been a bright star.

He drank the whisky neat. "Thanks."

"I'm going to supper," she said laconically. "Shall we go together?"

It was not so much what men thought of Francy ultimately, it was what they thought of themselves. She was getting sentimental. She tilted her hat and pulled on her gloves.

They ate supper at a Chinese restaurant, went to a movie, and casually parted.

Much later, Paul Farr's roadster turned into the dead-end street. Francy was thinking, "I must not let another interval like the last go by," and rested her head on the back of the seat, whispering, "I had a wonderful time."

He drew up to the curb and turned his dark eyes on her. One of his hands slipped inside her coat, drawing her to him. This was something that cost her nothing. She could afford to be generous this side of a certain line. On the other side, dear heaven, everything was wicked before marriage. Her lips parted and her body pressed against his. It was sometimes a precarious game, but Francy's moral code was equal to it. The important thing was to keep open a line of retreat. And now, after an exciting reconnoiter, she whispered, "Paul —Paul, I think someone's coming along the street."

NO ONE was. The dead-end street was deserted. But she had time to escape, open the door and get out. She straightened her hat. Though her breathing was rapid she had a composed sense of triumph. She was certain of him.

Francy's life was replete. She ceremoniously rearranged the photographs on her vanity table and placed in the center a snapshot of Paul. He was dressed in riding breeches, white shirt open at the throat, his head thrown back arrogantly. There was a morose recklessness about the pose, reminding Francy of the necessity of reforming him. She was undiscouraged by the fact that the nature of his past sins was not yet disclosed.

The pace of their affair quickened with each autumn day. They had been to the Penguin Club and were driving home through Manhattan's restless, shadowy crevasses, both unsatisfied, reluctant to give the night up. He suddenly said, "We could eat breakfast together in an inn I know of out on Long Island."

She answered him with silence.

"Well—?" he persisted.

"I'm going home." She tried to be casual.

"You know that I'm in love with you."

Her pulse quickened disturbingly. There was an almost sullen pleading in his voice, a demand, and she was frightened. She laughed nervously. "I'm going home," she repeated.

For a second his suggestion had had the sound of an ultimatum and Francy found a little trouble pushing the incident into the back of her mind. But she finally dismissed it and he did not mention anything like that again.

There was no doubting his worship of her. On a Saturday in late October they drove to New Haven to a football game and, returning, turned off the Post Road into the hills of Connecticut. They were going to stay overnight at his cousin's converted farmhouse—Paul had suggested it—and since Cousin Jack

Farr was married and the countryside was glorious with fall coloring, the idea was morally feasible and utterly entrancing. They sped over the rolling hills in the early twilight.

"Jack is a commercial artist," he told her. "Sometimes he and Mary don't have quite enough to eat so I reckon I'll stop and buy some groceries. They won't resent it."

He pulled up before a store in a village and came out with a carton of supplies, which he stowed in the rumble seat. It was now dark and he drove fast. "It's about five miles from here."

He suddenly turned into a lane, playing a spotlight across farmland, rundown orchards, and on a white cottage, rambling and picturesque, sprawled on two levels of a hill. "Here we are," and he blew a tattoo on his horn.

"Are they home?" Francy ventured. None of the windows revealed a light.

"They've probably been in town this afternoon and haven't got back. I know where they keep the key."

He put the carton on the steps, and after fumbling a moment in the darkness, opened the door. She followed him in as he snapped on a bridge lamp to light up a studio living room.

THE door closed behind them. The place was like a barn. "Furnace must have gone out," he said briskly, and carried the food into the kitchen. "Keep your coat on. I'll start a fire in the fireplace."

He had lighted up the kitchen and she trotted in after him, hugging herself in the damp chill. He took her by the shoulders and eagerly kissed her. She laughed. Their temporary aloneness gave her a thrill.

"I'll go in and start the fire," he said softly, smiling. "Do you want to unpack the box?"

She pulled out a steak, a bottle of cream, coffee—she paused, puzzled. There were also potatoes, sugar, butter. . . . It seemed odd for Paul to have bought staples. Mary would surely have these things. With a queer sense of disquiet she went to the electric refrigerator and opened the door. It held only a few puckered lemons and a jar of mayonnaise, and she could tell by the stale smell of it that it was not even turned on. Her eyes widened. The refrigerator empty and off, the furnace out—why, Jack and Mary had not gone to town for the afternoon, they had closed the house and gone away.

She was on the point of running out to tell him what she had discovered, then stopped, aghast. Of course he knew it. He had known it all along. He had planned it this way!

He was coming back. Oh, she mustn't let him see that she had guessed. But what he said almost overwhelmed her. "Wouldn't it be awkward if something happened and they couldn't get back?" He was gazing at her steadily.

She concentrated on the business of unwrapping the steak. "Yes, it would." She tried to make her voice sound just as casual as his.

"I'm going to try to get the furnace going."

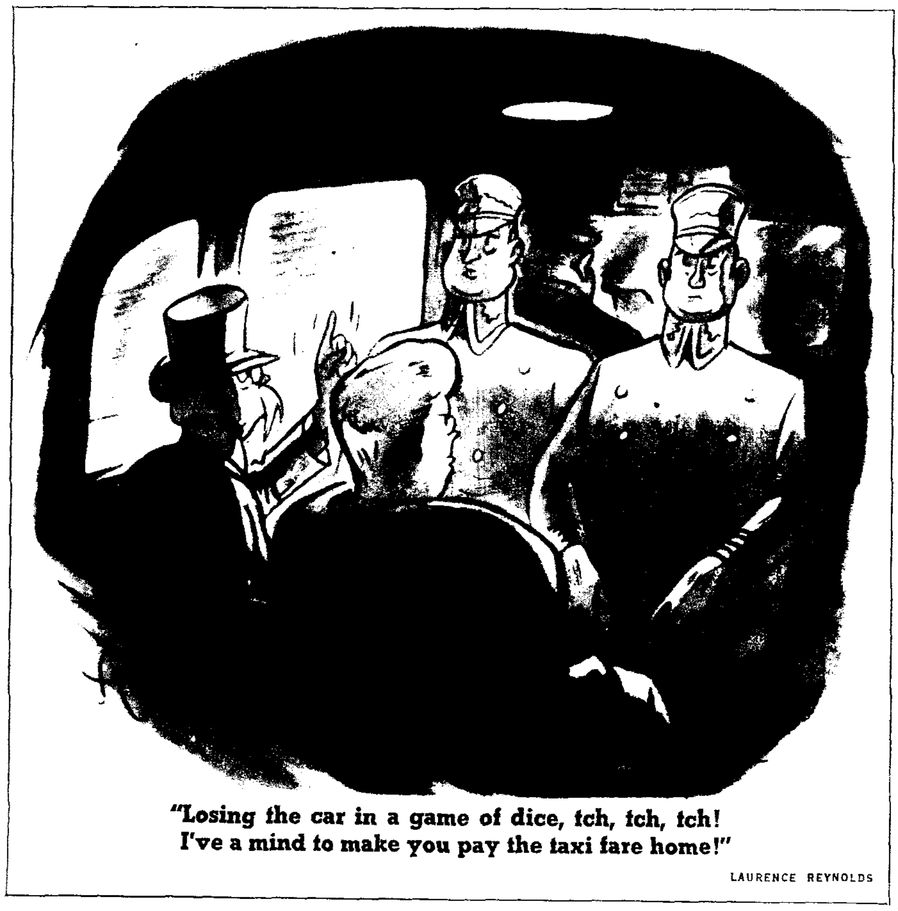
She glanced up and saw the smile on his face as he disappeared through the cellar door. And with the full realization of her position, her helplessness, she was panic-stricken.

She rushed on tiptoes into the living room. The fire was blazing now, giving the room a cozy, intimate look. She shivered. She was startled by the sight of an easel in one corner with a half-finished dissolute nude female figure on it. And to add to her confusion, from the cellar came the sound of diligent woodchopping, and finally the clang of the furnace door.

She flew to the front door, opened it and regarded this avenue of escape. The sightless countryside frightened her, but she was more appalled by the implications that lay behind her in the house. And peering at the rakish outline of the roadster standing in the driveway, she had the desperate thought, "Wouldn't it serve him right to be stranded here?" She would drive herself back to New York, a thoroughly disillusioned and wiser woman—in her mind she even pictured that last, poignant phase of the adventure. She ran out to the car and climbed in.

But it was locked and he had taken the key.

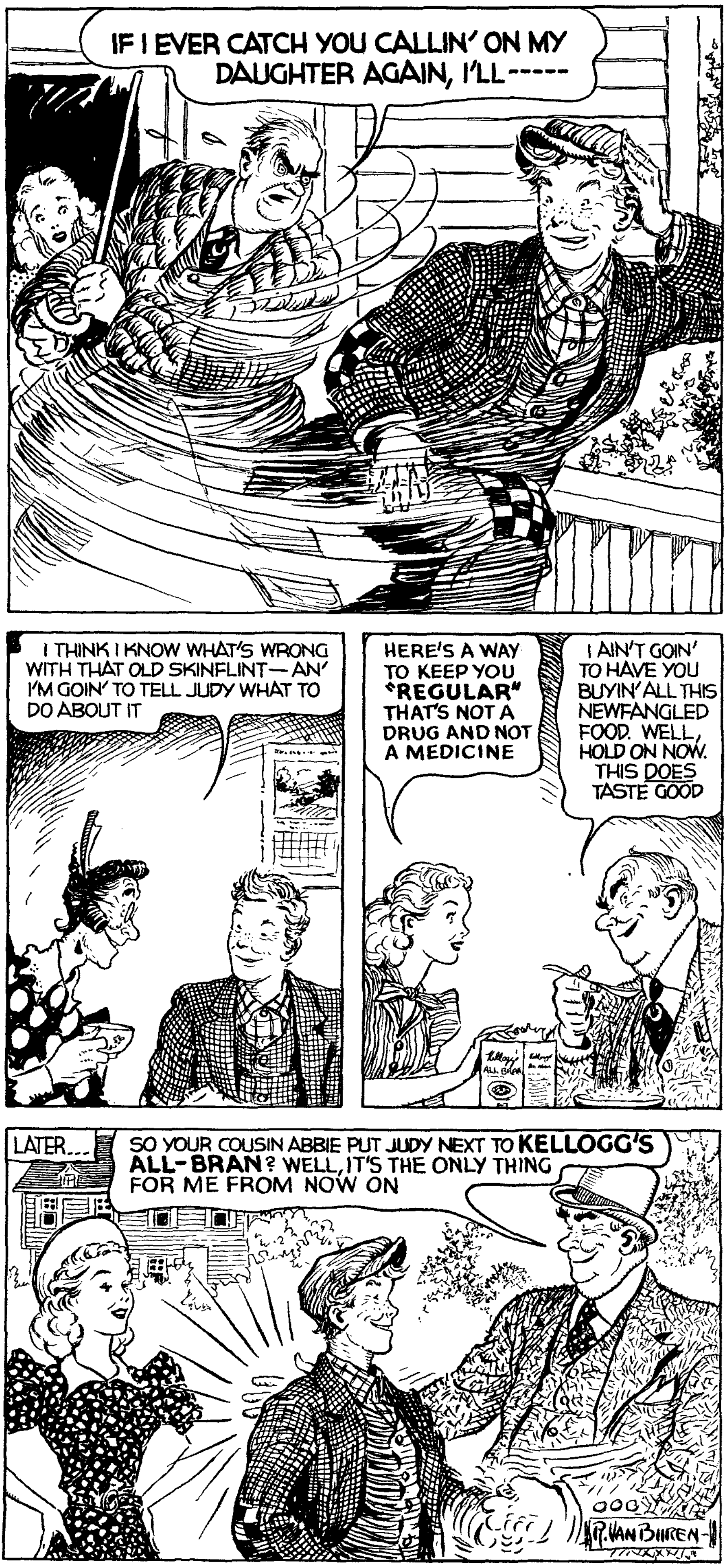
She was ready to weep with chagrin. Her overnight bag was in the rumble seat and she got it out and began running down the dark lane. She could hitchhike a ride out on the highway. She ran until she was out of breath, then,



"Losing the car in a game of dice, tch, tch, tch! I've a mind to make you pay the taxi fare home!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

ABBIE AN'SLATS —by Van Buren


IF I EVER CATCH YOU CALLIN' ON MY DAUGHTER AGAIN, I'LL-----
I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT OLD SKINFLINT—AN' I'M GOIN' TO TELL JUDY WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT
HERE'S A WAY TO KEEP YOU "REGULAR" THAT'S NOT A DRUG AND NOT A MEDICINE
I AIN'T GOIN' TO HAVE YOU BUYIN' ALL THIS NEWFANGLED FOOD. WELL, HOLD ON NOW. THIS DOES TASTE GOOD
LATER...
SO YOUR COUSIN ABBIE PUT JUDY NEXT TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN? WELL, IT'S THE ONLY THING FOR ME FROM NOW ON
R. VAN BUREN

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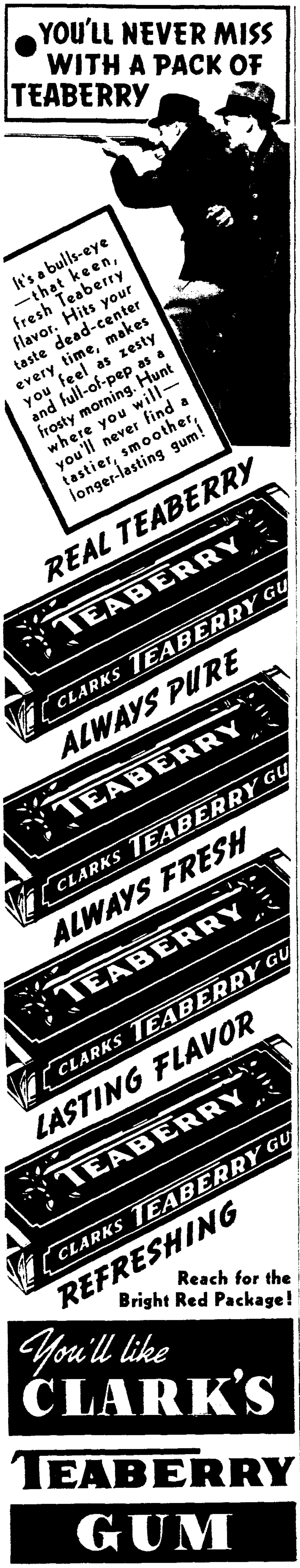
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glancing back, saw Paul appear in the doorway.

She began running again, and heard him starting the car. Half turning, she saw his headlights cut a swath along the dark lane.

The car came to a stop almost abreast of her and he called, "What's the idea?" Then he had jumped out and was coming toward her, had leaped over the wall and caught her by the arm.

"You knew very well they weren't here!" she cried hysterically. "Let me go—I'm going home—"

He seemed to be looking at her in astonishment, then he asked dryly, "How are you going to get there?"

"I can get there—let me go!"

He laughed and started pulling her toward the car. Infuriated, she bit his thumb, and with an oath he swung her in front of him, half carried her, lifted her kicking and shrieking into the car.

She sat there, squashed and feebly struggling, while he backed the car up the lane. "Don't be a fool," he muttered. "I'll take you home."

He turned off the switch and took out the key. "I've got to put the fires out and get my hat and coat," he said coldly. "If you want to you can run away again but it's a five-mile walk to the nearest town and all kinds of awful things happen to girl hitchhikers."

He got out and she drew a deep, indignant breath, straightening her hat and clothes. Silence and the night closed around her and she began to whimper. No attitude she could assume would lessen her ignominy. Dumped her like a sack. She wept.

He emerged finally, locking the front door and carrying the carton of supplies, which he stowed in the rumble seat. She choked back her tears and sat stiffly erect in the corner of her seat, and he got in, in silence, and drove down the lane.

They had gone several miles along the highway before he observed, "I suppose I ought to feel ashamed of myself."

"You certainly ought," she cried.

"I'm damned if I do."

"No; I suppose not!" She managed this with hauteur, and feeling a return of some self-esteem, sat back waiting for his next remark. But none came. Mile after mile stretched behind them in maddening silence.

AFTER a while she began to be rather pleased with his continued silence. It indicated, did it not, that he might actually be ashamed of himself? She decided that he wanted to say he was sorry but did not know how to approach it. Would she forgive him? She hadn't decided. It would depend on how sincere he seemed. They were speeding down the highway along the Hudson and primly she began tucking in her hair, waiting for him to begin.

He didn't open his mouth, however, until they arrived at last in the dead-end street and he had stopped the car, then he said abruptly, "I'm sorry I misjudged you."

She must seem to be still deeply hurt, as indeed she was. No; she wasn't going to be won back easily.

"From your previous conduct," he went on, "I figured you to be not too scrupulous. I figured you wouldn't object at all to spending the week end with me." What was he saying? She stared. Her conduct—! "I thought you were easy," he said. "Now I understand what you really are. A woman with no morals at all is at least honest with men and with herself. There's a name for women who lead a man on with only one object in mind, to gratify their own vanity. I won't offend your ears with it. But that's all you are, Francy—politely, a damn' little cheat."

She gasped, but it was a totally ineffectual retort. Her overnight bag was under her knees. She grasped it and, speechless with indignation, jumped out. She flew across the sidewalk, never glancing back.

She didn't know or care whether he was still sitting there. As she let herself into her apartment Cairnsy came out of her room with a surprised face. "Why, I thought—" she began.

"Paul had to come back." Francy swept on into her own room, slammed her door, flung her bag on the bed, and pressed her hands to her hot face. She did not want Cairnsy to see her. After she had composed herself—then she would tell Cairnsy. How terribly he had misunderstood and misled her. She took off her hat and coat.

THE snapshot of Paul Farr gazed at her from her vanity table and she snatched it up, dramatically tore it into bits and let the pieces flutter into her wastebasket. She was standing there when she heard the doorbell ringing. She stiffened. Was it he? Presently she heard Cairnsy saying something, and then the familiar voice of Lloyd Grover.

The last bit of torn photograph dropped from her fingers. Lloyd—!

She powdered her nose and reddened her lips. The murmur of his and Cairnsy's voices persisted. Taking one last look at herself, she opened her door, held her head fetchingly on one side, and with hand outstretched, crossed the room. "Lloyd!" she cried.

He was alone now, sitting on the arm of a chair, for some reason with his overcoat still on and swinging his hat. He stood up. "Hello, Francy—"

A door closed softly behind Francy and she turned. It was Cairnsy coming out of her room, Cairnsy with *her* coat on.

Lloyd said, "Marion and I are on our way out."

Marion. Francy looked from one to the other in bewilderment. But neither seemed to be noticing her. Cairnsy was snapping her pocketbook, tucking it under her arm, Lloyd was buttoning his coat.

"Ready?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the one word, penetrated Francy's consciousness—an understanding, an intimacy—she couldn't define it, she'd never experienced it, because between men and her had always been the final barrier of her own selfishness.

"Well, good night," Lloyd said.

"Good night, Francy." Cairnsy's eyes for an instant met Francy's with a curiously compassionate look, and then Lloyd was opening the door for her, and they were gone.

Francy flung herself into a chair.

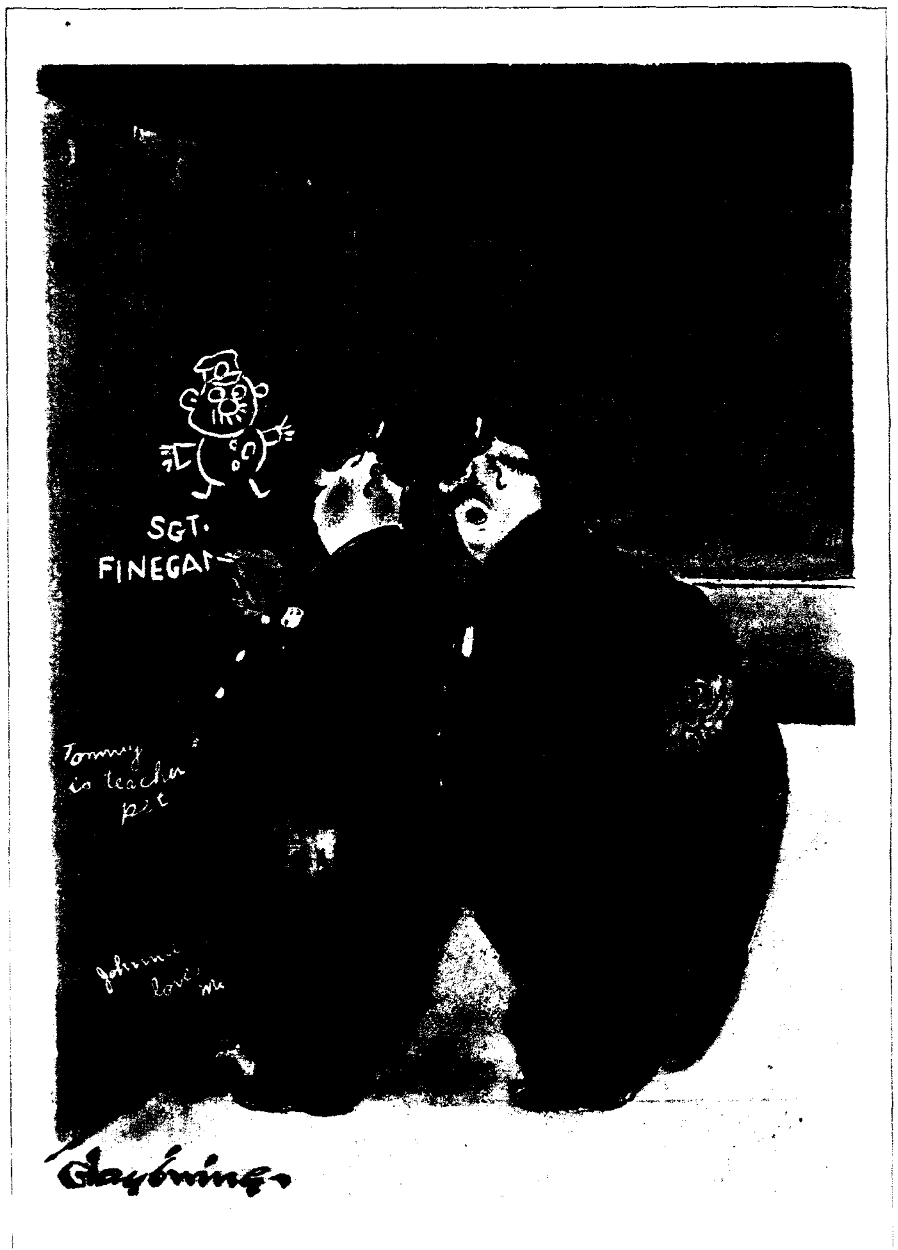
She sat there for what must have been hours. She sprawled there staring at the emptiness of the room, drinking in all her recent disillusionments.

Finally, impatiently, she crossed her legs and began to swing one foot. She made a little moue at the ticking, lying clock.

Abruptly she went to the telephone and with a dainty finger began to dial.

"Mr. Edgar Gillette," she said. Her eyelids fluttered as she waited for the switchboard operator at his university club to connect her. A voice said, "Hello—"

Francy smiled. "Mr. Gillette," she trilled, "guess who this is!"



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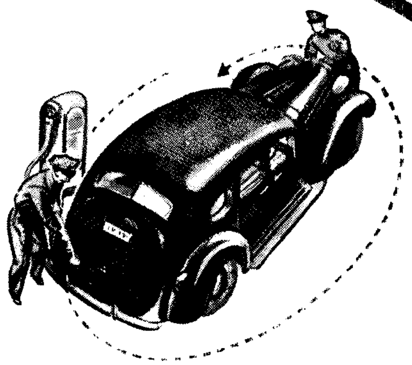

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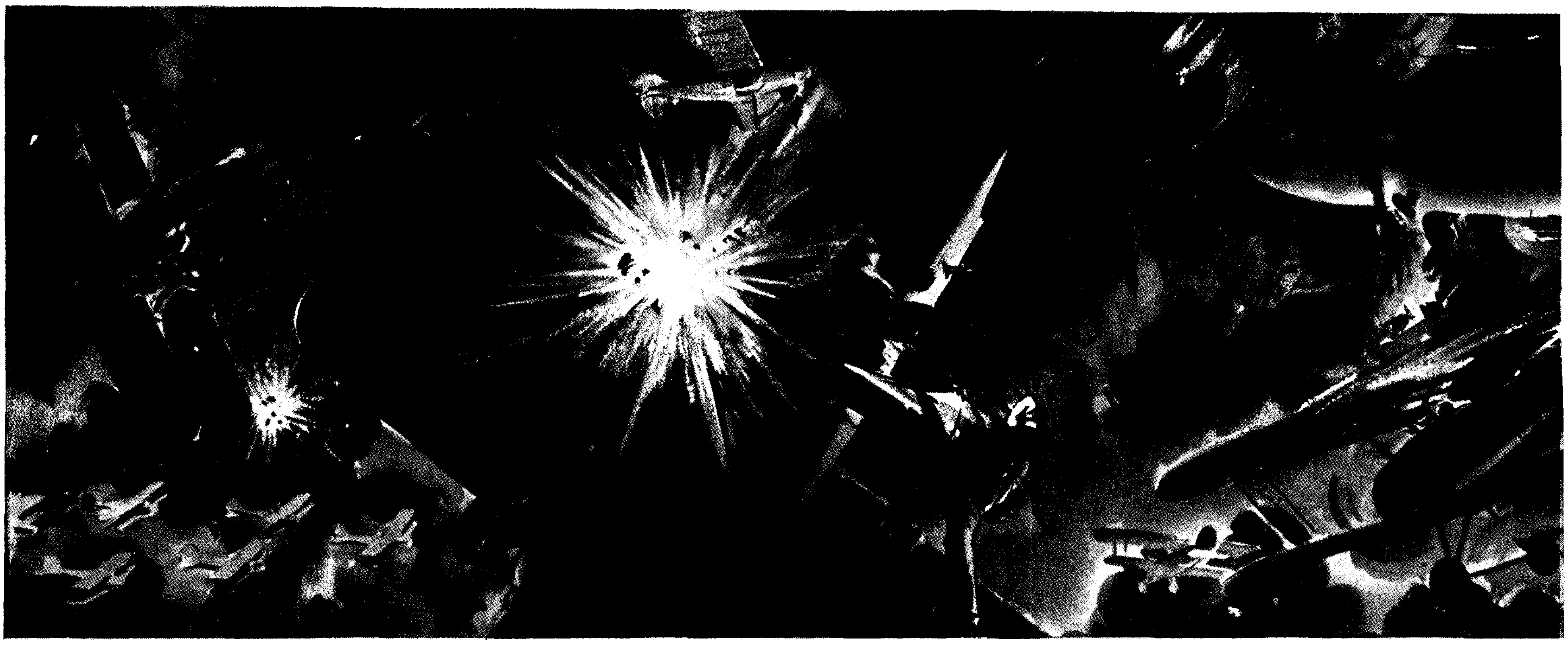

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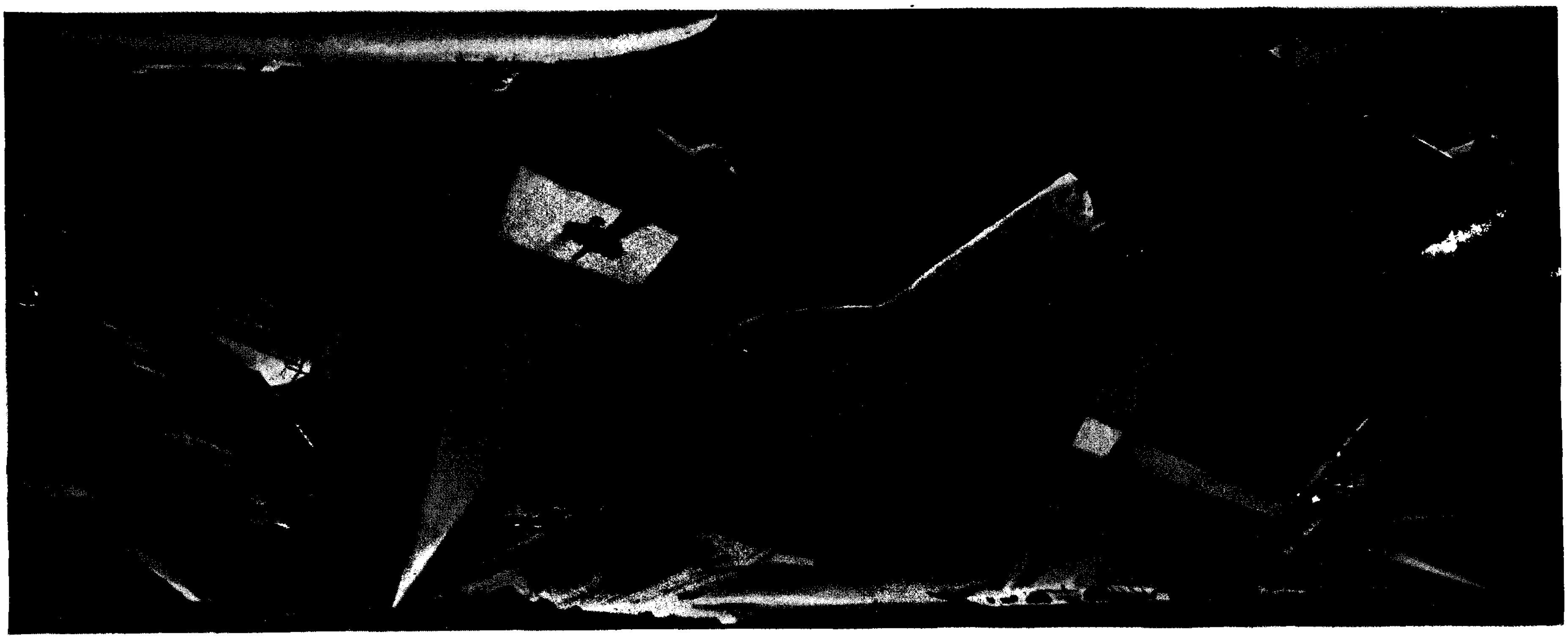

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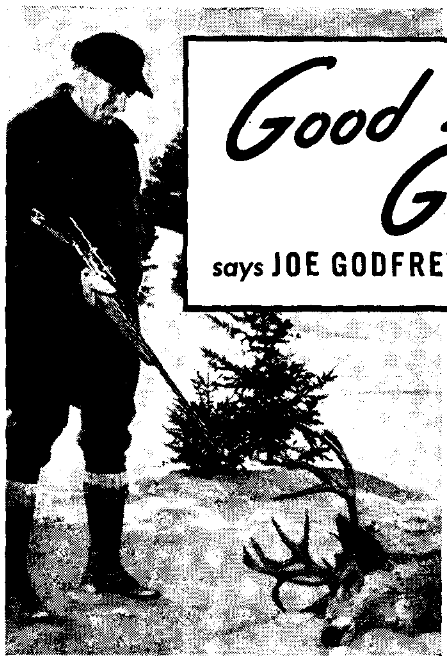

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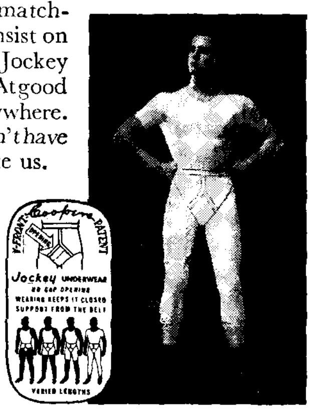

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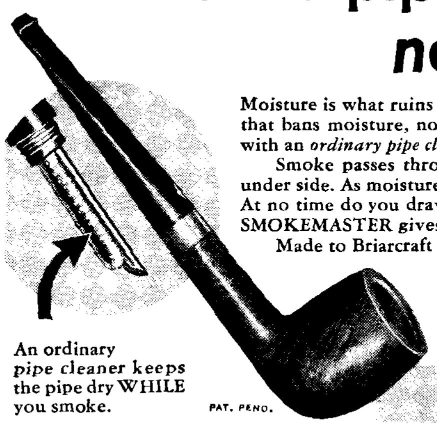

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Sweet Poison

Continued from page 89

sore over what happened the other night, are you? The reason I got so mad was he useta be my boy friend once. I don't go with him any more though."

Her name was Midge Evans. She was a blonde, and about five feet two or three, and the way she wore clothes was like putting merchandise on display in a store window. It wasn't bad merchandise either.

He walked home with her that night, and after that he had a date with her every night she wasn't working. He'd never had much time for girls before, and after a while he thought she was pretty fine.

It was on the level as far as he was concerned. Maybe that sounded nuts, too, but it was true. He never touched her, and he never tried to touch her, until one night when he brought her home from a movie. He started to leave the way he always did, but she held on to his hand and pulled him after her through the doorway, out of the murky light of the street. He hesitated for a moment, undecided.

"You never even kissed me good night, Merry."

She was in his arms then, arching her body against him in the soft, thick darkness of the entryway . . .

Well, he was chump enough to think it meant something. And when Midge asked him to do her a favor he didn't think twice about it.

The thing she asked didn't amount to much anyway. She lived on a farm three miles outside of Ridgeway, and that was a small factory town twenty-five miles east on his run. She went home whenever she could to see her mother. The trouble was they didn't have a car, and when she wanted to come back to town she had to walk the three miles to catch a bus. All she wanted Merry to do was to stop and pick her up so she wouldn't have to walk if it was cold or raining.

The company had a rule against making unscheduled stops, but this case seemed to be an exception, and Merry didn't worry about it.

THAT was a Saturday night, and he had his usual load of factory girls city-bound with a week's pay for a shopping spree. When he got three miles out of town he slowed down. The road went through deep woods here, and the underbrush grew tall and dense along the right of way. There wasn't any farmhouse in sight, and that puzzled him for a moment, but after a while he saw Midge standing in the road. He put the air on and stopped, and snapped the inside lights on and opened the door.

Midge Evans never got on at all. Two men got on instead. One of them was wearing a derby hat and he had a gun in his hand.

Merry knew what it was then, and he saw, a little too clearly, how well he'd been roped in. It was too late to do anything about it by that time. He just sat there while they shook down his cargo of working girls; and after that he tried to explain to the cops.

That was about all there was to it, he guessed. Except that after he got fired he lit out of town because that seemed the only thing left to do . . .

After he finished talking, the redheaded girl sat quietly for a moment. Then she said, "It isn't losing the job that's important. It's losing all the fine dreams that hurts, isn't it?"

He didn't answer her.

She said, "Look, Merry, any woman can make a fool out of a man that way if she wants to. . . . All women aren't like that though. And you have to have something to believe in. Some day you'll find that out."

"I wouldn't even try to find it out," Merry said. He punched his cigarette out in the ash tray and got up from the chair.

Tam Ware walked to the door with him. "You feel pretty bitter about it, don't you? Well, maybe you have a right to. But you miss a lot feeling that way, Merry."

"I'm not missing anything," Merry said.

HE WAS working now, as a relief driver for Great Lakes Transport. But he was lonely. And bitter.

He avoided Tam Ware as much as possible. It was hard to do, because she had an office job with Great Lakes and he ran into her once in a while in the terminal; and on several occasions she joined him when he was walking home. On those walks he was usually silent, letting her carry the load of the conversation, to show her that he didn't care about it one way or the other; but deep down inside he knew he enjoyed them. He realized then for the first time that if he ever let his guard down he'd be in love with her. After that he avoided her more than ever.

In December Joe Hutchinson was held up forty miles out of Freemont on the western run. They got him when he made a stop at a railroad crossing. Two men did the heavy work, and a woman was driving the getaway car.

Merry was sitting in the terminal lunchroom that morning drinking a cup of coffee. Tam Ware came in and sat down beside him. She had a newspaper in her hand.

"It looks as though your playmates have moved into this neck of the woods."

It was the same idea he'd had about it. If he could just get one chance at them, he thought. Just one fair chance.

The redheaded girl seemed to know what was in his mind. She said, "You'd like to see them again, wouldn't you, Merry?" Then she got up and left him, as abruptly as she had come.

He didn't see her again until that week end. He had avoided her for days, and she knew it, but Saturday morning she came out carrying a light bag and got on board the bus. He was driving the second section of a week-end special up to Silver Lake, and when he punched her ticket he said, "There was a bus left for there just ten minutes ago. Why didn't you take that one?"

"What do you think?" Tam said.

What he thought was that something had to be done about her. Maybe he was sucker enough to fall for a dame once, but he wouldn't do it twice in succession. He put her bag in the rack for her and then he fixed it up.

"Let's get this straight, shall we?" Merry said. "I think all women are poison, no exceptions."

It was the first time he had ever seen her mad. "Don't worry. I'll never bother you again."

When he helped her off the bus at Coatesville, a hundred miles upstate, she wouldn't even speak to him.

He had an all-night layover in Silver Lake. He got in about eight o'clock. There was a hard wind blowing and it was snowing like the milltails of hell.

It was the worst storm of the winter. By eight o'clock in the morning there were two feet of snow on the level and more still coming. It had traffic tied in knots all the way from Chicago to Salt Lake City. Nothing was on schedule.

He left Silver Lake at 10:10 and it wasn't as bad as he had thought it would be. He was running empty when he got into Coatesville. He had a fifteen-minute stop there and he used it up over a bowl of soup and two cups of coffee. When he went back outside Tam Ware was already on board.

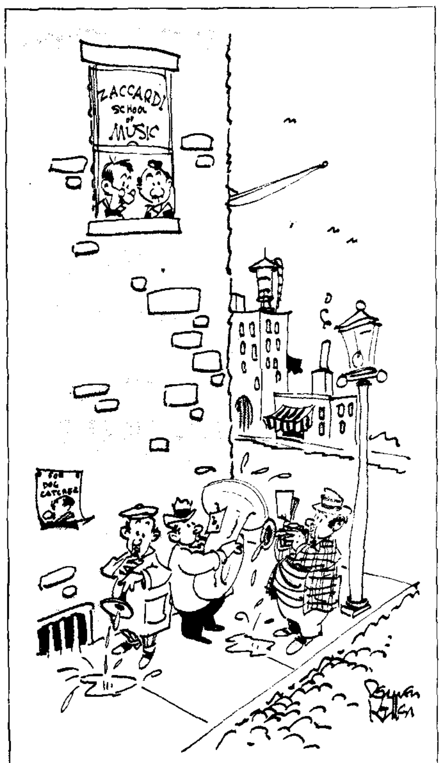
"Don't flatter yourself," she said. "I tried to get an early bus but it was full."

"I guess I can stand it if you can," Merry said.

She was sitting toward the front, but he knew it wasn't to be near him. It was simply easier riding there.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon then, and it was already getting dark. His arms ached from fighting the wheel through deep snow, and his eyes ached from trying to see the road. After it got dark it was worse. The only thing he could see in the glare of the headlights was the endless and erratic pattern of the snow.

He kept his speed down to around twenty-five or thirty, and just plugged along, stopping now and then for a snow plow or a stalled car.



"I really ought to throw them a dime—they took lessons from me for a year"

REAMER KELLER

He was three miles out of Freemont, at the junction with Highway 10, and looking forward to a good dinner and about twelve hours sleep when it happened. There was a sedan ahead of him parked halfway across the road, and somebody was flagging him down with a flashlight. He didn't think anything about it because he'd been flagged down so many times already. He braked to a stop and the man with the light came around to the door. Merry opened it for him.

The two men were on board before he woke up to what it was, and they had him stymied by then. The tall man didn't have on a derby hat this time. He had on a black felt hat with the brim snapped down over his face, but you couldn't mistake him. You couldn't mistake the gun he was holding either. He stood just inside the door. The chunky man walked halfway back through the bus and said, "Hell, there ain't anybody on it."

Merry just sat there. Behind him Tam Ware got out of her seat and started toward the front. She said, "Close that door, will you? It's cold enough in here already."

Black Hat prodded her with the gun. "Sit down, sister," he said, "and take the load off your feet."

She didn't sit down. She said, "Go on, Merry, go on," and took Black Hat right in the teeth with her handbag.

It took Merry by surprise and he did the first thing he thought of. He snapped his lights off, raced the motor, and let the clutch in with a jerk that almost took the rear end out. He felt Black Hat fall past him in the dark, and he knew Tam Ware went down too. That scared him, but it was too late to stop now. She had started something and the only thing he could do now was to see it through.

He side-swiped the parked sedan and put it on its side in the ditch, and he had a brief glimpse of a woman's face plastered up against the window, screaming. After that there wasn't anything in front of him but snow.

He was on a downhill grade, and inside a hundred yards he had it turning up to fifty. He put the throttle clear to the floor and let it ride.

Behind him in the dark he could hear Black Hat yelling, "Stop this thing or I'll brain you."

"Mister," Merry said, "if you've got guts enough go ahead and shoot, but you better pull the trigger and start ducking, because I'll sure as hell put this mill in the ditch."

He forgot about Black Hat then and settled down to keeping the bus in the road.

He made the three miles into town in two minutes and forty seconds. When he hit the city limits he started leaning on the horn, and inside five blocks he had picked up a convoy of two patrol cars. They had their sirens going full blast at him. You could hear the racket a mile away. It cleared what traffic there was for him and that was what he wanted. When he pulled up in front of the First Precinct Station there were so many cops around it looked like a policeman's benefit.

IT TOOK him quite a while to get away from the police station, and after that they made him walk at the hospital. He walked up and down until he had a path worn in the rug in the waiting room, and finally a nurse came in and said he could see her.

Tam was sitting up in bed. She had a bruise on her forehead, and a broken wrist done up in splints and a sling. The nurse was still puttering around the room. Merry came in and said the usual things about being sorry she was hurt, and hoping she would feel better soon. He was embarrassed and he couldn't say what he wanted to while the nurse was there.

When the nurse left he sat in a chair by the bed, with his cap in his hands, looking at the floor. Finally he said, "What I can't understand is why you did it."

"Why do you do anything for people you like?" Tam said. "I thought it might help you, if you could sort of square things up that way."

"Yeah," Merry said. He still wouldn't look at her. "What I really came up to say was, I didn't mean what I said the other day. I was just being a sorehead."

He put his cap on and started for the door.

"Is that all you had to say, Merry?"

He turned around and looked at her then for the first time. She was smiling at him, and right then the guard went down. He knew right then that nothing that had ever happened to him before had been important, and that the only foolish thing he could do now would be to walk out the door. He turned back toward the bed, smiling at her, and he felt fine.

"You better hurry up and get out of here," Merry said. "We've got a lot of things to do to make up for lost time."

What's wrong with this picture?

The answer is—*it happens too, too infrequently.*

For here you see two old people on their own, independent—entertaining their children instead of being supported by them.

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CONNECTICUT'S UNCLE TOBY

Men and women all over the world have reason especially this year to be thankful that the great war, apparently so tragically inevitable a few weeks ago, was averted. Connecticut's veteran governor, Wilbur Lucius Cross, eloquently expressed this universal feeling of relief in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, reproduced on this page. To successive generations of Yale students Governor Cross was "Uncle Toby," a learned and witty scholar and a great companion. Sixty-nine years old, retired as a teacher, Uncle Toby was still young enough in 1931 to be elected Democratic governor of a then traditionally Republican state. Surpassing the precedents of a hundred years, already he has served four uninterrupted terms, only to be nominated this year for a fifth. Governor Cross gives voice to the generous hopes and the sober wisdom of his people. He is not afraid to appeal to the best instincts of his friends and neighbors. Uncle Toby at seventy-six is outstanding among American statesmen.

—WILLIAM L. CHENERY

State of Connecticut

By His Excellency WILBUR L. CROSS, Governor: a

PROCLAMATION

As the colors of autumn stream down the wind, scarlet in sumach and maple, spun gold in the birches, a splendor of smoldering fire in the oaks along the hill, and the last leaves flutter away, and dusk falls briefly about the worker bringing in from the field a late load of its fruit, and Arcturus is lost to sight and Orion swings upward that great sun upon his shoulder, we are stirred once more to ponder the Infinite Goodness that has set apart for us, in all this moving mystery of creation, a time of living and a home. In such a spirit I appoint Thursday, the twenty-fourth of November, a day of

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING

In such a spirit I call upon the people to acknowledge heartily, in friendly gathering and house of prayer, the increase of the season nearing now its close: the harvest of earth, the yield of patient mind and faithful hand, that have kept us fed and clothed and have made for us a shelter even against the storm. It is right that we whose arc of sky has been darkened by no war hawk, who have been forced by no man to stand and speak when to speak was to choose between death and life, should give thanks also for the further mercies we have enjoyed, beyond desert or any estimation, of Justice, Freedom, Loving-kindness, Peace—resolving, as we prize them, to let no occasion go without some prompting or some effort worthy in a way however humble of those proudest among man's ideals, which burn, though it may be like candles fitfully in our gusty world, with a light so clear we name its source divine.

Given under my hand and seal of the State at the Capitol, in Hartford, this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixty-third.

Wilbur L. Cross

By His Excellency's Command:

C. John Satti

Secretary.